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THE
COLLECTED WORKS
OF
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CONTAINING HIS
THEOLOGICAL, POLEMICAL, AND CRITICAL WRITINGS,
SERMONS, SPEECHES, AND ADDRESSES,
AND LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

EDITED BY
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VOL. VIII.
MISCELLANEOUS DISCOURSES.

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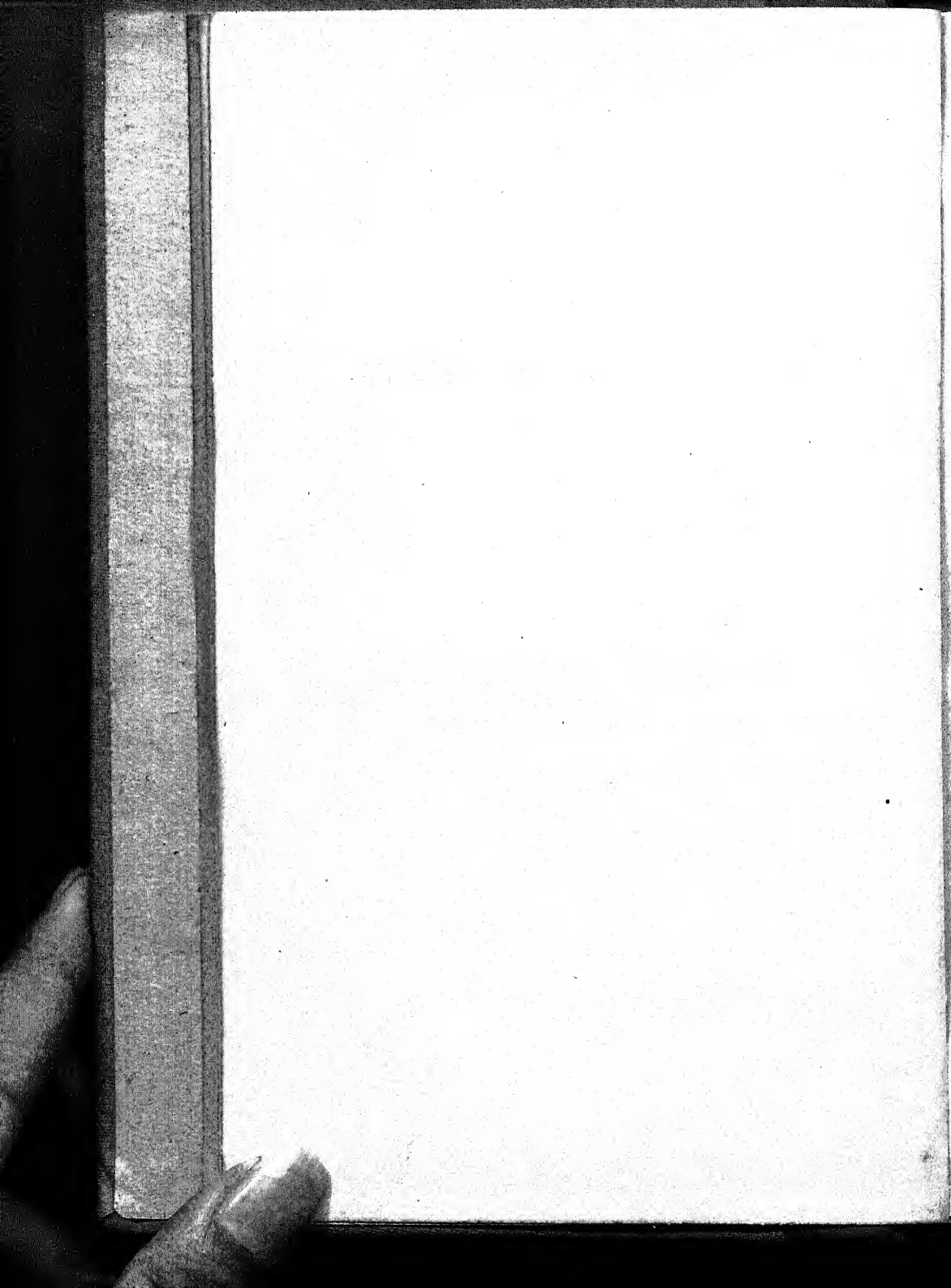
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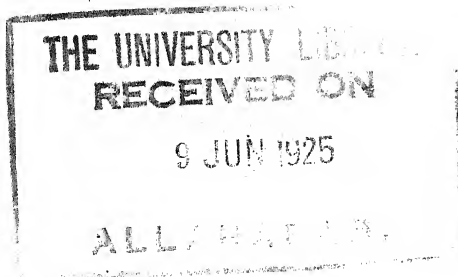
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ALLAN HEARD.

I.

A DISCOURSE OF THE TRANSIENT AND PERMANENT
IN CHRISTIANITY.—PREACHED AT THE ORDINA-
TION OF MR. CHARLES C. SHACKFORD, IN THE
HAWES PLACE CHURCH, IN BOSTON, MAY 19,
1841.

“Heaven and earth shall pass away: but my words shall not pass away.”—LUKE xxi. 33.

IN this sentence we have a very clear indication that Jesus of Nazareth believed the religion he taught would be eternal, that the substance of it would last for ever. Yet there are some who are affrighted by the faintest rustle which a heretic makes among the dry leaves of theology; they tremble lest Christianity itself should perish without hope. Ever and anon the cry is raised, “The Philistines be upon us, and Christianity is in danger.” The least doubt respecting the popular theology, or the existing machinery of the church; the least sign of distrust in the religion of the pulpit, or the religion of the street, is by some good men supposed to be at enmity with faith in Christ, and capable of shaking Christianity itself. On the other hand, a few bad men, and a few pious men, it is said, on both sides of the water, tell us the day of Christianity is past. The latter—it is alleged—would persuade us that, hereafter, Piety must take a new form; the teachings of Jesus are to be passed by; that Religion is to wing her way sublime, above the flight of Christianity, far away, toward heaven, as the fledged eaglet leaves for ever the nest which sheltered his callow youth. Let us, therefore, devote a few moments to this subject, and consider what is *transient* in Christianity, and what is *permanent* therein. The topic

seems not inappropriate to the times in which we live, or the occasion that calls us together.

Christ says, his Word shall never pass away. Yet, at first sight, nothing seems more fleeting than a word. It is an evanescent impulse of the most fickle element. It leaves no track where it went through the air. Yet to this, and this only, did Jesus intrust the truth wherewith he came laden to the earth; truth for the salvation of the world. He took no pains to perpetuate his thoughts: they were poured forth where occasion found him an audience—by the side of the lake, or a well; in a cottage, or the temple; in a fisher's boat, or the synagogue of the Jews. He founds no institution as a monument of his words. He appoints no order of men to preserve his bright and glad relations. He only bids his friends give freely the truth they had freely received. He did not even write his words in a book. With a noble confidence, the result of his abiding faith, he scattered them broadcast on the world, leaving the seed to its own vitality. He knew that what is of God cannot fail, for God keeps his own. He sowed his seed in the heart, and left it there, to be watered and warmed by the dew and the sun which heaven sends. He felt his words were for eternity. So he trusted them to the uncertain air; and for eighteen hundred years that faithful element has held them good—distinct as when first warm from his lips. Now they are translated into every human speech, and murmured in all earth's thousand tongues; from the pine forests of the North to the palm groves of eastern Ind. They mingle, as it were, with the roar of a populous city, and join the chime of the desert sea. Of a Sabbath morn they are repeated from church to church, from isle to isle, and land to land, till their music goes round the world. These words have become the breath of the good, the hope of the wise, the joy of the pious, and that for many millions of hearts. They are the prayers of our churches; our better devotion by fireside and fieldside; the enchantment of our hearts. It is these words that still work wonders, to which the first recorded miracles were nothing in grandeur and utility. It is these which build our temples and beautify our homes. They raise our thoughts of sublimity; they purify our ideal of

purity; they hallow our prayer for truth and love. They make beauteous and divine the life which plain men lead. They give wings to our aspirations. What charmers they are! Sorrow is lulled at their bidding. They take the sting out of disease, and rob Adversity of his power to disappoint. They give health and wings to the pious soul, broken-hearted and shipwrecked in his voyage through life, and encourage him to tempt the perilous way once more. They make all things ours: Christ our brother; time our servant; death our ally, and the witness of our triumph. They reveal to us the presence of God, which else we might not have seen so clearly, in the first wind-flower of spring, in the falling of a sparrow, in the distress of a nation, in the sorrow or the rapture of the world. Silence the voice of Christianity, and the world is well-nigh dumb, for gone is that sweet music which kept in awe the rulers and the people, which cheers the poor widow in her lonely toil, and comes like light through the windows of morning, to men who sit stooping and feeble, with failing eyes and a hungering heart. It is gone—all gone! only the cold, bleak world left before them.

Such is the life of these words; such the empire they have won for themselves over men's minds since they were spoken first. In the meantime, the words of great men and mighty, whose name shook whole continents, though graven in metal and stone, though stamped in institutions, and defended by whole tribes of priests and troops of followers—their words have gone to the ground, and the world gives back no echo of their voice. Meanwhile, the great works, also, of old times, castle, and tower, and town, their cities and their empires, have perished, and left scarce a mark on the bosom of the earth to show they once have been. The philosophy of the wise, the art of the accomplished, the song of the poet, the ritual of the priest, though honoured as divine in their day, have gone down a prey to oblivion. Silence has closed over them; only their spectres now haunt the earth. A deluge of blood has swept over the nations; a night of darkness, more deep than the fabled darkness of Egypt, has lowered down upon that flood, to destroy or to hide what the deluge had spared. But through all this the words of Christianity have come down to us from the lips

of that Hebrew youth, gentle and beautiful as the light of a star, not spent by their journey through time and through space. They have built up a new civilization, which the wisest gentile never hoped for, which the most pious Hebrew never foretold. Through centuries of wasting these words have flown on, like a dove in the storm, and now wait to descend on hearts pure and earnest, as the Father's spirit, we are told, came down on his lowly Son. The old heavens and the old earth are indeed passed away, but the Word stands. Nothing shows clearer than this how fleeting is what man calls great, how lasting what God pronounces true.

Looking at the Word of Jesus, at real Christianity, the pure religion he taught, nothing appears more fixed and certain. Its influence widens as light extends; it deepens as the nations grow more wise. But, looking at the history of what men call Christianity, nothing seems more uncertain and perishable. While true religion is always the same thing, in each century and every land, in each man that feels it, the Christianity of the pulpit, which is the religion taught, the Christianity of the people, which is the religion that is accepted and lived out, has never been the same thing in any two centuries or lands, except only in name. The difference between what is called Christianity by the Unitarians in our times, and that of some ages past, is greater than the difference between Mahomet and the Messiah. The difference at this day between opposing classes of Christians, the difference between the Christianity of some sects, and that of Christ himself, is deeper and more vital than that between Jesus and Plato, pagan as we call him. The Christianity of the seventh century has passed away. We recognise only the ghost of superstition in its faded features, as it comes up at our call. It is one of the things which has been, and can be no more, for neither God nor the world goes back. Its terrors do not frighten, nor its hopes allure us. We rejoice that it has gone. But how do we know that our Christianity shall not share the same fate? Is there that difference between the nineteenth century, and some seventeen that have gone before it, since Jesus, to warrant the belief that our notion of Christianity shall last for ever? The stream

of time has already beat down philosophies and theologies, temple and church, though never so old and revered. How do we know there is not a perishing element in what we call Christianity? Jesus tell us, *his* Word is the word of God, and so shall never pass away. But who tells us that *our* word shall never pass away? that *our notion* of his Word shall stand for ever?

Let us look at this matter a little more closely. In actual Christianity—that is, in that portion of Christianity which is preached and believed—there seems to have been, ever since the time of its earthly founder, two elements, the one transient, the other permanent. The one is the thought, the folly, the uncertain wisdom, the theological notions, the impiety of man; the other, the eternal truth of God. These two bear, perhaps, the same relation to each other that the phenomena of outward nature, such as sunshine and cloud, growth, decay, and reproduction, bear to the great law of nature, which underlies and supports them all. As in that case more attention is commonly paid to the particular phenomena than to the general law, so in this case more is generally given to the transient in Christianity than to the permanent therein.

It must be confessed, though with sorrow, that transient things form a great part of what is commonly taught as religion. An undue place has often been assigned to forms and doctrines, while too little stress has been laid on the divine life of the soul, love to God, and love to man. Religious forms may be useful and beautiful. They are so, whenever they speak to the soul, and answer a want thereof. In our present state some forms are perhaps necessary. But they are only the accident of Christianity, not its substance. They are the robe, not the angel, who may take another robe quite as becoming and useful. One sect has many forms; another, none. Yet both may be equally Christian, in spite of the redundancy or the deficiency. They are a part of the language in which religion speaks, and exist, with few exceptions, wherever man is found. In our calculating nation, in our rationalizing sect, we have retained but two of the rites so numerous in the early Christian Church, and even these we have attenuated to the last degree, leaving them little more

than a spectre of the ancient form. Another age may continue or forsake both; may revive old forms, or invent new ones to suit the altered circumstances of the times, and yet be Christians quite as good as we, or our fathers of the dark ages. Whether the Apostles designed these rites to be perpetual, seems a question which belongs to scholars and antiquarians; not to us, as Christian men and women. So long as they satisfy or help the pious heart, so long they are good. Looking behind or around us, we see that the forms and rites of the Christians are quite as fluctuating as those of the heathens; from whom some of them have been, not unwisely, adopted by the earlier Church.

Again, the doctrines that have been connected with Christianity, and taught in its name, are quite as changeable as the form. This also takes place unavoidably. If observations be made upon nature, which must take place so long as man has senses and understanding, there will be a philosophy of nature, and philosophical doctrines. These will differ as the observations are just or inaccurate, and as the deductions from observed facts are true or false. Hence there will be different schools of natural philosophy, so long as men have eyes and understandings of different clearness and strength. And if men observe and reflect upon religion—which will be done so long as man is a religious and reflective being—there must also be a philosophy of religion, a theology and theological doctrines. These will differ, as men have felt much or little of religion, as they analyze their sentiments correctly or otherwise, and as they have reasoned right or wrong. Now the true system of nature, which exists in the outward facts, whether discovered or not, is always the same thing, though the philosophy of nature, which men invent, change every month, and be one thing at London and the opposite at Berlin. Thus there is but one system of nature as it exists in fact, though many theories of nature, which exist in our imperfect notions of that system, and by which we may approximate and at length reach it. Now there can be but one religion which is absolutely true, existing in the facts of human nature and the ideas of Infinite God. That, whether acknowledged or not, is always the same thing, and never changes. So far as a man has any real

religion—either the principle or the sentiment thereof—so far he has that, by whatever name he may call it. For, strictly speaking, there is but one kind of religion, as there is but one kind of love, though the manifestations of this religion, in forms, doctrines, and life, be never so diverse. It is through these, men approximate to the true expression of this religion. Now while this religion is one and always the same thing, there may be numerous systems of theology or philosophies of religion. These, with their creeds, confessions, and collections of doctrines, deduced by reasoning upon the facts observed, may be baseless and false, either because the observation was too narrow in extent, or otherwise defective in point of accuracy, or because the reasoning was illogical, and therefore the deduction spurious. Each of these three faults is conspicuous in the systems of theology. Now the solar system as it exists in fact is permanent, though the notions of Thales and Ptolemy, of Copernicus and Descartes, about this system, prove transient, imperfect approximations to the true expression. So the Christianity of Jesus is permanent, though what passes for Christianity with popes and catechisms, with sects and churches, in the first century or in the nineteenth century, prove transient also. Now it has sometimes happened that a man took his philosophy of nature at second-hand, and then attempted to make his observations conform to his theory, and nature ride in his panniers. Thus some philosophers refused to look at the moon through Galileo's telescope, for, according to their theory of vision, such an instrument would not aid the sight. Thus their preconceived notions stood up between them and nature. Now it has often happened that men took their theology thus at second-hand, and distorted the history of the world and man's nature besides, to make religion conform to their notions. Their theology stood between them and God. Those obstinate philosophers have disciples in no small number.

What another has said of false systems of science will apply equally to the popular theology: "It is barren in effects, fruitful in questions, slow and languid in its improvement, exhibiting in its generality the counterfeit of perfection, but ill filled up in its details, popular in its choice, but suspected by its very promoters, and therefore

bolstered up and countenanced with artifices. Even those who have been determined to try for themselves, to add their support to learning, and to enlarge its limits, have not dared entirely to desert received opinions, nor to seek the spring-head of things. But they think they have done a great thing if they intersperse and contribute something of their own; prudently considering, that by their assent they can save their modesty, and by their contributions, their liberty. Neither is there, nor ever will be, an end or limit to these things. One snatches at one thing, another is pleased with another: there is no dry nor clear sight of anything. Every one plays the philosopher out of the small treasures of his own fancy; the more sublime wits more acutely and with better success; the duller with less success, but equal obstinacy; and, by the discipline of some learned men, sciences are bounded within the limits of some certain authors which they have set down, imposing them upon old men and instilling them into young. So that now (as Tully cavilled upon Cæsar's consulship) the star *Lyra* riseth by an edict, and authority is taken for truth, and not truth for authority; which kind of order and discipline is very convenient for our present use, but banisheth those which are better."

Any one who traces the history of what is called Christianity, will see that nothing changes more from age to age than the doctrines taught as Christian, and insisted on as essential to Christianity and personal salvation. What is falsehood in one province passes for truth in another. The heresy of one age is the orthodox belief and "only infallible rule" of the next. Now Arius, and now Athanasius, is lord of the ascendant. Both were excommunicated in their turn, each for affirming what the other denied. Men are burned for professing what men are burned for denying. For centuries the doctrines of the Christians were no better, to say the least, than those of their contemporary pagans. The theological doctrines derived from our fathers seem to have come from Judaism, Heathenism, and the caprice of philosophers, far more than they have come from the principle and sentiment of Christianity. The doctrine of the Trinity, the very Achilles of theological dogmas, belongs to philosophy and not

religion ; its subtleties cannot even be expressed in our tongue. As old religions became superannuated, and died out, they left to the rising faith, as to a residuary legatee, their forms and their doctrines ; or rather, as the giant in the fable left his poisoned garment to work the overthrow of his conqueror. Many tenets that pass current in our theology seem to be the refuse of idol temples, the off-scourings of Jewish and heathen cities, rather than the sands of virgin gold, which the stream of Christianity has worn off from the rock of ages, and brought in its bosom for us. It is wood, hay, and stubble, wherewith men have built on the corner-stone Christ laid. What wonder the fabric is in peril when tried by fire ? The stream of Christianity, as men receive it, has caught a stain from every soil it has filtered through, so that now it is not the pure water from the well of life which is offered to our lips, but streams troubled and polluted by man with mire and dirt. If Paul and Jesus could read our books of theological doctrines, would they accept as their teaching what men have vented in their name ? Never till the letters of Paul had faded out of his memory ; never till the words of Jesus had been torn out from the book of life. It is their notions about Christianity men have taught as the only living word of God. They have piled their own rubbish against the temple of Truth where Piety comes up to worship : what wonder the pile seems unshapely and like to fall ? But these theological doctrines are fleeting as the leaves on the trees. They—

“ Are found

Now green in youth, now withered on the ground :

Another race the following spring supplies ;

They fall successive, and successive rise.”

Like the clouds of the sky, they are here to-day ; to-morrow, all swept off and vanished ; while Christianity itself, like the heaven above, with its sun, and moon, and uncounted stars, is always over our head, though the cloud sometimes debars us of the needed light. It must of necessity be the case that our reasonings, and therefore our theological doctrines, are imperfect, and so perishing. It is only gradually that we approach to the true system of nature by observation and reasoning, and work out our

philosophy and theology by the toil of the brain. But meantime, if we are faithful, the great truths of morality and religion, the deep sentiment of love to man and love to God, are perceived intuitively, and by instinct, as it were, though our theology be imperfect and miserable. The theological notions of Abraham, to take the story as it stands, were exceedingly gross, yet a greater than Abraham has told us Abraham desired to see my day, saw it, and was glad. Since these notions are so fleeting, why need we accept the commandment of men as the doctrine of God?

This transitoriness of doctrines appears in many instances, of which two may be selected for a more attentive consideration. First, the doctrine respecting the origin and authority of the Old and New Testament. There has been a time when men were burned for asserting doctrines of natural philosophy which rested on evidence the most incontestable, because those doctrines conflicted with sentences in the Old Testament. Every word of that Jewish record was regarded as miraculously inspired, and therefore as infallibly true. It was believed that the Christian religion itself rested thereon, and must stand or fall with the immaculate Hebrew text. He was deemed no small sinner who found mistakes in the manuscripts. On the authority of the written word man was taught to believe impossible legends, conflicting assertions; to take fiction for fact, a dream for a miraculous revelation of God, an Oriental poem for a grave history of miraculous events, a collection of amatory idyls for a serious discourse "touching the mutual love of Christ and the Church;" they have been taught to accept a picture sketched by some glowing Eastern imagination, never intended to be taken for a reality, as a proof that the Infinite God spoke in human words, appeared in the shape of a cloud, a flaming bush, or a man who ate, and drank, and vanished into smoke; that he gave counsels to-day, and the opposite to-morrow; that he violated his own laws, was angry, and was only dissuaded by a mortal man from destroying at once a whole nation—millions of men who rebelled against their leader in a moment of anguish. Questions in philosophy, questions in the Christian religion, have been

settled by an appeal to that book. The inspiration of its authors has been assumed as infallible. Every fact in the early Jewish history has been taken as a type of some analogous fact in Christian history. The most distant events, even such as are still in the arms of time, were supposed to be clearly foreseen and foretold by pious Hebrews several centuries before Christ. It has been assumed at the outset, with no shadow of evidence, that those writers held a miraculous communication with God, such as he has granted to no other man. What was originally a presumption of bigoted Jews became an article of faith, which Christians were burned for not believing. This has been for centuries the general opinion of the Christian church, both Catholic and Protestant, though the former never accepted the Bible as the *only* source of religious truth. It has been so. Still worse, it is now the general opinion of religious sects at this day. Hence the attempt, which always fails, to reconcile the philosophy of our times with the poems in Genesis writ a thousand years before Christ. Hence the attempt to conceal the contradictions in the record itself. Matters have come to such a pass, that even now he is deemed an infidel, if not by implication an atheist, whose reverence for the Most High forbids him to believe that God commanded Abraham to sacrifice his son, a thought at which the flesh creeps with horror; to believe it solely on the authority of an Oriental story, written down nobody knows when or by whom, or for what purpose; which may be a poem, but cannot be the record of a fact, unless God is the author of confusion and a lie.

Now, this idolatry of the Old Testament has not always existed. Jesus says that none born of a woman is greater than John the Baptist, yet the least in the kingdom of heaven was greater than John. Paul tells us the law—the very crown of the old Hebrew revelation—is a shadow of good things, which have now come; only a schoolmaster to bring us to Christ; and when faith has come, that we are no longer under the schoolmaster; that it was a law of sin and death, from which we are made free by the law of the spirit of life. Christian teachers themselves have differed so widely in their notion of the doctrines and meaning of those books, that it makes one weep to

think of the follies deduced therefrom. But modern criticism is fast breaking to pieces this idol which men have made out of the Scriptures. It has shown that here are the most different works thrown together; that their authors, wise as they sometimes were, pious as we feel often their spirit to have been, had only that inspiration which is common to other men equally pious and wise; that they were by no means infallible, but were mistaken in facts or in reasoning—uttered predictions which time has not fulfilled; men who in some measure partook of the darkness and limited notions of their age, and were not always above its mistakes or its corruptions.

The history of opinions on the New Testament is quite similar. It has been assumed at the outset, it would seem with no sufficient reason, without the smallest pretence on its writers' part, that all of its authors were infallibly and miraculously inspired, so that they could commit no error of doctrine or fact. Men have been bid to close their eyes at the obvious difference between Luke and John—the serious disagreement between Paul and Peter; to believe, on the smallest evidence, accounts which shock the moral sense and revolt the reason, and tend to place Jesus in the same series with Hercules, and Apollonius of Tyana; accounts which Paul in the Epistles never mentions, though he also had a vein of the miraculous running quite through him. Men have been told that all these things must be taken as part of Christianity, and if they accepted the religion, they must take all these accessories along with it; that the living spirit could not be had without the killing letter. All the books which caprice or accident had brought together between the lids of the Bible were declared to be the infallible word of God, the only certain rule of religious faith and practice. Thus the Bible was made not a single channel, but the *only* certain rule of religious faith and practice. To disbelieve any of its statements, or even the common interpretation put upon those statements by the particular age or church in which the man belonged, was held to be infidelity, if not Atheism. In the name of him who forbid us to judge our brother, good men and pious men have applied these terms to others, good and pious as themselves. That state of things has by no means passed away. Men, who cry down

the absurdities of Paganism in the worst spirit of the French "free-thinkers," call others infidels and Atheists, who point out, though reverently, other absurdities which men have piled upon Christianity. So the world goes. An idolatrous regard for the imperfect scripture of God's word is the apple of Atalanta, which defeats theologians running for the hand of Divine truth.

But the current notions respecting the infallible inspiration of the Bible have no foundation in the Bible itself. Which Evangelist, which Apostle of the New Testament, what Prophet or Psalmist of the Old Testament, ever claims infallible authority for himself or for others? Which of them does not in his own writings show that he was finite, and, with all his zeal and piety, possessed but a limited inspiration, the bound whereof we can sometimes discover? Did Christ ever demand that men should assent to the doctrines of the Old Testament, credit its stories, and take its poems for histories, and believe equally two accounts that contradict one another? Has he ever told you that all the truths of his religion, all the beauty of a Christian life, should be contained in the writings of those men who, even after his resurrection, expected him to be a Jewish king; of men who were sometimes at variance with one another, and misunderstood his Divine teachings? Would not those modest writers themselves be confounded at the idolatry we pay them? Opinions may change on these points, as they have often changed—changed greatly and for the worse since the days of Paul. They are changing now, and we may hope for the better; for God makes man's folly as well as his wrath to praise him, and continually brings good out of evil.

Another instance of the transitoriness of doctrines taught as Christian is found in those which relate to the nature and authority of Christ. One ancient party has told us that he is the infinite God; another, that he is both God and man; a third, that he was a man, the son of Joseph and Mary—born as we are; tempted like ourselves; inspired, as we may be, if we will pay the price. Each of the former parties believed its doctrine on this head was infallibly true, and formed the very substance of

Christianity, and was one of the essential conditions of salvation, though scarce any two distinguished teachers, of ancient or modern times, agree in their expression of this truth.

Almost every sect that has ever been makes Christianity rest on the personal authority of Jesus, and not the immutable truth of the doctrines themselves, or the authority of God, who sent him into the world. Yet it seems difficult to conceive any reason why moral and religious truths should rest for their support on the personal authority of their revealer, any more than the truths of science on that of him who makes them known first or most clearly. It is hard to see why the great truths of Christianity rest on the personal authority of Jesus, more than the axioms of geometry rest on the personal authority of Euclid or Archimedes. The authority of Jesus, as of all teachers, one would naturally think, must rest on the truth of his words, and not their truth on his authority.

Opinions respecting the nature of Christ seem to be constantly changing. In the three first centuries after Christ, it appears, great latitude of speculation prevailed. Some said he was God, with nothing of human nature, his body only an illusion; others, that he was man, with nothing of the Divine nature, his miraculous birth having no foundation in fact. In a few centuries it was decreed by councils that he was God, thus honouring the Divine element; next, that he was man also, thus admitting the human side. For some ages the Catholic Church seems to have dwelt chiefly on the Divine nature that was in him, leaving the human element to mystics and other heretical persons, whose bodies served to flesh the swords of orthodox believers. The stream of Christianity has come to us in two channels—one within the Church, the other without the Church—and it is not hazarding too much to say, that since the fourth century the true Christian life has been out of the Established Church, and not in it, but rather in the ranks of Dissenters. From the Reformation till the latter part of the last century, we are told, the Protestant Church dwelt chiefly on the human side of Christ, and since that time many works have been written to show how the two—perfect Deity and perfect manhood—were united in his character. But, all this

time, scarce any two eminent teachers agree on these points, however orthodox they may be called. What a difference between the Christ of John Gerson and John Calvin—yet were both accepted teachers and pious men. What a difference between the Christ of the Unitarians and the Methodists—yet may men of both sects be true Christians and acceptable with God. What a difference between the Christ of Matthew and John—yet both were disciples, and their influence is wide as Christendom and deep as the heart of man. But on this there is not time to enlarge.

Now it seems clear, that the notion men form about the origin and nature of the Scriptures, respecting the nature and authority of Christ, have nothing to do with Christianity except as its aids or its adversaries; they are not the foundation of its truths. These are theological questions, not religious questions. Their connection with Christianity appears accidental: for if Jesus had taught at Athens, and not at Jerusalem; if he had wrought no miracle, and none but the human nature had ever been ascribed to him; if the Old Testament had for ever perished at his birth—Christianity would still have been the Word of God; it would have lost none of its truths. It would be just as true, just as beautiful, just as lasting, as now it is; though we should have lost so many a blessed word, and the work of Christianity itself would have been, perhaps, a long time retarded.

To judge the future by the past, the former authority of the Old Testament can never return. Its present authority cannot stand. It must be taken for what it is worth. The occasional folly and impiety of its authors must pass for no more than their value; while the religion, the wisdom, the love, which make fragrant its leaves, will still speak to the best hearts as hitherto, and in accents even more divine when Reason is allowed her rights. The ancient belief in the infallible inspiration of each sentence of the New Testament is fast changing, very fast. One writer, not a sceptic, but a Christian of unquestioned piety, sweeps off the beginning of Matthew; another, of a different church and equally religious, the end of John. Numerous critics strike off several epistles.

The Apocalypse itself is not spared, notwithstanding its concluding curse. Who shall tell us the work of retrenchment is to stop here; that others will not demonstrate, what some pious hearts have long felt, that errors of doctrine and errors of fact may be found in many parts of the record, here and there, from the beginning of Matthew to the end of Acts? We see how opinions have changed ever since the Apostles' time; and who shall assure us that they were not sometimes mistaken in historical, as well as doctrinal matters; did not sometimes confound the actual with the imaginary; and that the fancy of these pious writers never stood in the place of their recollection?

But what if this should take place? Is Christianity then to perish out of the heart of the nations, and vanish from the memory of the world, like the religions that were before Abraham? It must be so, if it rest on a foundation which a scoffer may shake, and a score of pious critics shake down. But this is the foundation of a theology, not of Christianity. That does not rest on the decision of Councils. It is not to stand or fall with the infallible inspiration of a few Jewish fishermen, who have writ their names in characters of light all over the world. It does not continue to stand through the forbearance of some critic, who can cut, when he will, the thread on which its life depends. Christianity does not rest on the infallible authority of the New Testament. It depends on this collection of books for the historical statement of its facts. In this we do not require infallible inspiration on the part of the writers, more than in the record of other historical facts. To me it seems as presumptuous, on the one hand, for the believer to claim this evidence for the truth of Christianity, as it is absurd, on the other hand, for the sceptic to demand such evidence to support these historical statements. I cannot see that it depends on the personal authority of Jesus. He was the organ through which the Infinite spoke. It is God that was manifested in the flesh by him, on whom rests the truth which Jesus brought to light, and made clear and beautiful in his life; and if Christianity be true, it seems useless to look for any other authority to uphold it, as for some one to support Almighty God. So if it could

be proved—as it cannot—in opposition to the greatest amount of historical evidence ever collected on any similar point, that the Gospels were the fabrication of designing and artful men, that Jesus of Nazareth had never lived, still Christianity would stand firm, and fear no evil. None of the doctrines of that religion would fall to the ground; for, if true, they stand by themselves. But we should lose—oh, irreparable loss!—the example of that character, so beautiful, so divine, that no human genius could have conceived it, as none, after all the progress and refinement of eighteen centuries, seems fully to have comprehended its lustrous life. If Christianity were true, we should still think it was so, not because its record was written by infallible pens, nor because it was lived out by an infallible teacher; but that it is true, like the axioms of geometry, because it is true, and is to be tried by the oracle God places in the breast. If it rest on the personal authority of Jesus alone, then there is no certainty of its truth if he were ever mistaken in the smallest matter, as some Christians have thought he was in predicting his second coming.

These doctrines respecting the Scriptures have often changed, and are but fleeting. Yet men lay much stress on them. Some cling to these notions as if they were Christianity itself. It is about these and similar points that theological battles are fought from age to age. Men sometimes use worst the choicest treasure which God bestows. This is especially true of the use men make of the Bible. Some men have regarded it as the heathen their idol, or the savage his fetish. They have subordinated reason, conscience, and religion to this. Thus have they lost half the treasure it bears in its bosom. No doubt the time will come when its true character shall be felt. Then it will be seen, that, amid all the contradictions of the Old Testament; its legends, so beautiful as fictions, so appalling as facts; amid its predictions that have never been fulfilled; amid the puerile conceptions of God, which sometimes occur, and the cruel denunciations that disfigure both Psalm and Prophecy, there is a reverence for man's nature, a sublime trust in God, and a depth of piety, rarely felt in these cold northern hearts of

ours. Then the devotion of its authors, the loftiness of their aim, and the majesty of their life, will appear doubly fair, and Prophet and Psalmist will warm our hearts as never before. Their voice will cheer the young, and sanctify the grey-headed; will charm us in the toil of life, and sweeten the cup Death gives us when he comes to shake off this mantle of flesh. Then will it be seen, that the words of Jesus are the music of heaven, sung in an earthly voice, and the echo of these words in John and Paul owe their efficacy to their truth and their depth, and to no accidental matter connected therewith. Then can the Word, which was in the beginning and now is, find access to the innermost heart of man, and speak there as now it seldom speaks. Then shall the Bible—which is a whole library of the deepest and most earnest thoughts and feelings, and piety, and love, ever recorded in human speech—be read oftener than ever before, not with superstition, but with reason, conscience, and faith, fully active. Then shall it sustain men bowed down with many sorrows; rebuke sin, encourage virtue, sow the world broadcast and quick with the seed of love, that man may reap a harvest for life everlasting.

With all the obstacles men have thrown in its path, how much has the Bible done for mankind. No abuse has deprived us of all its blessings! You trace its path across the world from the day of Pentecost to this day. As a river springs up in the heart of a sandy continent, having its father in the skies, and its birth-place in distant, unknown mountains; as the stream rolls on, enlarging itself, making in that arid waste a belt of verdure wherever it turns its way; creating palm groves and fertile plains, where the smoke of the cottager curls up at eventide, and marble cities send the gleam of their splendour far into the sky; such has been the course of the Bible on the earth. Despite of idolaters bowing to the dust before it, it has made a deeper mark on the world than the rich and beautiful literature of all the heathen. The first book of the Old Testament tells man he is made in the image of God; the first of the New Testament gives us the motto, Be perfect as your Father in heaven. Higher words were never spoken. How the truths of the Bible have blessed us! There is not a boy on all the

hills of New England; not a girl born in the filthiest cellar which disgraces a capital in Europe, and cries to God against the barbarism of modern civilization; not a boy nor a girl all Christendom through—but their lot is made better by that great book.

Doubtless the time will come when men shall see Christ also as he is. Well might he still say, "Have I been so long with you, and yet hast thou not known me?" No! we have made him an idol, have bowed the knee before him, saying, "Hail, king of the Jews!" called him "Lord, Lord!" but done not the things which he said. The history of the Christian world might well be summed up in one word of the evangelist—"and there they crucified him;" for there has never been an age when men did not crucify the Son of God afresh. But if error prevail for a time and grow old in the world, truth will triumph at the last, and then we shall see the Son of God as he is. Lifted up, he shall draw all nations unto him. Then will men understand the word of Jesus, which shall not pass away. Then shall we see and love the divine life that he lived. How vast has his influence been! How his spirit wrought in the hearts of his disciples, rude, selfish, bigoted, as at first they were! How it has wrought in the world! His words judge the nations. The wisest son of man has not measured their height. They speak to what is deepest in profound men, what is holiest in good men, what is divinest in religious men. They kindle anew the flame of devotion in hearts long cold. They are spirit and life. His truth was not derived from Moses and Solomon; but the light of God shone through him, not coloured, not bent aside. His life is the perpetual rebuke of all time since. It condemns ancient civilization: it condemns modern civilization. Wise men we have since had, and good men; but this Galilean youth strode before the world whole thousands of years, so much of Divinity was in him. His words solve the questions of this present age. In him the Godlike and the human met and embraced, and a divine life was born. Measure him by the world's greatest sons—how poor they are! Try him by the best of men—how little and low they appear! Exalt him as much as we may, we shall

yet, perhaps, come short of the mark. But still was he not our brother; the son of man, as we are; the Son of God, like ourselves? His excellence—was it not human excellence? His wisdom, love, piety—sweet and celestial as they were—are they not what we also may attain? In him, as in a mirror, we may see the image of God, and go on from glory to glory, till we are changed into the same image, led by the spirit which enlightens the humble. Viewed in this way, how beautiful is the life of Jesus! Heaven has come down to earth, or, rather, earth has become heaven. The Son of God, come of age, has taken possession of his birthright. The brightest revelation is this—of what is possible for all men, if not now, at least hereafter. How pure is his spirit, and how encouraging its words! “Lowly sufferer,” he seems to say, “see how I bore the cross. Patient labourer, be strong; see how I toiled for the unthankful and the merciless. Mistaken sinner, see of what thou art capable. Rise up, and be blessed.”

But if, as some early Christians began to do, you take a heathen view, and make him a God, the Son of God in a peculiar and exclusive sense, much of the significance of his character is gone. His virtue has no merit, his love no feeling, his cross no burthen, his agony no pain. His death is an illusion, his resurrection but a show. For if he were not a man, but a god, what are all these things? what his words, his life, his excellence of achievement? It is all nothing, weighed against the illimitable greatness of Him who created the worlds and fills up all time and space! Then his resignation is no lesson, his life no model, his death no triumph to you or me, who are not gods, but mortal men, that know not what a day shall bring forth, and walk by faith “dim sounding on our perilous way.” Alas! we have despaired of man, and so cut off his brightest hope.

In respect of doctrines as well as forms, we see all is transitory. “Everywhere is instability and insecurity.” Opinions have changed most on points deemed most vital. Could we bring up a Christian teacher of any age—from the sixth to the fourteenth century, for example, though a teacher of undoubted soundness of faith, whose word filled

the churches of Christendom—clergymen would scarce allow him to kneel at their altar, or sit down with them at the Lord's table. His notions of Christianity could not be expressed in our forms, nor could our notions be made intelligible to his ears. The questions of his age, those on which Christianity was thought to depend—questions which perplexed and divided the subtle doctors—are no questions to us. The quarrels which then drove wise men mad, now only excite a smile or a tear, as we are disposed to laugh or weep at the frailty of man. We have other straws of our own to quarrel for. Their ancient books of devotion do not speak to us: their theology is a vain word. To look back but a short period, the theological speculations of our fathers during the last two centuries; their "practical divinity;" even the sermons written by genius and piety—are, with rare exceptions, found unreadable: such a change is there in the doctrines.

Now who shall tell us that the change is to stop here; that this sect or that, or even all sects united, have exhausted the river of life, and received it all in their canonized urns, so that we need draw no more out of the eternal well, but get refreshment nearer at hand? Who shall tell us that another age will not smile at our doctrines, disputes, and unchristian quarrels about Christianity, and make wide the mouth at men who walked brave in orthodox raiment, delighting to blacken the names of heretics, and repeat again the old charge, "He hath blasphemed?" Who shall tell us they will not weep at the folly of all such as fancied truth shone only into the contracted nook of their school, or sect, or coterie? Men of other times may look down equally on the heresy-hunters, and men hunted for heresy, and wonder at both. The men of all ages before us were quite as confident as we, that their opinion was truth, that their notion was Christianity and the whole thereof. The men who lit the fires of persecution, from the first martyr to Christian bigotry down to the last murder of the innocents, had no doubt their opinion was divine. The contest about transubstantiation, and the immaculate purity of the Hebrew and Greek texts of the Scriptures, was waged with a bitterness unequalled in these days. The Protestant smiles at one, the Catholic at

the other, and men of sense wonder at both. It might teach us all a lesson, at least of forbearance. No doubt an age will come in which ours shall be reckoned a period of darkness—like the sixth century—when men groped for the wall, but stumbled and fell, because they trusted a transient notion, not an eternal truth; an age when temples were full of idols, set up by human folly; an age in which Christian light had scarce begun to shine into men's hearts. But while this change goes on, while one generation of opinions passes away, and another rises up, Christianity itself, that pure religion, which exists eternal in the constitution of the soul and the mind of God, is always the same. The word that was before Abraham, in the very beginning, will not change, for that word is Truth. From this Jesus subtracted nothing; to this he added nothing. But he came to reveal it as the secret of God, that cunning men could not understand, but which filled the souls of men meek and lowly of heart. This truth we owe to God; the revelation thereof to Jesus, our elder brother, God's chosen son.

To turn away from the disputes of the Catholics and the Protestants, of the Unitarian and the Trinitarian of old school and new school, and come to the plain words of Jesus of Nazareth, Christianity is a simple thing, very simple. It is absolute, pure morality; absolute, pure religion; the love of man; the love of God acting without let or hindrance. The only creed it lays down is the great truth which springs up spontaneous in the holy heart—there is a God. Its watchword is, Be perfect as your Father in heaven. The only form it demands is a divine life; doing the best thing in the best way, from the highest motives; perfect obedience to the great law of God. Its sanction is the voice of God in your heart; the perpetual presence of Him who made us and the stars over our head; Christ and the Father abiding within us. All this is very simple—a little child can understand it; very beautiful—the loftiest mind can find nothing so lovely. Try it by reason, conscience, and faith—things highest in man's nature—we see no redundancy, we feel no deficiency. Examine the particular duties it enjoins; humility, reverence, sobriety, gentleness, charity, forgiveness, fortitude, resignation,

faith, and active love; try the whole extent of Christianity, so well summed up in the command, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind—thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself;" and is there anything therein that can perish? No, the very opponents of Christianity have rarely found fault with the teachings of Jesus. The end of Christianity seems to be to make all men one with God as Christ was one with Him; to bring them to such a state of obedience and goodness, that we shall think divine thoughts and feel divine sentiments, and so keep the law of God by living a life of truth and love. Its means are purity and prayer; getting strength from God, and using it for our fellow-men as well as ourselves. It allows perfect freedom. It does not demand all men to *think* alike, but to think uprightly, and get as near as possible at truth; not all men to *live* alike, but to live holy, and get as near as possible to a life perfectly divine. Christ set up no pillars of Hercules, beyond which men must not sail the sea in quest of truth. He says, "I have many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now. . . . Greater works than these shall ye do." Christianity lays no rude hand on the sacred peculiarity of individual genius and character. But there is no Christian sect which does not fetter a man. It would make all men think alike, or smother their conviction in silence. Were all men Quakers or Catholics, Unitarians or Baptists, there would be much less diversity of thought, character, and life, less of truth active in the world, than now. But Christianity gives us the largest liberty of the sons of God; and were all men Christians after the fashion of Jesus, this variety would be a thousand times greater than now: for Christianity is not a system of doctrines, but rather a method of attaining oneness with God. It demands, therefore, a good life of piety within, of purity without, and gives the promise that whoso does God's will shall know of God's doctrine.

In an age of corruption, as all ages are, Jesus stood and looked up to God. There was nothing between him and the Father of all; no old world, be it of Moses or Esaias, of a living Rabbi or Sanhedrim of Rabbis; no sin or perverseness of the finite will. As the result of this virgin purity of soul and perfect obedience, the light of God

shone down into the very deeps of his soul, bringing all of the Godhead which flesh can receive. He would have us do the same; worship with nothing between us and God; act, think, feel, live, in perfect obedience to Him; and we never are *Christians* as he was the *Christ*, until we worship, as Jesus did, with no mediator, with nothing between us and the Father of all. He felt that God's word was in him; that he was one with God. He told what he saw—the truth: he lived what he felt—a life of love. The truth he brought to light must have been always the same before the eyes of all-seeing God, nineteen centuries before Christ, or nineteen centuries after him. A life supported by the principle and quickened by the sentiment of religion, if true to both, is always the same thing in Nazareth or New England. Now that divine man received these truths from God; was illumined more clearly by “the light that lighteneth every man;” combined or involved all the truths of religion and morality in his doctrine, and made them manifest in his life. Then his words and example passed into the world, and can no more perish than the stars: be wiped out of the sky. The truths he taught; his doctrines respecting man and God; the relation between man and man, and man and God, with the duties that grow out of that relation—are always the same, and can never change till man ceases to be man, and creation vanishes into nothing. No; forms and opinions change and perish; but the word of God cannot fail. The form religion takes, the doctrines wherewith she is girded, can never be the same in any two centuries or two men; for since the sum of religious doctrines is both the result and the measure of a man's total growth in wisdom, virtue, and piety, and since men will always differ in these respects, so religious *doctrines* and *forms* will always differ, always be transient, as Christianity goes forth and scatters the seed she bears in her hand. But the *Christianity holy men feel in the heart*, the Christ that is born within us, is always the same thing to each soul that feels it. This differs only in degree, and not in kind, from age to age, and man to man. There is something in Christianity which no sect, from the “Ebionites” to the “Latter-Day Saints,” ever entirely overlooked. This is that common Christianity which burns in the hearts of pious men.

Real Christianity gives men new life. It is the growth and perfect action of the Holy Spirit God puts into the sons of men. It makes us outgrow any form or any system of doctrines we have devised, and approach still closer to the truth. It would lead us to take what help we can find. It would make the Bible our servant, not our master. It would teach us to profit by the wisdom and piety of David and Solomon, but not to sin their sins, nor bow to their idols. It would make us revere the holy words spoken by "godly men of old," but revere still more the word of God spoken through conscience, reason, and faith, as the holiest of all. It would not make Christ the despot of the soul, but the brother of all men. It would not tell us that even he had exhausted the fulness of God, so that he could create none greater; for with Him "all things are possible," and neither Old Testament nor New Testament ever hints that creation exhausts the Creator. Still less would it tell us, the wisdom, the piety, the love, the manly excellence of Jesus, was the result of miraculous agency alone, but that it was won, like the excellence of humbler men, by faithful obedience to Him who gave his Son such ample heritage. It would point to him as our brother, who went before, like the good shepherd, to charm us with the music of his words, and with the beauty of his life to tempt us up the steep of mortal toil, within the gate of heaven. It would have us make the kingdom of God on earth, and enter more fittingly the kingdom on-high. It would lead us to form Christ in the heart, on which Paul laid such stress, and work out our salvation by this. For it is not so much by the Christ who lived so blameless and beautiful eighteen centuries ago, that we are saved directly, but by the Christ we form in our hearts and live out in our daily life, that we save ourselves, God working with us both to will and to do.

Compare the simpleness of Christianity, as Christ sets it forth on the Mount, with what is sometimes taught and accepted in that honoured name; and what a difference! One is of God; one is of man. There is something in Christianity which sects have not reached; something that will not be won, we fear, by theological battles, or the quarrels of pious men; still we may rejoice that Christ is

preached in any way. The Christianity of sects, of the pulpit, of society, is ephemeral—a transitory fly. It will pass off and be forgot. Some new form will take its place, suited to the aspect of the changing times. Each will represent something of truth, but no one the whole. It seems the whole race of man is needed to do justice to the whole of truth, as “the whole Church, to preach the whole Gospel.” Truth is intrusted for the time to a perishable ark of human contrivance. Though often shipwrecked, she always comes safe to land, and is not changed by her mishap. That pure ideal religion which Jesus saw on the mount of his vision, and lived out in the lowly life of a Galilean peasant; which transforms his cross into an emblem of all that is holiest on earth; which makes sacred the ground he trod, and is dearest to the best of men, most true to what is truest in them—cannot pass away. Let men improve never so far in civilization, or soar never so high on the wings of religion and love, they can never outgo the flight of truth and Christianity. It will always be above them. It is as if we were to fly towards a star, which becomes larger and more bright the nearer we approach, till we enter and are absorbed in its glory.

If we look carelessly on the ages that have gone by, or only on the surfaces of things as they come up before us, there is reason to fear; for we confound the truth of God with the word of man. So at a distance the cloud and the mountain seem the same. When the drift changes with the passing wind, an unpractised eye might fancy the mountain itself was gone. But the mountain stands to catch the clouds, to win the blessing they bear, and send it down to moisten the fainting violet, to form streams which gladden valley and meadow, and sweep on at last to the sea in deep channels, laden with fleets. Thus the forms of the Church, the creeds of the sects, the conflicting opinions of teachers, float round the sides of the Christian mount, and swell and toss, and rise and fall, and dart their lightning, and roll their thunder, but they neither make nor mar the mount itself. Its lofty summit far transcends the tumult, knows nothing of the storm which roars below, but burns with rosy light at evening and at morn, gleams in the splendours of the mid-day sun, sees his light when the

long shadows creep over plain and moorland, and all night long has its head in the heavens, and is visited by troops of stars which never set, nor veil their face to aught so pure and high.

Let then the transient pass, fleet as it will; and may God send us some new manifestation of the Christian faith, that shall stir men's hearts as they were never stirred; some new word, which shall teach us what we are, and renew us all in the image of God; some better life, that shall fulfil the Hebrew prophecy, and pour out the spirit of God on young men and maidens, and old men and children; which shall realize the word of Christ, and give us the Comforter, who shall reveal all needed things! There are Simeons enough in the cottages and churches of New England, plain men and pious women, who wait for the consolation, and would die in gladness if their expiring breath could stir quicker the wings that bear him on. There are men enough, sick and "bowed down, in no wise able to lift up themselves," who would be healed could they kiss the hand of their Saviour, or touch but the hem of his garment; men who look up and are not fed, because they ask bread from heaven and water from the rock, not traditions or fancies, Jewish or heathen, or new or old; men enough who, with throbbing hearts, pray for the spirit of healing to come upon the waters, which other than angels have long kept in trouble; men enough who have lain long time sick of theology, nothing bettered by many physicians, and are now dead, too dead to bury their dead, who would come out of their graves at the glad tidings. God send us a real religious life, which shall pluck blindness out of the heart, and make us better fathers, mothers, and children! a religious life, that shall go with us where we go, and make every home the house of God, every act acceptable as a prayer. We would work for this, and pray for it, though we wept tears of blood while we prayed.

Such; then, is the Transient and such the Permanent in Christianity. What is of absolute value never changes; we may cling round it and grow to it for ever. No one can say his notions shall stand. But we may all say, the truth, as it is in Jesus, shall never pass away. Yet there are

always some, even religious men, who do not see the permanent element, so they rely on the fleeting; and, what is also an evil, condemn others for not doing the same. They mistake a defence of the truth for an attack upon the Holy of Holies, the removal of a theological error for the destruction of all religion. Already men of the same sect eye one another with suspicion, and lowering brows that indicate a storm, and, like children who have fallen out in their play, call hard names. Now, as always, there is a collision between these two elements. The question puts itself to each man, "Will you cling to what is perishing, or embrace what is eternal?" This question each must answer for himself.

My friends, if you receive the notions about Christianity which chance to be current in your sect or church, solely because they are current, and thus accept the commandment of men instead of God's truth, there will always be enough to commend you for soundness of judgment, prudence, and good sense, enough to call you Christian for that reason. But if this is all you rely upon, alas for you! The ground will shake under your feet if you attempt to walk uprightly and like men. You will be afraid of every new opinion, lest it shake down your church: you will fear "lest, if a fox go up, he will break down your stone wall." The smallest contradiction in the New Testament or Old Testament, the least disagreement between the law and the Gospel, any mistake of the Apostles, will weaken your faith. It shall be with you "as when a hungry man dreameth, and behold, he eateth; but he awaketh, and his soul is empty."

If, on the other hand, you take the true word of God, and live out this, nothing shall harm you. Men may mock, but their mouthfuls of wind shall be blown back upon their own face. If the master of the house were called Beelzebub, it matters little what name is given to the household. The name Christian, given in mockery, will last till the world go down. He that loves God and man, and lives in accordance with that love, needs not fear what man can do to him. His religion comes to him in his hour of sadness, it lays its hand on him when he has fallen among thieves, and raises him up, heals and comforts him. If he is crucified, he shall rise again.

My friends, you this day receive, with the usual formalities, the man you have chosen to speak to you on the highest of all themes—what concerns your life on earth, your life in heaven. It is a work for which no talents, no prayerful diligence, no piety, is too great; an office that would dignify angels, if worthily filled. If the eyes of this man be holden, that he *cannot* discern between the perishing and the true, you will hold him guiltless of all sin in this; but look for light where it can be had; for his office will then be of no use to you. But if he sees the truth, and is scared by worldly motives, and *will* not tell it, alas for him! If the watchman see the foe coming, and blow not the trumpet, the blood of the innocent is on him.

Your own conduct and character, the treatment you offer this young man, will in some measure influence him. The hearer affects the speaker. There were some places where even Jesus "did not many mighty works, because of their unbelief." Worldly motives—not seeming such—sometimes deter good men from their duty. Gold and ease have, before now, enervated noble minds. Daily contact with men of low aims takes down the ideal of life, which a bright spirit casts out of itself. Terror has sometimes palsied tongues that, before, were eloquent as the voice of persuasion. But thereby Truth is not holden. She speaks in a thousand tongues, and with a pen of iron graves her sentence on the rock for ever. You may prevent the freedom of speech in this pulpit if you will. You may hire you servants to preach as you bid; to spare your vices, and flatter your follies; to prophesy smooth things, and say, It is peace, when there is no peace. Yet in so doing you weaken and enthrall yourselves. And alas for that man who consents to think one thing in his closet and preach another in his pulpit! God shall judge him in his mercy, not man in his wrath. But over his study and over his pulpit might be writ, *EMPTINESS*; on his canonical robes, on his forehead and right hand, *DECEIT*,* *DECEIT*.

But, on the other hand, you may encourage your brother to tell you the truth. Your affection will then be precious to him, your prayers of great price. Every evidence of your sympathy will go to baptize him anew to holiness

and truth. You will then have his best words, his brightest thoughts, and his most hearty prayers. He may grow old in your service, blessing and blest. He will have—

“The sweetest, best of consolation,
The thought, that he has given,
To serve the cause of Heaven,
The freshness of his early inspiration.”

Choose as you will choose ; but weal or woe depends upon your choice.

II.

ON THE EDUCATION OF THE LABOURING
CLASS.*

It is sometimes fancied that here in New England the education of the mass of men and women, who do all the work of the world, is so near perfection that little need be done but keep what we have got to attain the highest destination of any people. But as things are sometimes seen more clearly by their reflection in an artificial mirror, than when looked at in the natural way, let us illustrate our own condition by contrasting it with another widely different. Let us suppose we were to go to some region in the heart of the African continent, and should find a highly cultivated nation, with towns and cities, and factories and commerce, equipped with the thousand arts which diffuse comfort all over society, but should find the whole class of lawyers were ignorant men. That they could scarcely read and write, and never read anything beyond the newspapers, books of legal forms, and similar matters of the most trifling magnitude. That they could repeat the laws inherited from their ancestors, or enacted from time to time by their contemporaries, but never dreamed of inquiring whether these laws were right or wrong, still less of examining the principle on which they rested, or ought to rest, and then of attempting to improve them. That they generally aimed to get on with the smallest outlay of education, the least possible expenditure of thought wherewith they could keep their sorry station

* From Lectures before the American Institute for Instruction. August, 1841.

of legal drudges, yet still that the nation looked to them, in some measure, for the protection of its legal rights.

Let us imagine also, that in our fabulous country the physicians were in the same state of ignorance with the lawyers. That they had inherited from their fathers a few traditional rules of medical practice, which they applied mechanically to all sorts of cases, but never thought of looking into the cause or process of disease, of discovering the laws of health, of devising new remedies, or making the old more efficacious. That they took little care to get an accurate knowledge of their own profession, and no pains at all to increase their stock of general knowledge, acquire mental skill, and give a generous and healthful development to all the faculties with which God endows the race of men. That they made their calling a drudgery, which gave them daily bread, but nothing more. That their whole life was mere handicraft. That they started in their profession with a slender outfit of education, either special or general; usually grew more and more stupid after they were five-and-twenty, and only in rare instances made a continual and life-long progress in what becomes a man, thus growing old in being taught, and attaining in life a complete manhood; but still that the public depended on this class for the preservation of the general health.

To go still further, let us fancy that the clergy also wandered in the same way of ignorance, and that class, which in some countries is the best instructed, had here the least cultivation. That, taking the advice which the devil, in a popular legend, gives to a student of divinity, they "stuck to words, and words only." That they could repeat a few prayers, learned by rote from their predecessors; took their religion on trust from their fathers, never asking if the one were perfect, or the other true. That they both trembled and cursed when the least innovation was made in either. That they could go through the poor mummary of the African ritual with sonorous unction, by their bigotry making an abomination of what should be a delight, but never attempting to understand what the service meant. That they could give official advice to the people on days of religious ceremony, which advice consisted solely of commonplace maxims of prudence, virtue, and religion, which all but the children knew as

well as they. That the mass of the clergy never dreamed of reading a book which had thought in it; never made that "vehement application of mind" which the great Roman called "study;" knew little of the history of their own country, or the state of other lands; made no scientific study of theology, which it was their duty to teach and explain. That they paid no attention to science; knew no more of the stars or the flowers, the laws of matter or the laws of mind, than the kindred clod they trod down as they walked. That literature was a department they never entered, either as host or guest. That they were ignorant of the various forms their religion had assumed, and knew little of even the rise and progress of the faith they professed; sometimes taught as old what was of but few years' existence, and blasted things as new which really were of ancient days. In a word, let us fancy that they were the most ignorant part of the population; spending their leisure (of which they had abundance) in sleep; in lounging about the resorts of the idle; in retailing or inventing both small gossip and graver scandal; in chattering of the last funeral or the next wedding; in talking African politics, whereof they knew nothing but words; in smoking; in chewing the Betel-nut; in sitting at home more dead than alive. That when asked to improve and grow wiser, they replied, "We know enough already to perform our official duties. More learning, accomplishment, and skill, might make us mad, and lead to innovation; and besides, we have no leisure to study, and could only become wise by neglecting a well-known duty." Ignorant as they were, let us suppose the refined and cultivated African public depended on them for the support of religion.

Now to make this picture of society more complete, let us imagine that these professions had fallen into disrepute, and few not *born* therein ever entered them, except men unfit for any other employment, who found a natural inward vocation for these as the proper business of the ignorant and the stupid. That soon as a noble spirit, accidentally born in their ranks, resolved to improve himself, educate his family, and really did set his feet forward in this work, and thought for himself, and took time to study and grow wiser, urging others to do the same, that he was met with this retort: "Why get more wisdom?"

Can you not eat, and drink, and sleep, without wisdom? Can you not, by diligent prudence, leave your children, who shall come after you in the same craft, to eat more daintily, and drink in greater excess, and have more leisure, and sleep with more delicateness, and all this with no wisdom at all? Why, then, waste so much time and labour in this monstrous bugbear of an 'education?' Do you not know there is something better, both for yourself and your children, than a mind, heart, and soul, perfectly cultivated as God designed them to be? Think you an instructed soul is better than a well-fed body, or that the latter is not worth the most without the former? Besides, do you not know that all wisdom needed in the professions comes by nature, like hands and feet? Sir, you rebel against Providence, you are a fool, and we pity you." Suppose they sought out the wisdom of all the ancients, and demonstrated by proof irrefragable that professional men had always been the most ignorant in the land, and it had come to be a proverb that "Dunces and fools made the best lawyers, physicians, and clergymen;" that, reasoning as some always do, they declared "what has been must be for ever," and so accused the reformers of violating the fundamental article of God's constitution, which was, that an error, or a sin, which had once got foot-hold of the earth, should never be dislodged, or even molested.

Imagine, on the other hand, that while these three classes were sunk in the most desperate ignorance, the farmers, the butchers, the mechanics, the traders, the haberdashers of all sorts, were instructed men, who thought for themselves. That they had free schools for all ages, and that in abundance; academies and colleges, where learning lit her gentle flame, and genius shed down the light of her God-given inspiration to guide the young to wisdom and virtue. That, besides these general institutions, all supported at the public expense, they had specific establishments for each particular art or science. That the farmers had schools for agriculture, and the mechanics for the science of their art, and the merchants for commerce, and that all classes of the people, from the cooper to the king—except the drones of those three professions—were intelligent and instructed men; had minds well accomplished, good manners, refined amusements, and met together for the

interchange of thoughts no less than words, and yearly grew up to be a nobler population.

Let us add still further, to put the last touch to this ideal picture, that when one was born the son of a lawyer, a physician, or a clergyman, and gifted by Heaven with better parts than the mass of men, or when by any adventure he became desirous of growth in qualities that become a man, he left the calling of his fathers, became a cooper, a fisherman, or a blacksmith, solely for the sake of the education he could get in the trade, which he fancied he could not get in the profession, and that he did this, even when he loved the profession he left, having a natural aptitude therefor, and hated the particular craft to which love of perfection impelled him, and that, as a natural consequence, there were men in all these trades who had little natural taste, or even ability, for their employment, who longed to quit it, and were retained therein when its ranks were over-crowded, and themselves as good as useless, solely because they saw no chance to educate their better nature in any of the three professions.

What should we say to this state of things? what to the fact, that here were three classes of men, who, instead of getting the most they could of wisdom, were content to take up the most beggarly pittance wherewith their drudgery could be done? Doubtless we should say it was a very sad state of affairs, most foolish and monstrous. It was wrong that these classes should continue in ignorance, with no effort made for their liberation. It was wrong the ablest heads in Africa—who are the natural sovereigns of their land—did not take up the matter, and toil day and night to redress an evil so striking and fearful. It was doubly wrong that strong minds left a calling in which they were born, to which they were adapted by nature and choice, to seek out of it an education they might find in it, had they the manliness to make the search. It was false in them to desert the calling for which nature made them, seeking to rise above it, not seeking to raise their calling to their own stature. We should thank Heaven that we had a Christian rule for the strong helping the weak, and should say, "Such evils could exist only in a heathen land," and pious men would sail in the next ship to set matters right.

But we have only to change the names a little, and, instead of lawyers, physicians, and clergymen, to read "the greater part of labouring men and women," and this fabulous country is in the midst of Massachusetts, not the heart of Africa. Of us is the fable told, and on this body of men depends the ark of our political salvation. In New England the men of these three professions are generally the best educated men in the land. They go diligently through a long process of general training, well adapted to exercise and strengthen the memory, judgment, and imagination, and afford a variety and compass of useful knowledge. They spend years, likewise, in gaining the information and skill requisite for their peculiar craft. We have colleges for the general training, and other seminaries for the special education of these men; for all see the advantage which accrues to the public from having educated lawyers, physicians, and clergymen, in its ranks. But meantime the education of all the others, as a general rule, is grossly neglected. But there seems little reason, if any at all, why men destined for these three professions should be better educated than farmers and mechanics. An educated lawyer, his mind stored with various information, memory, fancy, judgment, and all his faculties quick and active, with skill to turn them all to the best account in his special calling, is, no doubt, a safeguard, an ornament, and a blessing to any country; and he is this, not because he is a lawyer, but a free, educated man, living man-like, and would be just as useful were he a blacksmith or a carpenter; for it is not the place a man stands in which makes him the safeguard, ornament, and blessing, but the man who stands in the place.

It is time that we in New England had given up that old notion, that a man is to be educated that he may by his education serve the State, and fill a bar or a pulpit, be a captain or a constable; time we had begun to act, and in good earnest, on this principle, that a man is to be educated because he is a MAN, and has faculties and capabilities which God sent him into this world to develop and mature. The education of classes of men is, no doubt, a good thing, as a single loaf is something in a famished household. But the education of all born of woman is a plain duty. If reason teaches anything, it is this. If Christianity teaches

anything, it is that men serve God with their mind, heart, and soul; and this, of course, demands an education of mind, heart, and soul, not only in lawyers, physicians, and clergymen, but in all the sons and daughters of Adam. Men are to seek this for themselves; the public is to provide it, not because a man is to fill this or that station, and so needs the culture, but because he is a man, and claims the right, under the great charter whereby God created him an immortal soul.

Now, it is true that we have, here and there, an instructed man, all his faculties awake and active, a man master of himself, and thus attaining his birthright, "dominion over all flesh." But still the greater part of men and women, even here, are ignorant. The mark they aim at is low. It is not a maxim generally admitted, or often acted upon, that this world is a school; that man is in it, not merely to eat and drink, and vote, and get gain or honours (as many Americans seem to fancy), but that he is here, and to do all these things for the sake of growing up to the measure of a complete man. We have put the means for the end, and the end for the means.

Every one sees the change education makes in animals. We could not plough with a wild buffalo, nor hunt with a dog just taken savage from the woods. But here the advantage is not on the animal's side. His education is against his nature. It lessens his animal qualities, so that he is less a dog or a buffalo than he was before. With man the change it produces is greater still, for here it is not against nature. It enhances his human qualities, and he is more a man after it than before. All the difference between the English scholar, with his accomplishment and skill, and the English boor, who is almost an animal; all the difference between the wise and refined Brahmin, and the debased and enslaved Pariah; all the difference between the best educated men of Massachusetts and the natives of New Zealand, ignorant, savage, cannibal as they are, comes of this circumstance: one has had a better education than the other. At birth, they were equally of the kingdom of heaven. The same humanity burns in all hearts: the same soul ebbs and flows in all that are born of woman. The peculiarity of each man—slight and

almost imperceptible when measured by his whole nature—and the particular circumstances to which he is exposed, make all this difference between savage and civilized. Some five-and-twenty centuries ago our ancestors, in the wilds of Europe, were quite as ignorant, cruel, and savage, as these men of New Zealand, and we have become what we are only through the influence of culture and education, which ages have produced and matured. But each child in Boston is born a savage as much as at Otaheite. No doubt, in the passage our fathers went through from the savage to the civilized state, much has been lost, but more is won, and it is time to retrieve what is lost, and grasp more for the future. No doubt there are some in this, as in all civilized countries, who are still barbarians, and by no means gainers through the civilization of their brethren; but it is time the foremost turned round to look after their straggling brothers. If education, through schools, churches, books, and all the institutions of society, were neglected, all over the earth, for a single generation, the whole race would fall back into a savage state. But if the culture of one single generation could be enhanced, the spiritual welfare of mankind would also be enhanced to the end of time.

It must appear plain to all who will think, that after providing for the support and comfort of the body—which must be the basis of all spiritual operations—the great work of the men and women now on the earth is to educate themselves and the next generation of men and women rising up to take their place. All things which do not tend, directly or indirectly, to one of these two ends—the physical or the spiritual development of man—are worse than worthless. We are sent into the world that we might accomplish this work of education. The world without harmonizes most beautifully with the craving spirit within. If a man start with the requisite outfit, and use diligently the means before him, all the callings of life, the vicissitudes that chequer our days, the trials we are in, the crosses we carry, our hopes and our fears, our foes and our friends, our disappointment and success, are all guides and instructors to help us on, be our condition what it may.

Now, it may be laid down as a rule that will stand the test of rigid scrutiny, that all men are to be educated to

the greatest possible extent; that education is to be regarded as an end, valuable for itself, and not simply as a means, valuable because conducive to some other end; and, also, that the whole community owes each individual in it the best education his nature, and the circumstances of the public, will allow. But, in opposition to this rule, demanding the education of all, it may be said, as it always has been, by the educated themselves, that there must be an educated class it is true, but also, from the imperfection of man, the necessity of the case, and the very nature of things, there must be an ignorant class also; that the hard work necessary for the comfortable subsistence of man in society renders it indispensable that seven-eighths of men should continue in almost hopeless ignorance. This doctrine has been taught these thousand years; and while it has sometimes been accepted by the wise and the benevolent, whom the difficulty of the case forced to despair, it has too generally become the creed of the strong, and the indolent, and the selfish. But at first sight it seems to belong to that same class of sayings with the remark of a distinguished "divine" of the Church, that if there were no vice to hate, there would be no virtue to love; and this other of a similar "divine" of the State, that without slavery in the one class there would be no freedom in the other. No doubt, under any possible circumstances, there will always be a great difference in the attainments and powers of men, for this difference originates in the difference of endowments God bestows: no education can prevent this. But is there any argument to show, that the labouring men of New England cannot attain as good an education as the mass of lawyers and clergymen now possess?

One great argument in support of the common notion, that the majority of the human family must always be ignorant, is drawn from history. Men appeal to this authority, and quote precedents, in great numbers, to show it has always been so, and so must always be. But it does not follow the future must be just like the past, for hitherto no two ages have been just alike. God does not repeat himself, so to say, nor make two ages or two men just alike. The history of past times does indeed show, that the mass of men have always been ignorant, and oppressed likewise. But few men in America think this

a sound argument to justify oppression. Is it stronger for ignorance? Let us look more carefully at this same history, which shows that there always has been an ignorant class: perhaps it has other things to say likewise. It shows a progress in man's condition, almost perpetual, from the first beginnings of history down to the present day. To look at the progress of our own ancestors: two thousand years gone by no man within the bounds of Britain could read or write; three-fourths of the people were no better than slaves; all were savage heathens. If a cultivated Greek had proposed to bring in civilization and the arts, no doubt Adalgither, or some other island chief, would have mocked at the introduction of agriculture and the mechanic arts, and would foretell the sinking of the firm land through the wrath of "all-powerful Hu," if such measures were attempted. Within a very few centuries there was no man in England who could read and write except the clergy, and very few of that class. No doubt it was then a popular maxim with bishops and prebends, that men of each other class, from the cobbler to the courtier, were so engaged in their peculiar craft, they could not be taught to read and write. The maxim, no doubt, was believed. Nay more, even now there are, in that same England, men of wealth, education, rank, and influence, who teach that the labouring people ought not to be taught to read and write, and, therefore, they hang—perilous position—as heavy weights on the wheels of reform. Yet agriculture and the arts came into the land; one by one, as time passed by, men came up from the nobles, the gentry, the people, learned to read and write, and that to good purpose, and labouring men are now beginning to thrive on what has been branded as poison. Now, then, these opinions, that labouring men ought not to be taught even to read the Bible; that none but the clergy need literary education; that agriculture would sink the island—are not these worth quite as much as that oft-repeated maxim, that a sound, generous, manly education is inconsistent with a life of hard work? Experience has shown that civilization did not provoke the vengeance of Hu, the all-powerful; that men can be instructed in letters and science, though not priests; that a labouring population, one most wofully oppressed by

unjust labour, can learn to read, at least radical newspapers, and the Bible, still more radical in a false state of things. Experience daily shows us men who, never relaxing their shoulders from the burthen of manly toil, yet attain an education of mind better than that of the most cultivated Englishman seven centuries ago. No man needs dogmatize in this matter. Few will venture to prophesy; but, reasoning from history, and the gradual progress it reveals, are we to suppose the world will stop with us? Is it too much to hope, that in our free, wealthy, Christian land, the time will come when that excellence of education, that masterly accomplishment of mind, which we think now is attainable only by four or five men out of ten thousand, shall become so common that he will be laughed at, or pitied, who has it not? Certainly, the expectation of this result is not so visionary as that of our present state would have appeared a single century ago. To win this result we must pay its price. An old proverb represents the Deity saying to man, "What would you have? Pay for it, and take it." The rule holds good in education, as in all things else. A man cannot filch it, as coin, from his neighbours, nor inherit it from his fathers; for David had never a good son, nor Solomon a wise one. It must be won, each man toiling for himself. But many are born of the ignorant and the poor; they see not how to gain this pearl for themselves; as things now are, they find no institution to aid them, and thus grow up and die bodies, and no more. The good sense, the manly energy, of the natives of New England, their courage, and fortitude, and faith—the brain in the head, the brain in the hand—have hitherto made them successful in all they undertake. We have attained physical comfort to such a degree that the average duration of human life with us is many times greater than in Italy, the most civilized of states, sixteen centuries ago; physical comfort with philanthropists, they never dreamed of in their gayest visions. We have attained, also, a measure of political and civil freedom to which the fairest states of antiquity, whether in Greece, Egypt, or Judea, were all strangers; civil freedom which neither the Roman nor Athenian sage deemed possible in his ideal state. Is it, then, too much to hope—reasoning from the past—that when

the exhaustless energies of the American mind are turned to this subject, we shall go further still, and, under these more favourable circumstances, rear up a noble population, where all shall be not only well fed, but well instructed also; where all classes, rich and poor, if they wish, may obtain the fairest culture of all their powers, and men be free in fact as well as in name? Certainly he must have the gift of prophecy who shall tell us this *cannot* be. As we look back, there is much in the retrospect to wound and make us bleed. But what then? what is not behind is before us. A future, to be worked for and won, is better than a past, to be only remembered.

If we look at the analogies of nature, all is full of encouragement. Each want is provided for at the table God spreads for his many children. Every sparrow in the fields of New England has "scope and verge enough," and a chance to be all its organization will allow. Can it be, then, that man—of more value than many sparrows, of greater worth than the whole external creation—must of necessity have no chance to be all his nature will allow, but that seven-eighths of the human family are doomed to be "cabinéd, cribbed, confined," kept on short allowance of everything but hard work, with no chance to obtain manhood, but forced to be always dwarfs and pigmies, manikins in intellect, not men? Let us beware how we pay God in Cæsar's pence, and fasten on eternal wisdom what is the reproach of our folly, selfishness, and sin. The old maxim, that any one, class or individual, must be subservient to the State, sacrificed to the sin and interest of the mass—that kindred doctrine, a fit corollary, that he who works with the hand can do little else—is a foul libel on nature and nature's God. It came from a state of things false to its very bottom. Pity we had not left it there. We are all gifted with vast faculties, which we are sent into this world to mature; and if there is any occupation in life which precludes a man from the harmonious development of all his faculties, that occupation is false before reason and Christianity, and the sooner it ends the better.

We all know there are certain things which society owes to each man in it. Among them are a defence from violence;

justice in matters between man and man; a supply of comforts for the body, when the man is unable to acquire them for himself; remuneration for what society takes away. Our policy, equally wise and humane, attempts to provide them for the humblest child that is born amongst us, and in almost every case these four things are actually provided. But there is one more excellent gift which society owes to each; that is, a chance to obtain the best education the man's nature will allow and the community afford. To what end shall we protect a man's body from war and midnight violence; to what end give him justice in the court-house, repay him for what society takes to itself; to what end protect him from cold and hunger, and nakedness and want—if he is left in ignorance, with no opportunity to improve in head, or heart, or soul? If this opportunity be not given, the man might, as it were, bring an action before Heaven's high Chancery, and say, "I was a stranger, and ye took me not in; naked, and ye clothed me not. Ignorant—ye would not instruct me. Weak and unarmed—ye put me in the forefront of the battle, where my utter ruin was unavoidable. I had strong passions, which ye did not give me religion to charm down. I waxed wicked, and was scarred all over with the leprosy of sin, but ye took no pity on me. I hungered and thirsted after the bread of life, not knowing my need—ye gave me a stone, the walls of a gaol; and I died, ignominious and unpitied, the victim of society, not its foe."

Here, in Massachusetts, it seems generally admitted, the State owes each man the opportunity to begin an education of himself. This notion has erected the fair and beautiful fabric of our free schools; the cradle of freedom, the hope of the poor; the nursery of that spirit which upholds all that is good in Church and State. But as yet only a beginning is made. We are still on short allowance of wisdom and cultivation; not a gill of water a day for each man. Our system of popular education, even where it is most perfect, is not yet in harmony with the great American idea, which has fought our battles with the elements, built up our institutions, and made us a great people. It is an old Transatlantic system of education which is too often followed, not congenial with our soil, our atmosphere, our people. From feudal times, and governments which

knew little of the value of the human soul, the equality of all before God, the equal rights of strong and weak, their equal claims for a manly education—from them we have derived the notion, that only a few need a liberal, generous education, and that these few must be the children of wealth, or the well-born sons of genius, who have many hands and dauntless courage, and faith to remove mountains, who live on difficulties, and, like gravitation itself, burst through all impediments. There will always be men whom nothing can keep uneducated; men like Franklin and Bowditch, who can break down every obstacle; men gifted with such tenacity of resolution, such vigour of thought, such power of self-control; they live on difficulties, and seem strongest when fed most abundantly with that rugged fare; men that go forth strong as the sun and as lonely, nor brook to take assistance from the world of men. For such no provision is needed. They fight their own battles, for they are born fully armed, terrible from their very beginning. To them difficulty is nothing. Poverty but makes them watchful. Shut out from books and teachers, they have instructors in the birds and beasts, and whole Vatican libraries in the trees and stones. They fear no discouragement. They go on the errand God sent them, trusting in him to bless the gift he gave. They beat the mountain of difficulty into dust, and get the gem it could not hide from an eye piercing as Argus. But these men are rare, exceptions to the rule, strong souls in much-enduring flesh. Others, of greater merit perhaps, but less ruggedness of spirit, less vigour of body, who cannot live with no sympathy but the silent eloquence of nature, and God's rare visitations of the inner man, require the aid of some institutions to take them up where common schools let them fall, and bear them on till they can walk alone. Over many a village churchyard in the midst of us it may still be writ, with no expression of contingency—

"Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire,
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

"But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll:
*Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul."*

To have a perfect people, said pagan Plato, we must have perfect institutions ; which means, in plain English, to enable labouring men and women to obtain a good education, we must have some institution to go further than our common schools.

But this great subject of public education as yet excites but little interest among us. The talk made about it, by a few wise and good men, proves only that we have it not. It is only lost goods that men cry in the streets. We acknowledge that we have no scholars to match the learned clerks of other lands, where old institutions and the abundant leisure of the wealthy have trained men to accomplishment and skill we never reach. We boast, and with reason, of the superior education of the great mass of men and women with us. Certain it is that learning is more marked for its diffusion in the mass than its accumulation in the individual. It is with it as with bread in a besieged city. Each person gets a mouthful, but no one a full meal. This, no doubt, is better than it would be for many to perish with hunger, while a few had enough and to spare. Some other countries are worse off in this particular than ourselves. The more the pity. We may rather weep for them than rejoice for ourselves. We can only boast of building poorly on the foundation our fathers laid—laid so nobly in their toil and want and war. An absolute monarch in Europe, recently deceased, not holding his place by the people's choice, but kept on his throne by hired bayonets, and, therefore, feeling no *judicial* accountability to them, indebted to a large amount, has yet done more for the education of all classes of his people, than all the politicians of the twenty-six States have done with the wealth of the public lands and the surplus revenue before them, and the banner of freedom over their heads. We have orators enough to declaim at the corners of the street about the War of Independence, now the blows are all over ; and the sins of George III., now he is dead and forgotten ; in favour of a "National Bank" or a "Sub-treasury," as the popular current happens to set ; but very few to take up the holy and neglected cause of education, insisting that all men, rich and poor, and low and high, shall receive this priceless boon. Alas for us ! These few are received with cold hands and empty houses,

while the village brawler, ranting of politics, collects the huzzaing crowd from nine towns round. The reason is plain: there are *ins* for those out, and *outs* for those in. A "National Bank" and a "Sub-treasury" have dollars in them, at least the people are told that it is so; men hope to get dollars out of them; while the most "promising" friend of education offers only wisdom, virtue, religion, things that never appear in the price-current, and will not weigh down an ounce in the town scales. We know the worth of dollars—which is something—yes, it is much. Give the dollars their due. But alas, the worth of educated men and women we do not know!

The fact that in our country and these times men find it necessary to leave a particular calling, which they like, and for which they are fitted by nature and choice—that of a shoemaker, a blacksmith, or a tanner—and enter one of the three professions, for which they have no fondness, nor even capacity, solely for the sake of an education, shows very plainly into what a false position we have been brought. We often lay the blame on Providence, and it seems generally thought to be a law of the Most High, that a man, with the faculties of an angel, should be born into the world, and live in it threescore years and ten, in the blameless pursuit of some calling indispensable to society, and yet die out of it without possibility of developing and maturing these faculties; thus at the last rather ending a long death, than completing a life. This seems no enactment of that Lawgiver. He made man upright, and *we* have sought out many inventions, some of them very foolish. As things now are, an excellent brazier, a tolerable tinker or tailor, is often spoiled, to make an indifferent lawyer, a sluggish physician, coadjutor of death, or a parson whose "drowsy tinkling lulls the distant fold," solely because these men, innocent of sinister designs, wanted an education which, as things were, could not readily be got in the trade, but came as a requisite in the profession. Now, in all countries the mass of men must work; in our land they must work and rule likewise. Some method must, therefore, be found to educate this mass, or it is plain our free institutions must go to the ground, for ignorance and freedom cannot exist together more than fire and water in the same vessel.

No doubt we have done much. But how much more remains to be done! That absolute monarch, before spoken of, has done more than all the free Americans in this matter, and made his people our superiors in almost every department of intellectual, moral, and religious education. The American mind has never yet been applied in earnest to this great work, as to commerce, and clearing land, building factories and railroads. We do not yet realize the necessity of educating all men. Accordingly, men destined for the "learned" professions, as they are called, hasten through the preparatory studies thereof, and come half-educated to the work. The labouring man starts with a very small capital of knowledge or mental skill, and then thinks he has no time for anything but work; never reads a book which has thought in it; never attempts to make his trade teach him: "getting and spending, he lays waste his powers." Children are hurried from the common school just as they begin to learn, and thus half its benefits are lost. The old rule, that "what is gained in time is lost in power," is quite as true in education as in mechanics, as our experience is teaching us at great cost. Since the advantages of the common school are not fully enjoyed, many, whose voices might be heard, do not see the necessity of a higher series of free schools—at least one in a county—which should do for all what the college now does for a part. Those only feel the want of such who are without voice in the commonwealth, whose cry only Heaven hears. If such existed, or, even without them, if the common schools were what all might be, and some are, and their advantages properly used, then the mechanic, the farmer, the shopkeeper, might start with a good capital of knowledge, good habits of study, and his trade, if temperately pursued, would teach him as much as the professions teach men embarked therein. Were two men of the same ability, and the same intellectual discipline, to embark in life, one a clergyman and the other a farmer, each devoting eight or ten hours a day to his vocation, spending the rest of his time in the same wise way, the superiority in twenty years could scarcely be on the clergyman's side.

But besides this lack of mental capital with which labouring men set out in life, there is another evil, and

even greater, which comes of the mechanical and material tendency of our countrymen at this time. They ask a result which they can see and handle ; and since wisdom and all manly excellence are not marketable nor visible commodities, they say they have no time for mental culture. A young mechanic, coming into one of our large country towns, and devoting all the spare time he could snatch from labour or sleep to hard study, was asked by an older companion, "What do you want to be?" supposing he wished to be a constable, or a captain, or a member of the "great and general court," it may be. The answer was, "I wish to be a man." "A man!" exclaimed the questioner, thinking his friend had lost his wits. "A man! are you not twenty-one years old, and six feet high?" Filled with this same foolish notion, men are willing to work so many hours of the blessed day that the work enslaves the man. He becomes hands, and hands only ; a passive drudge, who can eat, drink, and vote. The popular term for working men, "hands," is not without meaning ; a mournful meaning, too, if a man but thinks of it. He reads little that of unprofitable matter, and thinks still less than he reads. He is content to do nothing but work. So old age of body comes upon him before the prime years of life, and imbecility of spirit long before that period. That human flesh and blood continue to bear such a state of things, whence change is easy, this is no small marvel. The fact that wise men and Christian men do not look these matters in the face, and seek remedies for evils so widespread, proves some sad things of the state of wisdom and Christianity with us.

Many labouring men now feel compelled to toil all of the week-days with such severity that no time is left for thought and meditation, the processes of mental growth, and their discipline of mind is not perfect enough to enable them to pursue this process while about their manual work. One man in the village, despising a manly growth of his whole nature, devotes himself exclusively to work, and so in immediate results surpasses his wiser competitor, who, feeling that he is not a body alone, but a soul in a body, would have time for reading, study, and the general exercise and culture of his best gifts. The wiser man, ashamed to be distanced by his less gifted neighbour ; afraid, too, of public opinion, which

still counts beef and brandy better than a wise mind and a beautiful soul; unwilling to wear coarse raiment, and fare like a hermit, that his mind be bravely furnished within, and sumptuously fed—devotes himself also exclusively to his toil, and the evil spreads. The few men with us who have leisure enough and to spare rarely devote it to the Christian work of lightening the burthens of their brethren. Rather, by withdrawing their necks from the common yoke, do they increase the weight for such as are left faithful. Hence the evil yearly becomes worse—as some men fear—and the working man finds his time for study abridged more and more. Even the use of machinery has hitherto done little good in this respect to the class that continues to work. Give a child a new knife, he will only cut himself. The sacramental sin of the educated and wealthy amongst us, is the notion, that work with the hands is disgraceful. While they seek to avoid the “disgrace,” others must do more than their natural share. The lazy man wastes his leisure; the industrious, who does his work, has no leisure to enjoy. Affairs will never take their true shape, nor the labouring class have an opportunity to obtain the culture reason demands for them, until sounder notions of labour, and a more equitable division thereof, prevail. When he works who is fit, and he thinks who can, thought and labour may go hand in hand. The peaceful and gradual change already apparent will doubtless effect the object in time; and for such an issue the world can afford to wait some few years. It is common, as it is easy and wicked, to throw the whole blame of this matter on the rich and educated. But this sin belongs to the whole community; though it must be most heavily charged upon the strongest heads, who should think for the weak, and help them to think for themselves.

But even now much may be done, if men gather up the fragments of time. The blessed Sabbath—in spite of the superstitious abuse thereof, the most valuable relic the stream of time has brought us—in half a century allows more than seven solid years redeemed from toil. There are the long nights of winter, the frequent periods when inclement weather forbids labour in the fields. All of these, taken together, afford a golden opportunity to him who, having previous instruction, has resolution to employ

it well. Books, too, those "ships of thought" that sail majestic on through time and space, bear their rich treasure down to old and young, landing them upon every shore. Their magic influence reaches all who will open their arms. The blessing they bring may quicken the labourer's mind, and place him where he did not stand before. The thought of others stirs his thought. His lamp is lit at some great thinker's urn, and glitters with perennial glow. Toil demands his hands; it leaves his thought fetterless and free. To the instructed man his trade is a study; the tools of his craft are books; his farm a gospel, eloquent in its sublime silence; his cattle and corn his teachers; the stars his guides to virtue and to God; and every mute and every living thing, by shore or sea, a heaven-sent prophet to refine his mind and heart. He is in harmony with nature, and his education goes on with the earth and the hours. Many such there are in the lanes and villages of New England. They are the hope of the land. But these are the favoured sons of genius, who, under ill-starred circumstances, make a church and a college of their daily work. To all, as things now are, this is not possible. But when all men see the dignity of manual work, few will be so foolish as to refuse the privilege of labour, though many are now wicked enough to shrink from it as a burthen. Then it will be a curse to none, but a blessing to all. Then there will be time enough for all to live as men; the meat will not be reckoned more than the life, nor the soul wasted to pamper the flesh. Then some institution, not yet devised, may give the mass of men a better outfit of education, and art supply what nature did not give, and no man, because he toils with his hands, be forced to live a body and no more.

The education which our people need, apart from strength and skill in their peculiar craft, consists in culture of mind, of the moral and the religious nature. What God has joined can never safely be put asunder. Without the aid of practised moral principle, what mental education can guide the man? Without the comfort and encouragement of religion, what soul, however well endowed with intellectual and moral accomplishments, can stand amid the ceaseless wash of contending doubts, passions, interests, and fears? All partial education is false. Such as would

cultivate the mind alone soon fail of the end. The ship spreads wide her canvas, but has neither ballast nor helm. It has been said the education of the labouring class is safe neither for the nation nor the class ; and if only the understanding is cultivated, there is a shadow of truth somewhere about the remark. An educated knave or pirate is, no doubt, more dangerous than a knave or pirate not educated. It appears in some countries that crime increases with education. This fact has caused the foes of the human race to shout long and loud, and the noise of their shouting comes over the Atlantic to alarm us. The result could have been foreseen when the education was intellectual chiefly. But even then great crimes against the human person become rare ; and who shall say the increased crimes against property have not come from the false system on which property is held, quite as much as from the false system of education ? Still the grand rule holds good, that intellectual education alone is fearfully insufficient. Let the whole nature of man be developed. Educate only the moral nature, men are negatively virtuous, as a dead man will neither lie nor steal. They who seek only religious education soon degenerate into bigots, and become the slaves of superstition, the tools of designing and crafty men, as both ancient and recent history assures us. Man only is manlike, and able to realize the idea for which he was made, when he unfolds all of his powers, mind, heart, and soul ; thinks, feels, and worships as reason, conscience, and religion demand ; thus uniting in himself the three great ideas of the true, the good, and the holy, which make up the sum of beauty, the altogether beautiful of mortal life.

It is to be believed the American mind will one day be turned to its greatest object, the rearing up of a manly people, worthy to tread these hills, and breathe this air, and worship in the temples our fathers built, and lie down in their much-honoured graves. Who shall say the dream of men, now regarded as visionary, shall not one day become a reality blessed and beautiful ? If the unconquerable energies of our people were turned to this work ; if the talent and industry so profusely squandered on matters of no pith or moment, or wasted in petty quarrels, during a single session of Congress ; if half the

enthusiasm and zeal spent in a single presidential election, were all turned to devise better means of educating the people—we cannot help thinking matters would soon wear a very different aspect.

One of two conclusions we must accept. Either God made man with desires that cannot be gratified on earth, and which yet are his best and most Godlike desires, and then man stands in frightful contradiction with all the rest of nature ; or else it is possible for all the men and women of every class to receive a complete education of the faculties God gave them, and then the present institutions and opinions of society on this matter of education are all wrong, contrary to reason and the law of God. There are some good men, and religious men, doubtless, who think that in this respect matters can never be much mended, that the senses must always overlay the soul, the strong crush the weak, and the mass of men, who do all the work of the world, must ever be dirty and ignorant, and find little but toil and animal comfort, till they go where the servant is free from his master, and the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest. These men represent the despair and the selfishness of society. If the same thing that has been must be ; if the future must be just like the past ; if falsehood and sin are eternal, and truth and goodness ephemeral creatures of to-day—then these men are right, and the sooner we renounce all hope of liberty, give up all love of wisdom, and call Christianity a lie—a hideous lie—why, the sooner the better. Let us never fear to look things in the face, and call them by their true names. But there are other men, who say the past did its work, and we will do ours. We will not bow to its idols, though they fell from the clouds ; nor accept its limitations, though Lycurgus made poor provision, and Numa none at all, for the education of the people ; we will not stop at its landmarks, nor construct ourselves in its image, for we also are men. While we take gratefully whatever past times bring us, we will get what we can grasp, and never be satisfied. These men represent the hope and the benevolence there is in man. If they are right, the truths of reason are not a whim ; aspiration after perfection is more than a dream ; Christianity not a lie, but

the eternal truth the Allseeing has writ for his children's welfare; God not a tyrant, but the Father of all. The sooner these men are on their feet, and about their work, to reinstate fallen mankind, the better for themselves and the world. They may take counsel of their hopes always, of their fears never.

But there are difficulties in the way of education, as in all ways but that to destruction. There is no panacea to educate the race in a moment, and with no trouble. It is slow work, the old way of each man toiling for himself, with labour and self-denial, and many prayers; the Christian way of the strong helping the weak, thinking for them, and aiding them to think for themselves. Some children can scramble up the mountain alone, but others the parents must carry in their arms. The way is for wise men to think and toil, and toil and think, remembering that "Zeno and Chrysippus did greater things," says Seneca, "in their studies, than if they had led armies, borne offices, or given laws, which indeed they did, not to one city alone, but to all mankind." There are great difficulties to be overcome, as M. Pastoret, a French judge, has said, respecting improvements in the law: "We have also to encounter mediocrity, which knows nothing but its old routine; always ready to load with reproaches such as have the courage to raise their thoughts and observations above the level to which itself is condemned. 'These are innovators,' it exclaims. 'This is an innovation,' say the reproducers of old ideas, with a smile of contempt. Every project of reform is, in their eyes, the result of ignorance or insanity, and the most compassionate it is who condescend to accuse you of what they call the bewilderment of your understanding. 'They think themselves wiser than their fathers,' says one, and with that the matter seems decided." Still the chief obstacle is found in the low, material aims of our countrymen, which make them willing to toil eight, ten, twelve, sixteen, even eighteen hours of the day, for the body, and not one for the mind; in the popular notion, that he who works with the hand can do nothing else. No doubt it is hard work to overcome these difficulties, slow work to get round them. But there are many encouragements for the work: our freedom from war; the abundance of physical comfort in our land;

the restless activity of the American mind, which requires only right direction ; in the facility with which books are printed and circulated ; in the free schools, which have already done so vast and beautiful a work ; in the free spirit of our institutions, which have hitherto made us victorious everywhere ; but, above all, in that religion which was first revealed to a carpenter, earliest accepted by fishermen, most powerfully set forth by a tent-maker—that religion which was the Bethlehem-star of our fathers, their guide and their trust, which has nothing to fear, but everything to hope, from knowledge wide-spread among the people, and which only attains its growth and ripens its fruit when all are instructed—mind, heart and soul. With such encouragement who will venture to despair ?

III.

THE THREE CHIEF SAFEGUARDS OF SOCIETY.—
 CONSIDERED IN A SERMON AT THE MELODEON,
 ON SUNDAY, JULY 6, 1851.

"Righteousness exalteth a nation."—PROVERBS xiv. 34.

THIS is the first Sunday after the anniversary of the national birth-day. It seems proper, on this occasion, to go beyond matters merely personal, and affecting us only as individuals. I will speak of the duties of man in a wider sphere; of political affairs. So I ask your attention to "A Sermon of the Safeguards of Society." I choose this subject because some men profess a fear that American society is in danger, and because some persons are busily teaching doctrines which seem hostile to the very design of society itself. I shall not speak of politics as economy, but as morality, and look at the affairs of State from a religious point of view.

We are often told, that human society is of Divine appointment; society meaning the mass of men living together in a certain fellowship. If this means that man is by nature a social being, and in their progressive development men must unite and form societies, then, it is true, society is of Divine appointment. But so is a farm; for man is by nature and position an agricultural being, and in their progressive development men make farms and practise agriculture. Agriculture is as necessary as society. But it does not follow from this, that the Egyptian, the Flemish, or the American mode of agriculture is of Divine appointment, and men bound by God to practise that, or to limit themselves thereto; and it no more follows that the

Egyptian, the Flemish, or the American mode of society is of Divine appointment, and men bound by God to limit themselves to it. It would be thought ridiculous to claim Divinity for Dutch farming, or any other special mode of farming; but it is just as ridiculous to claim Divinity for Dutch society, or any other society. The farm and the society are alike and equally the work of men.

Then we are often told, that human government is of Divine appointment, and men morally bound to submit to it; government being used as a collective term to include the political, ecclesiastical, and social establishments of a people, and the officers who administer them. If this means, that, at a certain stage of man's progressive political development, it is necessary to have certain political, ecclesiastical, and social establishments, such as a monarchy or an aristocracy, with persons to administer them, then it is true, and government is of Divine appointment. But the fence of a farm is just as necessary to agriculture, at a certain stage of agricultural development, as government to society. However, it does not follow from this, that a stone wall or a rail-fence is of Divine appointment; and it no more follows that a monarchy or an aristocracy is of Divine appointment. It would be thought ridiculous for a farmer to claim Divinity for his fence: it is just as absurd for a politician to claim it for his government. Both are alike and equally the work of men.

Again, it is said that human statutes are of Divine appointment, and therefore binding on the conscience of men. If this means, that, at a certain stage of social and political development, men must form certain rules for social and political conduct, then it is true, and human statutes are of Divine appointment. But rules for agricultural conduct are just as necessary for the farm and the garden as political rules for society and the State, and so equally Divine. But it does not follow from this, that the agricultural rules for the farm and the garden laid down by Columella the Roman, or Cobbett the Briton, are of Divine appointment; and it no more follows that the political rules for society and the State laid down by the men of New England or the men of New Holland—by men "foreordained" at birth to be lawgivers, or by men "elected" in manhood to make laws—are of Divine

appointment. It would be thought ridiculous for a British farmer to claim Divinity for Tusser's "Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry;" but it is just as absurd for a British politician to claim Divinity for the British Constitution, or the statutes of the realm. Rules for farming the land and rules for farming the people are alike and equally the work of men.

Still further, it is said that human officers to execute the statutes, administer the government, and sustain society, are also of Divine appointment; and hence we are morally bound to employ, honour, and obey them. If this means, that at a certain stage of man's social, political, and legal development, it is necessary to have certain persons whose official business it shall be to execute those statutes, then it is true, and human officers are of Divine appointment. But it is just as necessary to have certain persons, whose official business it shall be to execute the rules for farming the land; and so the agricultural officers are just as much of Divine appointment as the political. But it does not follow that ploughman Keith and reaper Gibson are such by the grace of God, and therefore we are morally bound to employ, honour, and obey them; and it no more follows that King Ferdinand or President Fillmore are such by the grace of God, and we morally bound to employ, honour, and obey them. It would be thought ridiculous for Keith and Gibson to claim Divinity for their function of ploughman or reaper; but it is equally absurd for Fillmore and Ferdinand to claim Divinity for their function of president or king. The farm office and the State office are alike and equally the work of men.

Yet it is often taught that society, government, statutes, and officers, are peculiarly and especially of Divine appointment, in a very different sense from that mentioned just now; and therefore you and I are morally bound to respect all the four. We are told this by men who would be astonished if any one should claim Divine appointment for farm-fences, rules of husbandry, for ploughmen and reapers. This is sometimes done by persons who know no better.

In conformity with that fourfold claim of Divinity for things of human appointment, we are told that the great safeguard of man's social welfare is this: entire subordi-

nation of the individual to the community, subordination in mind and conscience, heart and soul; entire submission to the government; entire obedience to the statute; entire respect for the officer; in short, the surrender of the individual to the State, of his mind to the public opinion, of his conscience to the public statute, of his religion to some bench of attorneys, and his will to the magistrate. This fourfold subordination of the individual is demanded, no matter what the community, the government, the statutes, or the officers may be. Let us look a little more narrowly into this matter, and see what is the purpose, the end, and aim of individual human life, and of social human life; then we may be the better able to determine what are the safeguards thereof.

What is man here on earth to accomplish? He is to unfold and perfect himself, as far as possible, in body and spirit; to attain the full measure of his corporeal and spiritual powers, his intellectual, moral, affectional, and religious powers; to develop the individual into a complete man. That, I take it, is the purpose, the end, the scope, and final cause of individual life on earth. Accordingly, that is the best form of individual life which does this most completely; that worst which does it least. He is the most fortunate man who gets the greatest development of his body and his spirit in all their several and appropriate functions: all else is means thereto, and this the end thereof. Ease, wealth, honour, fame, power, and all the outward things men wish for, and all such things as are valuable, are means to this end, no more. Wise men do not account him lucky who comes into the world born to riches, distinction, thrones of power; but him who goes out of it wise, just, good, and holy.

Accordingly, all else is to be subordinated to the attainment of this purpose; this to nothing. But what faculties of the individual are to rule and take precedence? The highest over the lowest; the lasting over the transient; the eternal over the perishing. I will wound my hand to save my head, subordinating the less to the greater. Not barely to live, but to live nobly, is my purpose. I will wound or sacrifice my body to save the integrity of my spirit, to defend the rights of my mind, of my conscience,

of my affections, of my religious faculty—my soul. Conscience, when awakened, commands this. Prophets of the Old Testament, and apostles of the New Testament, martyrs of all the churches under heaven, are historical witnesses to this instinct of human nature. Millions of soldiers have been found ready to sacrifice the life of their body to the integrity of their spirit: they would die, but not run.

Man is social by nature: gregarious by instinct, he is social with self-conscious will. To develop the individual into the perfect man, men must mix and mingle. Society is the condition of individual development. Moses or Newton, living all alone, would not have attained the human dignity of a clown or a savage; they would never have mastered articulate speech: the gregarious elephant, the lonely eagle, would surpass these men, born to the mightiest genius. Society, companionship of men, is both a necessity and a comfort, a good in itself, a means to other good.

As the great purpose of human life is to develop the individual into the complete and perfect man in body and spirit, so the purpose of society is to help furnish the means thereto; to defend each, and furnish him an opportunity and all possible help to become a complete and perfect man. Individuals are the monads, the primitive atoms, of which society is composed: its power, its perfection, depend primarily on the power and perfection of the individuals, as much so as the weight of a pendulum or of Mount Sheehallin depends on the primitive atoms thereof. Destroy the individuality of those atoms, human or material, all is gone. To mar the atom is to mar the mass. To preserve itself, therefore, society is to preserve the individuality of the individual.

Such is its general purpose: this involves several particulars. One is purely negative in its form, to prevent men from hurting one another. In early ages that was the chief business of society which men had become conscious of. Society was recognised as an instrument to help accomplish two things: first, to defend itself against other societies or collections of men, and so preserve the integrity of the mass. This was done by means of armies, forts, fleets, and all the artillery of war. The next thing

was, within itself, to defend the many feeble from the few that are strong, or the few strong from the many weak; to preserve the integrity of the individuals, the atoms which compose the mass. This was done by statutes of prohibition, declaring, "Thou shalt not." This defence from foreign or domestic harm involves two things: first, the protection of the person, the substance of the community or the individual; and, next, the protection of the property, the accident of the social or individual person. All this may be comprised in one term as the negative function of society, appearing in two modes, as it protects from foreign or domestic hurt. This function is performed consciously: one community says to other communities, "You shall not hurt me," and to its own members, "You must not hurt one another," and knows what it is about in so doing. Some of the nations of Europe have scarcely got beyond this; their government seems to acknowledge no function but this negative one.

Then comes the positive function of society; that is, to furnish opportunities for the mass, as such, to develop itself; and the individual, as such, to develop himself, individually and socially, and exercise all his faculties in his own way, subject only to this rule, that he hurts nobody else. See how this is done abroad between society and society. This community agrees with others, that they, mutually, shall not only not injure each other, but positively help one another. "Protect my citizens by your statutes whilst in your land, and I will do the same with yours," says Belgium to France. That is agreed upon. "Let my ships into your harbours," says England, "come whence they may, and with what they may bring, and I will do the same by yours." America says, "Agreed," and it is so to the good of both. Thus each Christian nation secures for itself opportunities for development in all other Christian countries, and so helps the person and also his property. This is done by treaties; and each nation has its ministers and consuls to lie abroad, and help accomplish this work. This is the foreign part of the positive function of society, and is destined to a great expansion in times to come.

See how it is done at home, and the whole furnishes positive helps to the special parts. Society establishes

almshouses, hospitals, schools, colleges, churches, and post-offices; coins money as a standard measure of all values; builds roads of earth, of water, or of iron; carries letters; surveys the land; prints books telling of its minerals, plants, and living things that swim, or creep, or fly, or walk; puts lighthouses along the coast, and breakwaters to protect a port. Thus society furnishes its members a positive help for the mind, body, and estate; helps the individual become a complete and perfect man, by affording him facilities for the development of his substance and the possession of his accidents. This is the domestic part of the positive function of society. Some men, as the Socialists in France, wish to extend it much further, making the government patriarchal to bless—not, as of old, despotic to curse. This also is done with a distinct self-consciousness of the immediate end and the means thereto.

But the greater part of this positive work is done with no such distinct consciousness thereof; it is brought about by the men living together; is done, not by government, but by society. The presence of numbers increases the intellectual temperature, so to say, and quickens the social pulse. Machines are invented, science extended, new truths in morals and religion are found out, literature and art create new loveliness, and men become greater and more noble, while society takes no heed; and so all are helped. The government often only checks this work.

By most subtle contrivances, though not of you and me, a provision is made for the great. Without willing it, we prepare a cradle for every giant, ready to receive him as soon as he is born. A young woman has a rare genius for music: no legal and constitutional provision has been made for her, society having no instinctive and prophetic consciousness of such an advent; but men with music in their souls, and spell-bound by their ears, are drawn together, and encourage her sweet soul into all the wildest, sweetest, and most bewildering witchery of song. If some lad of marvellous genius is born in the woods, men seek him out, and train him up with the accumulated wisdom of ten thousand years, that this newest diamond from the mine of God may be appropriately set. So it is with a thousand other things; and thus society calls out the dainties of the cook, the machine of the inventor, the

orator's persuasive power, the profound thought of the thinker, the poet's vision and his faculty divine, the piety of the highest saint God sends. Thus, spite of all the Herods in Jerusalem, a crown is got ready for him that is born King of the world; wise men are always waiting for the star which goes before the new-born Son of God; and, though that star stand still over a stable, they are ready on the spot with their myrrh, their frankincense, and their gold. Society has its shepherds watching their flock, and its angels to proclaim the glad tidings of great joy to all mankind.

While society, in its positive function, thus helps the strong, it provides also for the weak, and gives them the benefit of the strong man's protection; thus the individuality of the ablest and the most feeble is defended at the same time. This is done in part by private charity, in part also by the organized public charity. The sick, the poor, the crazy, the lame, the blind, the deaf, are sacredly cared for. Even the fool is not left in his folly, but the wisdom of society watches over his impotent and wretched brain. Thus the two extremes of the human race are provided for: the man of vast genius and a tough body gets his culture and his place, and, from his station in the senate, the pulpit, or the closet, sends out his thunder, his lightning, or his sunshine, over all the land, to save the people and to bless; while the lame man, the lunatic woman, the blind boy, the poor and sickly little girl born with the scrofulous worm feeding on her cheek, all have the benefit of the manifold power of society. The talent of a Webster, the genius of an Emerson, the frailty of an unacknowledged child left on the door-stone at night, to die next month in the almshouse, all have their place in the large cradle of society, whose coverlet wraps them all—the senator, the poet, and the fool. Attend a meeting of the *alumni* of Harvard College, of the heads of the railroads or factories of New England, a convention of merchants, naturalists, metaphysicians, of the senate of the nation; you see how society gives place and protection to the best heads in the State. Then go to some house of industry, and see the defence afforded for the worst; you see what a wonderful contrivance society itself is. I say a contrivance, yet it is not the contrivance chiefly of

Solon or Charlemagne, but of Almighty God; a contrivance for three things—to prevent men from hurting one another in person or property; to give the strong and the weak the advantage of living together; and thus to enable each to have a fair chance for the development of his person and the acquisition of property. The mechanism of society, with its statical and dynamical laws, is the most marvellous phenomenon in the universe. Thereby we are continually building wiser than we know, or rather the providence of the Father builds by us, as by the coral insect of Pacific Seas, foundations for continents which we dream not of.

These three things are the general end of society, and indispensable to the purpose of life. To attain them there must be a certain amount of individual variety of action, a certain amount of social unity of action; and the two must be to a certain degree balanced into equilibrium. The larger the amount of individual variety and social unity of action, the more complete the equilibrium of the two, the more completely is the purpose of individual and social life accomplished and attained: the atom is not sacrificed to the mass, nor the mass to the atom; the individual gains from being a citizen, the citizen from his individuality; all are the better for each, and each for all.

To accomplish this purpose, men devise certain establishments—institutions, constitutions, statutes—human machinery for attaining the Divine end in the individual and the social form. But here is the condition of existence which all these establishments must conform to. Everything in nature has a certain constant mode of action: this we call a law of nature. The laws of nature are universal, unchangeable, and perfect as God, whose mind they in part express. To succeed in anything, we must find out and keep the natural laws relating thereto. There are such laws for the individual—constant modes of action which belong to human nature, writ therein by God. My mind and conscience are the faculties by which I learn these laws. Conscience perceives by instinct: mind sees afterwards by experiment. There are also such laws for society, constant modes of action, which belong to human nature in its social form. They are also written in the

nature of man. The mind and conscience of the individuals who make up the society are the faculties by which these laws likewise are found out. These laws, constant modes of individual or social action, are the sole and exclusive basis of human establishments which help attain the end of individual and social life. What conforms to these natural rights is called right; what conforms not, is wrong. A mill-dam or a monument must conform to the statical laws of matter, or not serve the purpose it was meant for: a mill or a steam-engine must conform to the dynamical laws of matter, or it is also useless. So all the social establishments of mankind, designed to further the positive or negative functions of society, must conform to the laws of human nature, or they will fail to achieve the purposes of individual and social life.

As I come to individual self-consciousness, I give utterance to these natural laws, or my notion of them, in certain rules of conduct which I make for myself. I say, "This will I do, for it is right; that will I not do, for it is wrong." These are my personal resolutions, personal statutes. I make them in my high act of prayer, and in my common life seek to conform thereto. When I rise higher, in another act of prayer which has a greater experience for its basis, and so represents more life, I shall revise the old rules of conduct, and make new ones that are better. The rules of conduct derive all their objective and real value from their conformity with the law of God writ in my nature; all their subjective and apparent value, from their conformity to my notions of the law of God. The only thing which makes it right, and an individual moral duty, for me to keep my resolutions, is, that they themselves are right, or I believe them so. Now, as I see they are wrong, or think I see it, I shall revise or change them for better. Accordingly, I revise them many times in my life: now by a gradual change, the process of peaceful development; now by a sudden change, under conviction of sin, in penitence for the past, and great concern of mind for the future, by the process of personal revolution. But these rules of conduct are always provisional—my ladder for climbing up to the purposes of individual life. I will throw them away as soon as I can get better. They are amenable subjectively to my notion

of right, and objectively to right itself—to conscience and to God.

As the individuals, all, the majority, or some controlling men, come to social self-consciousness, they express these natural laws, or their notion thereof, in certain rules of social conduct. They say, "This shall all men do, for it is right; that shall no man do, for it is wrong." The nation makes its social resolutions, social statutes, in its act of prayer; for legislation is to the State what prayer is to the man—often an act of penitence, of sorrow, of fear, and yet of faith, hope, and love. When it rises higher it revises and makes better rules of conduct: they derive all their objective and real value from their conformity with the law of God; all their subjective and apparent value from their conformity with the nation's notion thereof. The only thing which makes it right, and a social moral duty for society, or any of its members, to keep these social statutes, is that they are right, or thought so. In the progress of society, its rules of conduct get revised a good many times: now it is done by gradual, peaceful development—now by sudden and stormy revolutions, when society is penitent for the sin of the past, and in great anxiety and concern of mind through fear of the future. These social statutes are only provisional, to help men climb up to the purpose of social life. They are all amenable subjectively to the notion of right; objectively to right itself—to the conscience of the individuals and to God.

Then society appoints officers whose special conventional function is to see to the execution of these social rules of conduct. They are legally amenable to the rules of conduct they are to carry out, socially amenable to the community that appoints them, individually amenable to their own conscience and to God.

To sum up all this in one formula: officers are conventionally amenable to society; society, with its officers and its rules of conduct, amenable to the purpose of society; the design of individual life, to the individuals that compose it; individuals, with their rules of conduct, amenable each to his own conscience; and all to the law of the universe, to the Eternal Right, which represents the conscience of God. So far as society is right, government

right, statutes right, officers right, all may justly demand obedience from each: for though society, government, statutes, and officers, are mere human affairs, as much so as farms, fences, top-dressing, and reapers, and are as provisional as they; yet right is Divine, is of God, not merely provisional and for to-day, but absolute and for eternity. So, then, the moral duty to respect the government, to keep the statutes, to obey the officers, is all resolvable into the moral duty of respecting the integrity of my own nature, of keeping the eternal law of nature, of obeying God. If government, statutes, officers, command me to do right, I must do it, not because commanded, but because it is right; if they command me to do wrong, I must refuse, not because commanded, but because it is wrong. There is a constitution of the universe: to keep that is to preserve the union between man and man, between man and God. To do right is to keep this constitution: that is loyalty to God. To keep my notion of it is loyalty to my own soul. To be false to my notion thereof is treason against my own nature: to be false to that constitution is treason against God. The constitution of the universe is not amenable to men: that is the law of God, the higher law, the constant mode of action of the Infinite Father of all. In that He lives, and moves, and has His being.

It is now easy to see what are the safeguards of society, the things which promote the end and aim of society—the development of the body and spirit of all men after their law—and thus help attain the purpose of individual life. I will mention three of these safeguards, in the order of their importance.

First of all is Righteousness in the People: a religious determination to keep the law of God at all hazards; a sacred and inflexible reverence for right; a determined habit of fidelity each to his own conscience. This, of course, implies a hatred of wrong; a religious and determined habit of disobeying and resisting everything which contradicts the law of God—of disobeying what is false to this and our conscience. There is no safeguard for society without this. It is to man what impenetrability, with the other primary qualities, is to matter. All must begin

with the integral atoms, with the individual mind and conscience; all be tried by that test, personal integrity, at last. What is false to myself I must never do—at no time, for no consideration, in nowise. This is the doctrine of the higher law; the doctrine of allegiance to God; a doctrine which appears in every form of religion ever taught in the world; a doctrine admitted by the greatest writers on the foundation of human law, from Cicero to Lord Brougham. Even Bentham comes back to this. I know it is nowadays taught in the United States, that, if any statute is made after the customary legal form, it is morally binding on all men, no matter what the statute may be; that a command to kidnap a black man and sell him into Slavery is as much morally binding as a command for a man to protect his own wife and child. A people that will practically submit to such a doctrine is not worthy of liberty, and deserves nothing but law, oppressive law, tyrannical law, and will soon get what it deserves. If a people has this notion, that they are morally bound to obey any statute legally made, though it conflict with public morals, with private conscience, and with the law of God, then there is no hope of such a people, and the sooner a tyrant whips them into their shameful grave, the better for the world. Trust me, to such a people the tyrant will soon come. Where the carcass is, thither will the vultures be gathered together. Let no man put asunder the carrion and the crow. So much for the first and indispensable safeguard.

The next is derivative therefrom: Righteousness in the Establishments of the People. Under this name I include three things—namely, institutions, constitutions, and statutes. Institutions are certain modes of operation, certain social, ecclesiastical, or political contrivances for doing certain things. Thus, an agricultural club is a social institution to help farming; a private school is a social institution for educating its pupils; a church is an ecclesiastical institution for the promotion of religion; an aristocracy is a political institution for governing all the people by means of a few, and for the sake of a few; a congress of senators and representatives is a legislative institution for making statutes; a jury of twelve men

is a judicial institution to help execute the statutes; universal suffrage is a democratic institution for ruling the State.

Constitutions are fundamental rules of conduct for the nation, made by the highest human authority in the land, and only changeable thereby, determining what institutions shall be allowed, how administered, by whom and in what manner statutes shall be made.

Statutes are particular rules of conduct to regulate the action of man with man, of individuals with the State, and of the State with individuals.

Statutes are amenable to the constitutions; the constitutions to the institutions; they to the people; all subjectively to the conscience of the individual, and objectively to the conscience of God.

Establishments are the machinery which a people contrives wherewith to carry out its ideas of the right or the expedient. In the present state of mankind they are indispensable to accomplish the purpose of individual life. There are indeed a few men who, for their good conduct, after they are mature, require no human laws whatever. They regulate themselves by their idea of right, by their love of truth, of justice, of man and God. They see the law of God so clear that they need no prohibitive statutes to restrain them from wrong. They will not lie nor steal, though no statutes forbid, and all other men both lie and steal; not if the statutes command falsehood and theft. These men are saints. The wealth of Athens could not make Aristides unjust. Were all men like Jesus of Nazareth, statutes forbidding wrong would be as needless as sails to a shark, a balloon to a swallow, or a railroad to the lightning of heaven. This is always a small class of men, but one that continually increases. We all look to the time when this will include all men. No man expects to find law books and courts in the kingdom of heaven.

Then there is a class who need these statutes as a well-known rule of conduct, to encourage them to do right, by the assurance that all other men will likewise be made to do so, even if not willing. They see the law of God less clear and strong, and need human helps to keep it. This class comprises the majority of mankind. The court-house helps them, though they never use it; the jail helps them,

though never in it. These are common men. They are very sober in Connecticut, not very sober in California.

Then there is a third class, who will do wrong unless they are kept from it by punishment or the fear thereof. They do not see the law of God, or will not keep it if they do. The court-house helps them; so does the jail, keeping them from actual crime while there, deterring while out of it. Take away the outward restraints, their seeming virtue falls to pieces like a barrel without its hoops. These are knaves. I think this class of men will continually diminish with the advance of mankind; that the saints will grow common, and the knaves get scarce. Good establishments promote this end; those of New England, especially the schools, help forward this good work, to convert the knaves to common men, to transfigure the common men to saints. Bad establishments, like many in Austria, Ireland, and South Carolina, produce the opposite effect: they hinder the development of what is high and noble in man, and call out what is mean and low; for human laws are often instruments to debauch a nation.

If a nation desires to keep the law of God, good establishments will help the work; if it have none such, it must make them before it can be at peace. They are as needful as coats and gowns for the body. Sometimes the consciousness of the people is far in advance of its establishments, and there must be a revolution to restore the equilibrium. It is so at Rome, in Austria, and Prussia. All these countries are on the brink of revolution, and are only kept down by the bayonet. It was so here seventy-five years ago, and our fathers went through fire and blood to get the establishments they desired. They took of the righteousness in the people, and made therefrom institutions, constitutions, and statutes. So much for the second and derivative safeguard.

The third is Righteousness in the Public Officers: good men to administer the establishments, manage the institutions, expound and enforce the constitutions, and execute the statutes, and so represent the righteousness of the people. In the hands of such men as see the purpose of social and individual life, and feel their duty to keep the integrity of their conscience and obey the law of God, even

bad establishments are made to work well, and serve the purpose of human life; because the man puts out the evil of the institution, constitution, or statute, and puts his own righteousness in its place. There was once a judge in New England who sometimes had to administer bad laws. In these cases he told the jury, "Such is the law, common or enacted; such are the precedents; such the opinions of Judge This and Judge That; but justice demands another thing. I am bound by my oath as judge to expound to you the law as it is: you are bound by oath as jurors to do justice under it; that is your official business here to-day." Such a man works well with poor tools; with good ones he would work much better. By the action of such men, aided by public opinion, which they now follow and now direct, without any change of legislation, there is a continual progress of justice in the establishments of a nation. Bad statutes are dropped or corrected; constitutions silently ameliorated; all institutions made better. Thus wicked laws become obsolete. There is a law in England compelling all men to attend church. Nobody enforces it.

Put a bad man to administer the establishments, one who does not aim at the purpose of society, nor feel bound to keep the higher law of God, the best institutions, constitutions, statutes, become ineffectual, because the man puts out the good thereof, and puts in his own evil. The best establishments will be perverted to the worst of purposes. Rome had all the machinery of a commonwealth; with Cæsar at the head it became a despotism. In 1798 France had the establishments of a republic; with Napoleon for first consul you know what it became: it soon was made an empire, and the constitution was trodden under foot. In 1851 France has the institutions of a democracy; with Louis Napoleon as chief you see what is the worth of the provisions for public justice. What was the constitution of England good for under the thumb of Charles I. and James II.? What was the value of the common law, of the trial by jury, of Magna Charta, "such a fellow as will have no sovereign," with a George Jeffreys for judge, a James II. for king, and such juries as corrupt sheriffs brought together? They were only a mockery. What were the charters of New England

against a wicked king and a corrupt cabinet? Connecticut went out of the court and into the Charter Oak for self-preservation. What were all the institutions of Christianity when Alexander VI. dishonoured the seat even of the Pope?

Put a saint, who feels his duty to keep the law of God, in office, even bad rules will work well. But put a man who recognises no law of God, not into a jail, but in a great office; give him courts and courtiers, fleets and armies—nay, only newspapers and “Union committees” to serve him, you see what will be done. The resolute determination of the people to obey the law of God, the righteousness of their establishments, will be of small avail, frustrated by the wickedness of the men in power. The English Parliament once sent a fleet to aid the Huguenots at Rochelle. King Charles I. gave the admiral secret orders to surrender his ships to the enemy he was sent to oppose! The purpose of all human life may be as foully betrayed by wicked men in a high place. In a monarchy the king is answerable for it with his neck; in a republic there is the same danger; but where all seems to proceed from the people it may be more difficult to do justice to a wicked officer. So much for the third safeguard, also derivative from the first.

To make a good house, you want good materials—solid stone, sound bricks, sound timber—a good plan, and also good builders. So, as safeguards of society, to achieve its purpose, you want good material—a righteous people, who will be faithful to their own conscience, and obey God, and reverence the law of nature; a good plan—righteous establishments, institutions, constitutions, statutes conformable to the laws of God; and you want good builders—righteous officers to represent the eternal justice of the Father. You want this threefold righteousness.

How are we provided with these three safeguards just now? Have we this Righteousness in the People? which is the first thing. Perhaps there is no nation with a higher reverence for justice, and more desire to keep the law of God; at least we have been told so, often enough. I think the nation never had more of it than

now; never so much. But here are whole classes of men who practically seem to have no reverence for God's law; who declare there is no such thing; whose conduct is most shamefully unrighteous in all political matters. They seek to make us believe there is no law above the caprice of man. Of such I will speak by-and-by.

It is plain there is not righteousness enough in the people to hinder us from doing what we know is contrary to the law of God. Thus, we keep one-sixth part of the people in a state of Slavery. This we do in violation of our own axiom, declared to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, endowed by their Creator with the unalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. We have here three millions of slaves: if things go on as now, there will be twelve millions before the century ends. We need not say we cannot help it. Slavery in America is as much our work as democracy, as free schools, as the Protestant form of religion. At the Declaration we might have made the slaves free; at the time of the Confederation; at the formation of the Constitution. But no! there was not righteousness enough in the people to resist the temptation of eating the bread which others earn. American Slavery has always been completely in the power of the American people. We may abolish it any time we will. We might have restricted it to the old States, which had it before, and so have kept it out of Kentucky, Tennessee, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, and all that mighty realm west of the great river. No! we took pains to extend it there. We fought with Mexico to carry Slavery into the "Halls of the Montezumas," whence a half-barbarous people drove it away. We long to seize on Cuba, and yet other lands, to plant there our "American institution." We are indignant when Austria unjustly seizes an American in Hungary, and hales him to prison; but have nothing to say when slave States systematically confine the coloured freemen of the North, or when Georgia offers a large reward for the head of a citizen of Boston. We talk of the "pauper labour of Europe." It is pauper labour, very much of it. I burn with indignation at the men who keep it so. But it is not slave labour. Paupers spin cotton at Manchester, and at Glasgow, say the Whigs. Who raises cotton at South Carolina and Mississippi? The

spoil of the slave is in our houses. We are a republic, but the only nation of the Christian world whose fields are tilled by chattel slaves. To such a degree has covetousness blinded the eyes of the whole nation. In saying all this I will not say that we are less righteous than other nations. No other people has had the same temptation. It has been too great for America. Slavery is loved as well in Boston as in New Orleans. The love of liberty is strong with us; but it is liberty for ourselves we love, not for our brother man whom we can oppress and enthrall. This vice is not confined to the South. I look on some of the clergymen of the North as only chaplains of the slave-driver.

Look at the next safeguard of society. Setting aside the institution of Slavery, and the statutes relating thereto, I think we have the most righteous establishments in the world. By no means perfect, they produce the greatest variety of action in the individuals, the greatest unity of action in society, and afford an opportunity to achieve the purpose of social and individual life. Here is the great institution of democracy, the government of all, by all, and for all, resting on the American idea that all men have natural rights which only the possessor can alienate, that all are equal in their rights, that it is the business of government to preserve them all for each man. Under this great institution of a free State, there naturally come the church, the school, the press—all free. In politics, and all depending thereon, we are coming to recognise this principle, that restraint is only to be exercised for the good of all, the restrainer and the restrained.

Let me single out two excellent institutions, not wholly American: the contrivance for making laws, and that for executing them. To make laws, the people choose the best men they can find and confide in, and set them to this work. They aim to take all the good of past times, of the present times, and add to it their private contribution of justice. Each State legislature is a little political academy for the advancement of jural science and art. They get the wisest and most humane men to aid them. Then after much elaboration the law is made. If it works well in one State it is soon tried in others; if not, it is repealed and ceases to be. The experience of mankind has discovered

no better way than this of popular legislation, for organizing the ideal justice of the people into permanent forms. If there is a man of moral and political genius in the community, he can easily be made available to the public. The experiment of popular legislation has been eminently successful in America.

Then, still further, we have officers chosen by the people for a limited time, to enforce the laws when made—the executive; others to expound them—the judiciary. It is the official business of certain officers to punish the man who violates the laws. In due and prescribed form they arrest the man charged with the offence. Now, two things are desirable: one to protect society, in all its members, from injury by any one acting against its just laws; the other is, to protect the man complained of from being hurt by government when there is no law against him, or when he has not done the deed alleged, or from an unjust punishment, even if it be legal. In despotic countries little is thought of this latter; and it goes hard with a man whom the government complains of, even if there is no positive statute against the crime charged on him, or when he is innocent of the deed alleged. Nothing can screen him from the lawful punishment, though that be never so unjust. The statute and its administration are a rule without mercy. But in liberal governments a contrivance has been devised to accomplish both these purposes—the just desire of society to execute its laws; the just desire of the individual to have justice done. That is the trial by a jury of twelve men, not officers of the government, but men taken for this purpose alone from the bosom of the community, with all their human sympathies and sense of responsibility to God about them. The jury are to answer in one word, "Guilty" or "Not guilty." But it is plain they are to determine three things: first, Did the prisoner do the deed alleged, and as alleged? next, if so, Is there a legal and constitutional statute forbidding it, and decreeing punishment therefore? and then, if so, Shall the prisoner for that deed suffer the punishment denounced by that law?

Human statutes partake of human imperfections. See the checks against sudden, passionate, or unjust legislation. We choose legislators, and divide them into two branches,

a Senate and a House of Representatives, each to aid and check the other. If a bill pass one house, and seem unjust to the other, it is set aside. If both approve of it, a third person has still a qualified negative; and if it seems unjust to him, he sets it aside. If it passes this threefold ordeal, it becomes a statute of the land. See the checks in the execution of the laws which relate to offences. Before they can be brought against any man, in any matter beyond a trifle, a jury of his peers indict him for the offence. Then, before he can be punished, twelve men of his peers must say with one accord, "You shall inflict the penalties of the statute upon this man."

This trial by jury has long been regarded as one of the most important of the secondary safeguards of society. It has served to defend the community against bad citizens, and the citizens against an evil establishment—bad institutions, bad constitutions, bad statutes; against evil officers—bad rulers, bad judges, bad sheriffs. If the community has much to fear from bad citizens, here is the offensive armour, and the jury do not bear the sword in vain. If its citizens have much to fear from a wicked government, oppressive, grasping, tyrannical, desirous of pretending law where there is none, declaring "ship-money" and other enormities constitutional, or pressing a legal statute beyond justice, making it treason to tell of the wickedness of officers—here is the defensive armour, and the jury do not bear in vain the shield of the citizen. Sometimes the citizens have more to fear from the government than from all other foes. Louis XIV. was a great robber, and plundered and murdered more of his subjects than all the other alleged felons in the sixteen millions of Frenchmen. The honest burghers of Paris had more to fear from the monarch in the Tuileries than from the murderer in the Faubourg St. Antoine, or the cut-purse in the Rue St. Jacob. Charles I. was a more dangerous enemy to our fathers in England and America than all the other thieves and murderers in the realm. What were all the Indians in New England, for peril to its Christian citizens, compared to Charles II. and his wicked brother? What was a foot-pad to Henry VIII.? He plundered a province, while the robber only picked a pocket.

The trial by jury has done manly service. It was one

of the first bulwarks of human society, then barbarous and feeble, thrown up by the Germanic tribe which loved order, but loved justice too. It is a line of circumvallation against the loose, unorganized wickedness of the private ruffian; a line of contravallation also against the organized wickedness of the public government. It began before there were any regular courts or written laws, and ever since it has done great service when corrupt men in high places called a little offence "treason;" when corrupt judges sought to crush down the people underneath oppressive laws, to advance themselves; and when corrupt witnesses were ready to "enlarge" their testimony so as to "despatch" the men accused; yea, to swear black was black, and then, when the case seemed to require it, swear white was black. Any man who reads the history of England under the worst of kings, the worst of ministers, the worst of judges, and with the worst of witnesses, and compares it with other nations, will see the value of the trial by jury as a safeguard of the people. The bloody Mary had to punish the jurors for their verdict of acquittal before she could accomplish her purposes of shame. George III., wishing to collect a revenue in the American colonies, without their consent or any constitutional law, found the jury an obstacle he could not pass over. Attorneys might try John Hancock for smuggling in his sloop "Liberty;" no jury would convict. The tea, a vehicle of unjust taxation, went floating out of Boston Bay in a most illegal style. No attempt was made to try the offenders: the magistrates knew there was a jury who would not convict men for resisting a wicked law. Men must be taken "over seas for trial" by a jury of their enemies before the wicked laws of a wicked ministry could be brought upon the heads of the resolute men of America.

It is of great importance to keep this institution pure; to preserve its spirit, with such expansion as the advance of mankind requires. Otherwise, the laws may be good, the constitutions good, institutions good, the disposition of the people good; but with a wicked minister in the cabinet, a wicked judge on the bench, a wicked attorney at the bar, and a wicked witness to forswear himself on the stand—and all these can easily be had—you can

purchase your wicked witnesses; nay, sometimes one will volunteer and "enlarge his testimony"—a man's life and liberty are not safe for a moment. The administration may grasp any man at will. The minister represents the government; the judge, the attorney, all represent the government. It has often happened that all these had something to gain by punishing unjustly some noble man who opposed their tyranny, and they used their official power to pervert justice and ruin the State, that they might exalt themselves. The jury does not represent the government, but "the country;" that is, the justice, the humanity, the mercy of mankind. This is its great value.

Have we the third safeguard, Righteous Officers? I believe no nation ever started with nobler officers than we chose at first. But I think there has been some little change from Washington down through the Tylers and the Polks to the present administration. John Adams, in coming to the presidency, found his son in a high office, and asked his predecessor if it were fit for the President to retain his own son in office. Washington replied, "It would be wrong for you to appoint him, but I hope he will not be discharged from office, and so the country be deprived of his valuable services, merely "because he is your son!" What a satire is this on the conduct of men in power at this day! We have had three "second General Washingtons" in the presidential chair since 1829; two new ones are now getting ready, "standing like greyhounds in the slips, straining upon the start," for that bad eminence. These three past and two future "Washingtons" have never displayed any very remarkable family likeness to the original, who left no descendant in this particular.* I pass over the general conduct of our executive and judicial officers, which does not seem to differ much from that of similar functionaries in England,

* In these times of political corruption, when a postmaster in a country village is turned out of office for voting for a representative to Congress who exposed the wickedness of a prominent member of the cabinet, it is pleasant to read such letters as those of Washington to Benjamin Lincoln, March 11, 1789, and to Bushrod Washington, July 27, 1789, in Spark's "Writings of Washington," vol. ix. p. 477, *et seq.*, and x. p. 73, *et seq.*

in France, in Italy, Austria, Turkey, and Spain. But I must speak of some special things in the conduct of some of these persons—things which ought to be looked at on such a day as this, and in the light of religion. Attempts have lately been made in this city to destroy the juror's power to protect the citizen from the injustice of government—attempts to break down this safeguard of individual liberty. We have seen a judge charge the grand jury, that, in case of conflict between the law of God and the statutes made by men, the people must "obey both." Then we have seen an attempt made by the government to get a partial jury, who should not represent the country, but should have prejudices against the prisoner at the bar. We have seen a man selected as foreman of the jury who had previously, and before witnesses, declared that all the persons engaged in the case which was to come before him "ought to be hung." We have seen a man expelled from the jury, after he had taken the juror's oath, because he declared that he had "a general sympathy with the down-trodden and oppressed here and everywhere," and so did not seem likely to "despatch" the prisoner, as the government desired. This is not all; the judge questions the jurors before their oath, and refuses to allow any one to be impanelled who doubts the constitutionality of the fugitive slave law. Even this is not the end: he charges the jury, thus selected, packed, picked, and winnowed, that they are to take the law as he lays it down; that they are only judges of the fact, he exclusively of the law; and if they find that the prisoner did the deed alleged, then they must return him "guilty" of the offence charged.

I am no lawyer: I shall not speak here with reference to usages and precedents of the past, only with an eye to the consequences for the future. If the court can thus select a jury to suit itself, mere creatures of its own, what is the use of a jury to try the fact? See the consequences of this decision, that no man shall serve as juror who doubts the constitutionality of a law, and that the jurors are not judges of the law itself as well as the fact. Let me suppose some cases which may happen. The Constitution of the United States provides that Congress shall not prohibit the free exercise of religion. Suppose that

Congress should pass a law to punish any man with death who should pray to the "Father, Son, and Holy Ghost." The government wishes to punish an obnoxious orthodox minister for violating this "form of law." It is clearly unjust; but the judge charges the grand jury they are to "obey both" the laws of God and the statutes of men. The grand jury indict the man. He is brought for trial. The law is obviously unconstitutional, but the judge expels from the jury all who think the law is unconstitutional. He selects the personal enemies of the accused, and finds twelve men foolish enough or wicked enough to believe it is constitutional to do what the Constitution declares must not be done, and then proceeds to trial, selecting for foreman the man who has said, "All men that thus pray ought to be hung!" What is the value of your Constitution? The jury might convict, the judge sentence, the President issue his warrant, and the man be hanged in twenty-four hours, for doing a deed which the Constitution itself allows, and Christendom daily practises, and the convictions of two hundred million men require!

It is alleged the jury must not judge of the law, but only of the fact. See the consequences of this principle in several cases. The Secretary of State has declared the rescuing of Shadrach was "treason," and, of course, punishable with death. Suppose the court had charged the jury that, to rescue a man out of the hands of an incompetent officer—an offence which in Boston has sometimes been punished with a fine of five dollars—was "levying war" against the United States, and they were only to find if the prisoner did the deed, and, if so, return a verdict of guilty. Suppose the jury are wicked enough to accept his charge, where is the protection of the citizen? The government may say, to smuggle goods into Boston harbour is "levying war," and hang a man for treason who brings on shore an ounce of camphor in his pocket without paying duties! Is not the jury, in such a case, to judge what the law makes treason—to decide for itself?

There was once a law making it felony without benefit of clergy to read the Bible in the English language. Suppose the government, wishing to make away with an obnoxious man, should get him indicted next term for this

offence, and the judge should declare that the old law is still in force. Is the jury not to judge whether we live under the bloody Mary or the constitution of Massachusetts—whether what was once law is so now? If not, then the laws of King Darius or King Pharaoh may be revived whenever Judge Hategood sees fit, and Faithful must hang for it.*

Suppose the judge makes a law himself, declaring that if any one speaks against the justice of the court, he shall be whipped with forty stripes save one, and gets a man indicted under it and brought to trial—is the jury not to judge if there be such a law? Then we might as well give up all legislation, and leave all to the “discretion of the court.”

A judge of the United States Court was once displaced on account of mental imbecility. Was Judge Simpleton to determine what was law, what not, for a jury of intelligent men?

Another judge, not long ago, in Boston, in his place in court, gave an opinion in a most important affair, and was drunk when he gave it. I do not mean he was horizontally drunk, but only so that his friends feared “he would break down in court, and expose himself.” Was the opinion of a drunken judge to be taken for law by sober men?

Suppose the judge is not a simpleton nor a drunkard, but is only an ordinary lawyer and a political partisan, and appointed to his office because he is a fawning

* In the “Pilgrim’s Progress” Bunyan gives a case which it is probable was fictitious only in the names of the parties. Faithful was indicted before Lord Hategood for a capital offence. Mr. Envy testified. Then the judge asked him, Hast thou any more to say? Envy replied, “My Lord, I could say much more, only I would not be tedious to the court. Yet, if need be, when the other gentlemen have given in their evidence, rather than anything should be wanting that will despatch him, I will enlarge my testimony against him.”

Lord Hategood stated the law. There were three statutes against the prisoner: 1. The act of King Pharaoh, in 1 Exodus 22; 2. That of King Nebuchadnezzar, in 3 Daniel 6; and 3. That of King Darius, in 6 Daniel 7. The Jury took “the law from the ruling of the court;” and, having been carefully packed, to judge from the names, and all just men expelled from their number, they readily found such a verdict as the government had previously determined upon.

The same thing, *mutatis mutandis*, has been attempted in America, in Boston, and we may fear that in some instances it will succeed.

sycophant, and will interpret the law to suit the ambition of the government—a thing that has happened in this city. Is he to lay down the law for the jurors, who aim only to live in honourable morality, to hurt no one, and give every man his due?

Suppose the attorneys at the bar know the law better than the attorney on the bench—a thing that daily happens—are not the jurors to decide for themselves?

I have chosen fictitious cases to try the principle. Extreme cases make shipwreck of a wicked law, but are favouring winds to bring every just statute into its happy harbour at the last. Will you say we are not likely to suffer from such usurpation? You know what we have suffered within three months past. God only knows what is to come. But no man is ever to seek for a stick if he wishes to beat a dog, or for a cross if he would murder his Saviour. The only way to preserve liberty is by eternal vigilance: we must be jealous of every president, every minister, every judge, every officer, from a king to the meanest commissioner he appoints to kidnap men. You have seen the attempts made to sap and undermine one of the most valuable safeguards of our social welfare—seen that it excited very little attention; and I wish to warn you of the danger of a false principle. I have waited for this day to speak on this theme. Executive tyranny, with soldiers at its command, must needs be open in its deeds of shame. It may waste the money of the public which cleaves to the suspected hands of its officers: it is not so easy to get the necks of those it hates; for we have no Star Chamber of democracy, and here the executive has not many soldiers at command, must ask before it can get them. It did ask, and got "No" for answer. Legislative tyranny must needs be public, and is easily seen. But judicial tyranny is secret, subtle, unseen in its action; and all experience shows it is one of the most dangerous forms of tyranny. A corrupt judge poisons the wells of human society.* Scroggs and Jeffreys are names de-

* Since the first publication of this sermon we have seen eight-and-thirty men indicted for treason under the fugitive slave law, because they resisted the attempt to kidnap one of their number, and killed one of the kidnappers. This indictment was found at the instigation of an officer of the Government, who adds new infamy to the name of the great first murderer.

allurements. Those who are curious in such matters may see, in the good monk's biography, how variously he was tempted by this Protean Devil, transforming himself into an angel of light, and how he yet kept whole, as a salamander in a brazier's fire. While a school-boy in the world, he became a soldier for Christ, and had "visions and revelations of the Lord." Bernard lost his mother at an early age, and then his youthful companions sought to seduce him from his pious vow, and lead him away to their life of violence, and riot, and bloodshed.

In this period of the middle ages, the line of distinction between noble and ignoble blood was drawn with peculiar sharpness, as feudal society is based on birth and birth only. For the ignoble there was open the common lot of the poor and despised. They served to flesh the swords of the nobles; to fight in their wars, with the certainty of loss to themselves, whether conquering or conquered. Slaves they were, to till the soil for their masters, to build castles and churches, at this day the proud monuments of gothic and feudal grandeur. Men's heads were made to think, but theirs to bear burdens. They were hewers of wood and drawers of water for their superiors, who should have borne their sorrows and upheld them when they fell. God gives to a few more excellent gifts of mind, or body, or social position, or wealth, not that they may thereby oppress their brethren, but that they may comfort and bless them. There are but two scales in the balance of society, the Rulers and the Ruled. As the one rises, the other falls. In that age the world was far less rich in the comforts and conveniences of life than it is now. Therefore when we admire at the ruler's scale so well loaded, we are to remember also the empty scale of the poor, who could not tell their tale to other times, except by implication. When we admire the possessions of the powerful, the castles and cathedrals of those days, it may be profitable to remember, how wretched were the cabins in which the builders slept, and with what reluctant and compulsory toil, with what privation, hunger, and wretchedness, this magnificence must have been bought. The desires of the rich were fed with the bread of the poor. Men were left naked and comfortless, that grandeur might pile up its marble and mortar. The needy asked bread, and literally

Atheism. It would be a dreadful thing, the stark denial of a God. To say there is no infinite Mind in finite matter, no order in the universe, in providence only a fate, no God for all, no Father for any, only an inextinguishable nothing, that fills the desert and illimitable ether of space and time, the whence and whither of all that are—such a belief is conceivable; but I do not believe that there is a single Atheist living on the whole round world. There is no general danger of personal, speculative Atheism. When M. Lalande declared that he saw no God through his telescope, though he meant not to deny the real God of nature, the world rang with indignation at an astronomer undevout and mad. But practical, political Atheism has become a common thing in America, in New England. This is not a denial of the essence of God and his being, but of his function as Supreme Ruler of the Church, of the State, of the people, of the universe. Of that there is danger. The devil of Ambition tempts the great man to it; the devil of covetousness, the little man. Both strike hands, and say, "There is no higher law;" and low men lift up their mean foreheads in the pulpits of America, and say, "It is the voice of a God, and not of a man. There is no higher law." The greatest understanding of this land, with haughty scorn, has lately said, "The North Mountain is very high, the Blue Ridge higher still, the Alleghanies higher than either; and yet this 'higher law' ranges further than an eagle's flight above the highest peaks of the Alleghanies."* The impious taunt was received with "laughter" by men who have long acted on the maxim that there is no law of God, and whose State is impoverished by the attempt to tread His law under foot. I know men in America have looked so long at political economy that they have forgotten political morality, and seem to think politics only national housekeeping, and he the best ruler who buys cheapest and sells dearest. But I confess I am amazed when statesmen forget the lessons of those great men that have gone before us, and built up the social state, whose "deep foundations have been laid with prayer." What! is there no law above the North Mountain, above the Blue Ridge, higher than

* Speech at Capon Springs.

the Alleghanies? Why, the old Hebrew poet told us of One "which removeth the mountains, and they know not; which overturneth them in his anger; which alone spreadeth out the heavens, and treadeth upon the waves of the sea. Lo! he goeth by me, and I see him not; he passeth on also, but I perceive him not." Yes, there is One—his law "an eagle's flight above the Alleghanies"—who humbleth himself to behold the things that are in heaven, whose strong hand setteth fast the mountains; yea, One who hath weighed the mountains in scales; before whom all nations are as a very little thing. Yes, Father in heaven! before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God. Yea, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations. Thy name alone is excellent, thy glory above the earth and heaven!

No higher law for States than the poor statutes they enact!

"Among the assemblies of the great
A greater Ruler takes his seat;
The God of heaven as Judge surveys
These 'gods of earth' and all their ways:
'Why will you frame oppressive laws?
Or why support the unrighteous cause?
When will you once defend the poor,
That foes may vex the saints no more?'
They know not, Lord, nor will they know;
Dark are the ways in which they go:
Their name of 'earthly gods' is vain,
For they shall fall and die like men."

It would be a great calamity for this nation to lose all of its mighty riches, and have nothing left but the soil we stand on. But in seven or eight generations it would all be restored again; for all the wealth of America has been won in less time. We are not two hundred and fifty years from Jamestown and Plymouth. It would be a great misfortune to lose all the foremost families of the nation. But England lost hers in the War of the Roses; France, in her Revolution. Nature bore great men anew, and fresh families sprung up as noble as the old. But if this generation in America could believe that there was no law of God for you and me to keep—say the Acts of Congress what they might say—no law to tame the ambition of men of mountain greatness, and curb the eagle's flight

of human tyranny, that would be a calamity which the nation would never recover from. No! then religion would die out, affection fall dead; conscience would perish, intellect give up the ghost, and be no more. No law higher than human will! No watchmaker can make a long pendulum vibrate so quick as a short. In this very body there is that law. I wake, and watch, and will: my private caprice turns my hand, now here, now there. But who controls my breath? Who bids this heart beat all day long, and all the night, sleep I, or wake? Whose subtle law holds together these particles of flesh, of blood, and bone, in marvellous vitality? Who gives this eye its power to see, and opens wide the portal of the ear? and who enchants, with most mysterious life, this wondrous commonwealth of dust I call myself? It is the same Hand whose law is "higher than the Blue Ridge," an "eagle's flight above the Alleghanies." Who rules the State, and, out of a few stragglers that fled here to New England for conscience' sake, built up this mighty, wealthy State? Was it Carver and Winthrop who did all this, Standish and Saltonstall? Was it the cunning craftiness of mightiest men that consciously, well knowing what they did, laid the foundations of our New England State and our New England Church? Why, the boys at school know better. It was the eternal God, whose higher law the Pilgrim and the Puritan essayed to keep, not knowing whereunto the thing would grow. Shall the fool say in his heart there is no God? He cannot make a hair grow on his head but by the eternal law of his Father in heaven. Will the politician say there is no law of God for States? Ask the sorrowing world: let Austria and Hungary make reply. Nay, ask the Southern States of America to show us their rapid increase in riches, in civilization; to show us their schools and their scholars, their literature, their science, and their art! No law of God for States! It is writ on the iron leaf of destiny, "Righteousness exalteth a nation: but sin is a curse to any people." Let the wicked hand of the South join with the Northern wicked hand, iniquity shall not prosper. But the eye of the wicked shall fail; they shall not escape; their hope shall be as giving up the ghost; because their tongue and their doings are against the Lord, to provoke the eyes of His

glory. Their root shall be as rottenness, and their blossom shall go up as dust, if they cast away the law of the Lord, and despise the word of the Holy One.

In America the people are strongly attached to the institutions, constitutions, and statutes of the land. On the whole, they are just establishments. If not, we made them ourselves, and can make them better when we will. The execution of laws is also popular. Nowhere in the world is there a people so orderly, so much attached to law, as the people of these Northern States. But one law is an exception. The people of the North hate the fugitive slave law, as they have never hated any law since the Stamp Act. I know there are men in the Northern States who like it—who would have invented slavery, had it not existed long before. But the mass of the Northern people hate this law, because it is hostile to the purpose of all just human law, hostile to the purpose of society, hostile to the purpose of individual life; because it is hostile to the law of God—bids the wrong, forbids the right. We disobey that for the same reason that we keep other laws, because we reverence the law of God. Why should we keep that odious law which makes us hated wherever justice is loved? Because we must sometimes do a disagreeable deed to accomplish an agreeable purpose? The purpose of that law is to enable three hundred thousand slaveholders to retake on our soil the men they once stole on other soil! Most of the city churches of the North seem to think that is a good thing. Very well: is it worth while for fifteen million freemen to transgress the plainest of natural laws, the most obvious instincts of the human heart, and the plainest duties of Christianity, for that purpose? The price to pay is the religious integrity of fifteen million men: the thing to buy is a privilege for three hundred thousand slaveholders to use the North as a hunting-field whereon to kidnap men at our cost. Judge you of that bargain.

But I must end this long discourse. The other day I spoke of the vices of passion: great and terrible evils they wrought. They were as nothing to the vices of calculation. Passion was the flesh, ambition the devil. There are vices of democracy, vices of Radicalism; very great

vices they are too. You may read of them in Hume and Alison. They are painted black as night and bloody as battle in Tory journals of England and the more vulgar Tory journals of America. Democracy wrought terrible evils in Britain in Cromwell's time, in France at her Revolution. But to the vices, the crimes, the sins of aristocracy, of Conservatism—they are what the fleeting lust of the youth is to the cool, hard, calculating, and indomitable ambition of the grown man. Radicalism pillaged Governor Hutchinson's house, threw some tea into the ocean: Conservatism set up its Stamp Act, and drove America into revolution. Radicalism helped Shadrach out of court: Conservatism enacted the Fugitive Slave Bill. Radicalism sets up a republic that is red for six months: Conservatism sets up a red monarchy covered with blood for hundreds of years. Judge you from which we have the most to fear.

Such are the safeguards of society, such our condition. What shall we do? Nobody would dare pretend to build a church except on righteousness; that is, the rock of ages. Can you build a State on any other foundation—that house upon the sand? What should you think of a minister of the Church who got his deacons together, and made a creed, and said, "There is no higher law, no law of God. You, laymen, must take our word for your guidance, and do just as we bid you, and violate the plainest commands of conscience?" What would be Atheism in a minister of the Church, is that patriotism in a minister of the State? A bad law is a most powerful instrument to demoralize and debauch the people. If it is a law of their own making, it is all the worse. There is no real and manly welfare for a man, without a sense of religious obligation to God; none in a family, none in a Church, none in a State. We want righteousness in the people, in their establishments, in their officers. I adjure you to reverence a government that is right, statutes that are right, officers that are right, but to disobey everything that is wrong. I entreat you, by your love for your country, by the memory of your fathers, by your reverence for Jesus Christ, yea, by the deep and holy love of God, which Jesus taught, and you now feel.

IV.

A SERMON OF THE PUBLIC FUNCTION OF WOMAN.—
 PREACHED AT THE MUSIC HALL, MARCH 27,
 1853.

“That our daughters may be as corner-stones.”—PSALM cxliv. 12.

LAST Sunday I spoke of the “Domestic Function of Woman”—what she may do for the higher development of the human race at home. To-day I ask your attention to “A Sermon of the Ideal Public Function of Woman, and the Economy thereof, in the higher Development of the Human Race.”

The domestic function of woman, as a housekeeper, wife, and mother, does not exhaust her powers. Woman's function, like charity, begins at home; then, like charity, goes everywhere. To make one-half of the human race consume all their energies in the functions of housekeeper, wife, and mother, is a waste of the most precious material that God ever made.

I. In the present constitution of society there are some unmarried women to whom the domestic function is little, or is nothing; women who are not mothers, not wives, not housekeepers. I mean those who are permanently unmarried. It is a great defect in the Christian civilization, that so many women and men are never married. There may be three women in a thousand to whom marriage would be disagreeable under any possible circumstances; perhaps thirty more to whom it would be disagreeable under the actual circumstances—in the present condition

of the family and the community. But there is a large number of women who continue unmarried for no reason in their nature, from no conscious dislike of the present domestic and social condition of mankind, and from no disinclination to marriage under existing circumstances. This is a deplorable evil, alike a misfortune to man and to woman. The Catholic Church has elevated celibacy to the rank of a theological virtue, consecrating an unnatural evil: on a small scale the results thereof are writ in the obscene faces of many a priest, false to his human nature, while faithful to his priestly vow; and on a large scale in the vice, the infamy, and degradation of woman in almost all Catholic lands.

The classic civilization of Greece and Rome had the same vice with the Christian civilization. Other forms of religion have sought to get rid of this evil by polygamy, and thereby they degraded woman still further. The Mormons are repeating the same experiment, based not on philanthropy, but on tyranny, and are thereby still further debasing woman under their feet. In classic and in Christian civilization alone has there been a large class of women permanently unmarried—not united or even subordinated to man in the normal marriage of one to one, or in the abnormal conjunction of one to many. This class of unmarried women is increasing in all Christian countries, especially in those that are old and rich.

Practically speaking, to this class of women the domestic function is very little; to some of them it is nothing at all. I do not think that this condition is to last—marriage is writ in the soul of man, as in his body—but it indicates a transition, it is a step forward. Womankind is advancing from that period when every woman was a slave, and marriage of some sort was guaranteed to every woman, because she was dependent on man; woman is advancing from that to a state of independence, where she shall not be subordinated to him, but the two co-ordinated together. The evil is transient in its nature, and God grant it may soon pass away.

II. That is not all. For the housekeeper, the wife, and the mother, the domestic is not the only function—it is not function enough for the mother, for the human being,

more than it would be function enough for the father, for the man. After women have done all which pertains to housekeeping as a trade, to housekeeping as one of the fine arts, in their relation as wife and mother—after they have done all for the order of the house, for the order of the husband, and the order of the children—they have still energies to spare, a reserved power for yet other work.

There are three classes of women :—

First, domestic drudges, who are wholly taken up in the material details of their housekeeping, husband-keeping, child-keeping. Their housekeeping is a trade, and no more ; and after they have done that, there is no more which they can do. In New England it is a small class, getting less every year.

Next, there are domestic dolls, wholly taken up with the vain show which delights the eye and the ear. They are ornaments of the estate. Similar toys, I suppose, will one day be more cheaply manufactured at Paris and Nuremberg, at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, and other toy-shops of Europe, out of wax and *papier-mâché*, and sold in Boston at the haberdasher's by the dozen. These ask nothing beyond their function as dolls, and hate all attempts to elevate womankind.

But there are domestic women who order a house, and are not mere drudges, adorn it, and are not mere dolls, but women. Some of these—yes, many of them—conjoin the useful of the drudge and the beautiful of the doll into one womanhood, and have a great deal left besides. They are not wholly taken up with their function as housekeeper, wife, and mother.

In the progress of mankind, and the application of masculine science to what was once only feminine work—whereby so much time is saved from the wheel and the loom, the oven and the spit—with the consequent increase of riches, the saving of time, and the intellectual education which comes in consequence thereof, this class of women is continually enlarging. With us in New England, in all the North, it is already a large class.

Well, what shall these domestic women do with their spare energies and superfluous power? Once a malicious proverb said, "The shoemaker must not go beyond his

last." Every shoemaker looks on that proverb with appropriate contempt. He is a shoemaker; but he was a man first, a shoemaker next. Shoemaking is an accident of his manhood, not manhood an accident of his shoemaking. You know what haughty scorn the writer of the apocryphal book of Ecclesiasticus pours out on every farmer, "who glorieth in the goad," every carpenter and blacksmith, every jeweller and potter. "They shall not be sought for," says this aristocrat, "in the public councils; they shall not sit high in the congregation; they shall not sit in the judges' seat, nor understand the sentence of judgment; they cannot declare justice." Aristotle and Cicero thought no better of the merchants: they were only busy in trading. Miserable people! quoth these great men, what have they to do with the affairs of State—merchants, mechanics, farmers? It is only for kings, nobles, and famous rich men, who do no business, but keep slaves! Still, a great many men at this day have just the same esteem for women that those haughty persons of whom I have spoken had for mechanics and for merchants. Many sour proverbs there are which look the same way. But, just now, such is the intellectual education of women of the richer class in all our large towns, that these sour proverbs will not go down so well as of old. Even in Boston, spite of the attempts of the city government to prevent the higher public education of women—diligently persisted in for many years—the young women of wealthy families get a better education than the young men of wealthy families do; and that fact is going to report itself presently. The best-educated young men are commonly poor men's sons; but the best-educated young women are quite uniformly rich men's daughters.

A well-educated young woman, fond of Goethe, and Dante, and Shakspeare, and Cervantes, marrying an ill-educated young man, who cares for nothing but his horse, his cigar, and his bottle—who only knows how to sleep after dinner, a "great heap of husband," curled up on the sofa, and in the evening can only laugh at a play, and not understand the Italian words of the opera, which his wife knows by heart—she, I say, marrying him, will not accept the idea that he is her natural lord and master; she cannot look up to him, but rather down. The domestic

function does not consume all her time or talent. She knows how to perform much of her household work as a manufacturer weaves cotton, or spins hemp, or forges iron—with other machinery, by other hands. She is the housekeeping head; and after she has kept house as wife and as mother, and has done all, she has still energies to spare.

That is a large class of women: it is a great deal larger than men commonly suppose. It is continually enlarging, and you see why. When all manufactures were domestic, when every garment was made at home, every web woven at home, every thread spun at home, every fleece dyed at home; when the husband provided the wool or the sheepskin, and the wife made it a coat; when the husband brought home a sack of corn on a mule's back, and the wife pounded it in a mortar, or ground it between two stones, as in the Old Testament—then the domestic function might well consume all the time of a very able-headed woman. But nowadays, when so much work is done abroad; when the flour-mills of Rochester and Boston take the place of the pestle and mortar and the hand-mill of the Old Testament; when Lowell and Lawrence are two enormous Old Testament women, spinning and weaving year out and year in, day and night both; when so much of woman's work is done by the butcher and the baker, by the tailor, and the cook, and the gas-maker, and she is no longer obliged to dip or mould with her own hands every candle that "goeth not out by night," as in the Old Testament woman's housekeeping—you see how very much of woman's time is left for other functions. This will become yet oftener the case. Ere long much lofty science will be applied to housekeeping, and work be done by other than human hands, in the house, as out of it. And accordingly, you see that the class of women not wholly taken up by the domestic function will get larger and larger.

III. Then there is a third class of women, who have no taste and no talent for the domestic function. Perhaps these are exceptional women; some of them exceptional by redundancy—they have talents not needed in this function; others are exceptional by defect—with only a common talent, they have none for housekeeping. It is as cruel a

lot to set these persons to such work, as it would be to take a born sailor and make him a farmer; or to take a man who is born to drive oxen, delights to give the kine fodder, and has a genius for it, and shut him up in the fore-castle of a ship. Who would think of making Jenny Lind nothing but a housekeeper? or of devoting Madame de Stäel, or Miss Dix, or a dozen other women that any man can name, wholly to that function?

IV. Then there is another class of women—those who are not married yet, but are to be married. They, likewise, have spare time on their hands which they know not what to do with. Women of this latter class have sometimes asked me what there was for them to do. I could not tell.

All these four put together make up a large class of women, who need some other function besides the domestic. What shall it be? In the Middle Ages, when the Catholic Church held its iron hand over the world, these women went into the Church. The permanently unmarried, getting dissatisfied, became nuns, often calling that a virtue which was only a necessity; making a religious principle out of an involuntary measure. Others voluntarily went thither. The attempt is making anew in England, by some of the most pious people, to revive the scheme. It failed a thousand years ago, and the experiment brought a curse on man. It will always fail; and it ought to fail. Human nature cries out against it.

Let us look, and see what women may do here.

First, there are intellectual pursuits—devotion to science, art, literature, and the like.

In the first place, that is not popular. Learned women are met with ridicule; they are bid to mend their husbands' garments, or their own; they are treated with scorn. Foolish young man number one, in a liquor-shop, of a morning, knocks off the ashes from the end of his cigar, and says to foolish young man number two, who is taking soda to wash off the effect of last night's debauch, or preparing for a similar necessity to-morrow morning—in the presence of foolish young man number three, four, five, six,

and so on indefinitely—"I do not like learned young women: they puzzle me." So they do; puzzle him very much. I once heard a silly young man, full of self-conceit and his father's claret, say, "I had rather have a young woman ask me to waltz, than to explain an allusion in Dante." Very likely: he had studied waltzing, and not Dante. And his mother, full of conceit and her own hyson, said, "I perfectly agree with you. My father said that women had nothing to do with learning." Accordingly, he gave her none, and that explained the counsel.

Then, too, foolish men no longer young say the same thing, and seek to bring down their wives and daughters to their own poor mediocrity of wit and inferiority of culture.

I say this intellectual calling is not popular. I am sorry it is not; but even if it were, it is not wholly satisfactory—it suits but a few. In the present stage of human development there are not many men who are satisfied with a merely intellectual calling; they want something practical, as well as speculative. There are a thousand practical shoemakers to every speculative botanist. It will be so for many years to come. There are ten thousand carpenters to a single poet or philosopher, who dignifies his nature with song or with science. See how dissatisfied our most eminent intellectual men become with science and literature. A professor of Greek is sorry he was not a surveyor or engineer; the president of a College longs to be a Member of Congress; the most accomplished scholars, historians, romancers, they wish to be collectors at Boston, consuls at Liverpool, and the like, longing for some practical calling, where they can make their thought a thing. Of the intellectual men whom I know, I can count on the fingers of a single hand all that are satisfied with pure science, pure art, pure literature.

Woman, like man, wants to make her thought a thing; at least, wants things to work her pattern of thought upon. Still, as the world grows older, and wiser, and better, more persons will find an abiding satisfaction in these lofty pursuits. I am rejoiced to see women thus attracted thitherward. Some women there are already who find an abiding satisfaction in literature: it fills up their leisure. I rejoice that it is so.

Then there are, next, the various philanthropies of the age. In these the spare energies of woman have always found a congenial sphere. It is amazing to see how woman's charity, which "never faileth," palliates the injustice of man, which never has failed yet. Men fight battles: women heal the wounds of the sick:—

"Forgot are hatred, wrongs, and fears:
The plaintive voice alone she hears,
Sees but the dying man"—

and does not ask if foe or friend. Messrs. Pinchem & Peelem organize an establishment, wherein the sweat and tears and blood of the poor turn the wheels; every pivot and every shaft rolls on quivering human flesh. The wealthy capitalists—

"Half-ignorant—they turn an easy wheel,
Which sets sharp racks at work, to pinch and peel."

The wives and daughters of the wealthy house go out to "undo the heavy burdens, and let the oppressed go free;" to heal the sick and teach the ignorant, whom their fathers, their husbands, their lovers, have made sick, oppressed, and ignorant. Ask Manchester, in Old England and in New, if this is not so; ask London, ask Boston.

The moral, affectional, and religious feelings of woman fit her for this work. Her patience, her gentleness, her power to conciliate, her sympathy with man, her trust in God, beautifully prepare her for this; and accordingly, she comes in the face of what man calls justice as an angel of mercy—before his hate as an angel of love—between his victim and his selfishness with the self-denial of Paul and the self-sacrifice of Jesus. Look at any village in New England and in Old England, at the Sacs and Foxes, at the Hottentots and the Esquimaux, it is the same thing: it is so in all ages, in all climes, in all stages of civilization; in all ranks of society, the highest and the lowest; in all forms of religion, all sects of Christianity. It has been so, from Dorcas, in the Acts of the Apostles, who made coats and garments for the poor, down to Miss Dix, in our day, who visits jails and houses of correction, and coaxes President Fillmore to let Captain Drayton out of jail, where he was placed for the noblest act of his life.

But these philanthropies are not enough for the employment of women; and if all the spare energies of woman-kind were set to this work—to palliate the consequences of man's injustice—it would not be exactly the work which woman wants. There are some women who take no special interest in this. For woman is not all philanthropy, though very much: she has other faculties which want to be developed besides the heart to feel. Still more, that is not the only thing which mankind wants of woman. We need the justice which removes causes, as well as the charity that palliates effects; and woman, standing continually between the victim and the sabre which would cleave him through, is not performing her only function, not her most important: high as that is, it is not her highest. If the feminine swallow drives away the flies from a poor fox struggling for life, another set of flies light upon him, and suck every remaining drop of blood out of his veins, as in the old fable. Besides, if the fox finds that a womanly swallow comes to drive off the flies, he depends on her wing and not on his own brush, and becomes less of a fox. If a miser, or any base man, sees that a woman constantly picks up the man whom he knocks down with the left hand of usury, or the right hand of rum, he will go on with his extortion or his grog, because, he says, "I should have done the man harm, but a woman picked him up, and money comes to my pocket, and no harm to the man!" The evils of society would become worse and worse, just as they are increased by indiscriminate almsgiving. That is not enough.

Then there are various practical works left by common consent to woman.

First, there is domestic service—woman working as an appendage to some household; a hired hand, or a hired head, to help the housekeeper.

Then there is mechanical labour in a factory or a shop—spinning, weaving, setting type, binding books, making shoes, colouring maps, and a hundred other things.

Next, there is trade in a small way, from the basket-woman, with her apples at every street-corner, up to the confectioner and haberdasher, with their well-filled shops.

In a few retail shops, which venture to brave popular opinion, woman is employed at the counter.

As a fourth thing, there is the business of public and private teaching in various departments.

All these are well; they are unavoidable, they are absolutely necessary; they furnish employment to many women, and are a blessed resource.

I rejoice that the field-work of the farmer is not done by woman's hand in the free portions of America. It imbrutes women in Ireland, in France, and in Spain. I am glad that the complicated machinery of life furnishes so much more work for the light and delicate hand of woman. But I confess I mourn that where her work is as profitable as man's, her pay is not half so much. A woman who should teach a public school well would be paid four or six dollars a week; while a man who should teach no better would be paid two, three, four, or six times that sum. It is so in all departments of woman's work that I am acquainted with.

These employments are very well, but still they are not enough.

Rich women do not engage in these callings. For rich women there is no profession left except marriage. After school-time, woman has nothing to do till she is married: I mean almost nothing; nothing that is adequate. Accordingly she must choose betwixt a husband and nothing, and sometimes that is choosing between two nothings. There are spare energies which seek employment before marriage and after marriage.

These callings are not all that the race of woman needs and requires. She and man have the same human nature, and, of course, the same natural human rights. Woman's natural right for its rightfulness does not depend on the bodily or mental power to assert and to maintain it, on the great arm or the great head; it depends only on human nature itself, which God made the same in the frailest woman as in the biggest giant.

If woman is a human being, first, she has the nature of a human being; next, she has the right of a human being; third, she has the duty of a human being. The nature is the capacity to possess, to use, to develop, and to enjoy every human faculty; the right is the right to enjoy,

develop, and use every human faculty; and the duty is to make use of the right, and make her human nature human history. She is here to develop her human nature, enjoy her human rights, perform her human duty. Womankind is to do this for herself, as much as mankind for himself. A woman has the same human nature that a man has, the same human rights—to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness—the same human duties; and they are as inalienable in a woman as in a man.

Each man has the natural right to the normal development of his nature, so far as it is general-human, neither man nor woman, but human. Each woman has the natural right to the normal development of her nature, so far as it is general-human, neither woman nor man. But each man has also a natural and inalienable right to the normal development of his peculiar nature as man, where he differs from woman. Each woman has just the same natural and inalienable right to the normal development of her peculiar nature as woman, and not man. All that is undeniable.

Now see what follows. Woman has the same individual right to determine her aim in life, and to follow it; has the same individual rights of body and of spirit, of mind and conscience, and heart and soul; the same physical rights, the same intellectual, moral, affectional, and religious rights which man has. That is true of womankind as a whole: it is true of Jane, Ellen, and Sally, and each special woman who can be named.

Every person, man or woman, is an integer, an individual, a whole person, and also a portion of the race, and so a fraction of humankind. The rights of individualism are not to be possessed, developed, used, and enjoyed by a life in solitude, but by joint action. Accordingly, to complete and perfect the individual man or woman, and give each an opportunity to possess, use, develop, and enjoy these rights, there must be concerted and joint action: else individuality is only a possibility, not a reality. So the individual rights of woman carry with them the same domestic, social, ecclesiastical, and political rights as those of man.

The family, community, Church, and State, are four modes of action which have grown out of human nature

in its historical development. They are all necessary for the development of mankind—machines which the human race has devised, in order to possess, use, develop, and enjoy their rights as human beings, their rights also as men.

These are just as necessary for the development of woman as of man; and as she has the same nature, right, and duty as man, it follows that she has the same right to use, shape, and control these four institutions for her general human purpose and for her special feminine purpose, that man has to control them for his general human purpose and his special masculine purpose. All that is as undeniable as anything in metaphysics or mathematics.

So, then, woman has the same natural rights as man. In domestic affairs she is to determine her own sphere as much as man, and say where her function is to begin, when it shall begin, with whom it shall begin; where it shall end, when it shall end, and what it shall comprise.

Then she has the same right to freedom of industry that man has. I do not believe that the hard callings of life will ever suit woman. It is not little boys who go out as lumberers, but great men, with sinewy, brawny arms. I doubt that laborious callings, like navigation, engineering, lumbering, and the like, will ever be agreeable to woman. Her feminine body and feminine spirit naturally turn away from such occupations. I have seen women gathering the filth of the streets in Liverpool, sawing stone in a mason's yard in Paris, carrying earth in baskets on their heads for a railway embankment at Naples; but they were obviously out of place, and only consented to this drudgery when driven by Poverty's iron whip. But there are many employments in the departments of mechanical work, of trade, little and extended, where woman could go, and properly go. Some women have a good deal of talent for trade—this in a small way, that on the largest scale. Why should not they exercise their commercial talents in competition with man? Is it right for woman to be a domestic manufacturer in the family of Solomon or Priam, and of every thrifty husband, and wrong for her to be a public manufacturer on her own account? She might spin when the motive power was a wheel-pin of wood in her hand: may she not use the Merrimac and the Con-

necticut for her wheel-pin? or must she be only the manufacturing servant of man, never her own master?

Much of the business of education already falls to the hands of woman. In the last twenty years there has been a great progress in the education of women in Massachusetts, in all New England. The High Schools for girls—and, still better, those for girls and boys—have been of great service. Almost all the large towns of this Commonwealth have honoured themselves with these blessed institutions. In Boston only the daughters of the rich can possess such an education as hundreds of noble girls long to acquire. With this enhancement of culture, women have been continually rising higher and higher as teachers. The State Normal Schools have helped in this movement. It used to be thought that only an able-bodied man could manage the large boys of a country or a city school. Even he was sometimes thrust out at the door or the window of "his noisy mansion" by his rough pupils. An able-headed woman has commonly succeeded better than men merely able-bodied. She has tried conciliation rather than violence, and appealed to something a little deeper than aught which force could ever touch. The women-teachers are now doing an important work for the elevation of their race and all human kind. But it is commonly thought woman must not engage in the higher departments thereof. I once knew a woman, wife, and mother, and housekeeper, who taught the severest disciplines of our highest college, and instructed young men while she rocked the cradle with her foot, and mended garments with her hands—one of the most accomplished scholars of New England. Not long ago the daughter of a poor widowed seamstress was seen reading the Koran in Arabic. There was but one man in the town who could do the same, and he was a "learned blacksmith." Another young woman, also a mechanic's daughter, in a town adjoining this, the New England Ariadne, has threaded all the intricate windings of that mathematical labyrinth, Laplace's "*Mécanique Céleste*," for which few men have ever had the lengthy clue! The most accomplished philologist of Boston has also a feminine name. The God of Poetry likewise has bequeathed his most golden lyre to a woman's hand. Women not able to teach in these

things! He must be rather a confident professor who thinks a woman cannot do what he can. I rejoice at the introduction of women into common schools, academies, and high schools; and I thank God that the man who has done so much for public education in Massachusetts is presently to be the head of a college in Ohio, where women and men are to study together, and where a woman is to be professor of Latin and Natural History. These are good signs.

The business of public lecturing, also, is quite important in New England, and I am glad to see that woman presses into that, not without success.

The work of conducting a journal, daily, weekly, or quarterly, woman proves that she can attend to quite as decently, and as strongly too, as most men.

Then there are what are called the professions—medicine, law, and theology.

The profession of medicine seems to belong peculiarly to woman by nature; part of it exclusively. She is a nurse, and half a doctor, by nature. It is quite encouraging that medical schools are beginning to instruct women, and special schools get founded for the use of women; that sagacious men are beginning to employ women as their physicians. Great good is to be expected from that.

As yet, I believe, no woman acts as a lawyer. But I see no reason why the profession of law might not be followed by women as by men. He must be rather an uncommon lawyer who thinks no feminine head could compete with him. Most lawyers that I have known are rather mechanics at law than attorneys or scholars at law; and in the mechanical part woman could do as well as man—could be as good a conveyancer, could follow precedents as carefully, and copy forms as nicely. And in the higher departments of legal work, they who have read the plea which Lady Alice Lisle made in England, when she could not speak by attorney, must remember there is some eloquence in woman's tongue which courts find it rather hard to resist. I think her presence would mend the manners of the court—of the bench not less than of the bar.

In the business of theology, I could never see why a

woman, if she wished, should not preach as well as men. It would be hard, in the present condition of the pulpit, to say she had not intellect enough for that! I am glad to find, now and then, women preachers, and rejoice at their success. A year ago I introduced to you the Reverend Miss Brown, educated at an orthodox theological seminary: you smiled at the name of Reverend Miss. She has since been invited to settle by several congregations of unblemished orthodoxy, and has passed on, looking further.

It seems to me that woman, by her peculiar constitution, is better qualified to teach religion than any merely intellectual discipline. The Quakers have always recognised the natural right of woman to perform the same ecclesiastical function as man. At this day the most distinguished preacher of that denomination is a woman, who adorns her domestic calling as housekeeper, wife, and mother, with the same womanly dignity and sweetness which mark her public deportment.

If woman had been consulted, it seems to me theology would have been in a vastly better state than it is now. I do not think that any woman would ever have preached the damnation of babies new-born; and "hell, paved with the skulls of infants not a span long," would be a region yet to be discovered in theology. A celibate monk—with God's curse writ on his face, which knew no child, no wife, no sister, and "blushed that he had a mother"—might well dream of such a thing: he had been through the preliminary studies. Consider the ghastly attributes which are commonly put upon God in the popular theology; the idea of infinite wrath, of eternal damnation, and total depravity, and all that—why, you could not get a woman who had intellect enough to open her mouth to preach these things anywhere. Women think they think that they believe them, but they do not. Celibate priests, who never knew marriage, or what paternity was, who thought woman was "a pollution," they invented these ghastly doctrines; and when I have heard the Athanasian Creed and the Dies Iræ chanted by monks with the necks of bulls and the lips of donkeys, why I have understood where the doctrine came from, and have felt the appropriateness of their braying out the damnation hymns:

woman could not do it. He shut her out of the choir, out of the priest's house, out of the pulpit; and then the priest, with unnatural vows, came in, and taught these "doctrines of devils." Could you find a woman who would read to a congregation, as words of truth, Jonathan Edwards's Sermons on a Future State—"Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God," "The Justice of God in the Damnation of Sinners," "Wrath upon the Wicked to the Uttermost," "The Future Punishment of the Wicked," and other things of that sort? Nay, can you find a worthy woman, of any considerable culture, who will read the fourteenth chapter of Numbers, and declare that a true picture of the God she worships? Only a she-dragon could do it in our day.

The popular theology leaves us nothing feminine in the character of God. How could it be otherwise when so much of the popular theology is the work of men who thought woman was a "pollution," and barred her out of all the high places of the Church? If women had had their place in ecclesiastical teaching, I doubt that the "Athanasian Creed" would ever have been thought a "symbol" of Christianity. The pictures and hymns which describe the last judgment are a protest against the exclusion of woman from teaching in the Church. "I suffer not a woman to teach, but to be in silence," said a writer in the New Testament. The sentence has brought manifold evil in its train.

So much for the employments of women.

By nature woman has the same political rights that man has—to vote, to hold office, to make and administer laws. These she has as a matter of right. The strong hand and the great head of man keep her down, nothing more. In America, in Christendom, woman has no political rights, is not a citizen in full; she has no voice in making or administering the laws, none in electing the rulers or administrators thereof. She can hold no office—cannot be committee of a primary school, overseer of the poor, or guardian to a public lamp-post. But any man, with conscience enough to keep out of gaol, mind enough to escape the poor-house, and body enough to drop his ballot into the box, he is a voter. He may have no character, even no money, that is no matter—he is male. The noblest

woman has no voice in the State. Men make laws disposing of her property, her person, her children ; still she must bear it "with a patient shrug."

Looking at it as a matter of pure right and pure science, I know no reason why woman should not be a voter, or hold office, or make and administer laws. I do not see how I can shut myself into political privileges and shut woman out, and do both in the name of inalienable right. Certainly, every woman has a natural right to have her property represented in the general representation of property, and her person represented in the general representation of persons.

Looking at it as a matter of expediency, see some facts. Suppose woman had a share in the municipal regulation of Boston, and there were as many Alderwomen as Aldermen, as many Common Councilwomen as Common Councilmen—do you believe that, in defiance of the law of Massachusetts, the City Government, last spring, would have licensed every two hundred and forty-fourth person of the city to sell intoxicating drink?—would have made every thirty-fifth voter a rum-seller? I do not.

Do you believe the women of Boston would spend ten thousand dollars in one year in a city frolic, or spend two or three thousand every year, on the Fourth of July, for sky-rockets and fire-crackers ; would spend four or five thousand dollars to get their Canadian guests drunk in Boston harbour, and then pretend that Boston had not money enough to establish a High School for girls, to teach the daughters of mechanics and grocers to read French and Latin, and to understand the higher things which rich men's sons are driven to at college? I do not.

Do you believe that the women of Boston, in 1851, would have spent three or four thousand dollars to kidnap a poor man, and have taken all the chains which belonged to the city, and put them round the Court House, and have drilled three hundred men, armed with bludgeons and cutlasses, to steal a man and carry him back to slavery? I do not. Do you think, if the women had had the control, "fifteen hundred men of property and standing" would have volunteered to take a poor man, kidnapped in Boston, and conduct him out of the State with fire and sword? I believe no such thing.

Do you think the women of Boston would take the poorest and most unfortunate children in the town, put them altogether into one school, making that the most miserable in the city, where they had not, and could not have half the advantages of the other children in different schools, and all that because the unfortunates were dark coloured? Do you think the women of Boston would shut a bright boy out of the High School or Latin School because he was black in the face?

Women are said to be cowardly. When Thomas Sims, out of his dungeon, sent to the churches his petition for their prayers, had women been "the Christian clergy," do you believe they would not have dared to pray?

If women had a voice in the affairs of Massachusetts, do you think they would ever have made laws so that a lazy husband could devour all the substance of his active wife, spite of her wish; so that a drunken husband could command her bodily presence in his loathly house; and when an infamous man was divorced from his wife, that he could keep all the children? I confess I do not.

If the affairs of the nation had been under woman's joint control, I doubt that we should have butchered the Indians with such exterminating savagery, that, in fifty years, we should have spent seven hundred million dollars for war, and now, in time of peace, send twenty annual millions more to the same waste. I doubt that we should have spread Slavery into nine new States, and made it national. I think the Fugitive Slave Bill would never have been an Act. Woman has some respect for the natural law of God.

I know men say woman cannot manage the great affairs of a nation. Very well. Government is political economy—national housekeeping. Does any respectable woman keep house so badly as the United States? with so much bribery, so much corruption, so much quarrelling in the domestic councils?

But government is also political morality, it is national ethics. Is there any worthy woman who rules her household as wickedly as the nations are ruled? who hires bullies to fight for her? Is there any woman who treats one-eighth part of her household as if they were cattle and not creatures of God—as if they were things and not

persons? I know of none such. In government, as house-keeping, or government, as morality, I think man makes a very poor appearance, when he says woman could not do as well as he has done and is doing.

I doubt that women will ever, as a general thing, take the same interest as men in political affairs, or find therein an abiding satisfaction. But that is for women themselves to determine, not for men.

In order to attain the end—the development of man in body and spirit—human institutions must represent all parts of human nature, both the masculine and the feminine element. For the well-being of the human race, we need the joint action of man and woman in the family, the community, the Church, and the State. A family without the presence of woman—with no mother, no wife, no sister, no womankind—is a sad thing. I think a community without woman's equal social action, a church without her equal ecclesiastical action, and a state without her equal political action, is almost as bad—is very much what a house would be without a mother, wife, sister, or friend.

You see what prevails in the Christian civilization of the nineteenth century: it is force—force of body, force of brain. There is little justice, little philanthropy, little piety. Selfishness preponderates everywhere in Christendom—individual, domestic, social, ecclesiastical, national selfishness. It is preached as gospel and enacted as law. It is thought good political conduct for a strong people to devour the weak nations—for “Christian” England and America to plunder the “Heathen,” and annex their land; for a strong class to oppress and ruin the feeble class; for the capitalists of England to pauperize the poor white labourer; for the capitalists of America to enslave the poorer black labourer; for a strong man to oppress the weak man; for the sharper to buy labour too cheap, and sell its product too dear, and so grow rich by making many poor. Hence nation is arrayed against nation, class against class, man against man. Nay, it is commonly taught that mankind is arrayed against God, and God against man; that the world is a universal discord; that there is no solidarity of man with man, of man with God. I fear we shall never

get far beyond this theory and this practice, until woman has her natural rights as the equal of man, and takes her natural place in regulating the affairs of the family, the community, the Church, and the State.

It seems to me God has treasured up a reserved power in the nature of woman to correct many of those evils which are Christendom's disgrace to-day.

Circumstances help or hinder our development, and are one of the two forces which determine the actual character of a nation, or of mankind, at any special period. Hitherto, amongst men, circumstances have favoured the development of only intellectual power in all its forms, chiefly in its lower forms. At present, mankind, as a whole, has the superiority over womankind, as a whole, in all that pertains to intellect, the higher and the lower. Man has knowledge, has ideas, has administrative skill; enacts the rules of conduct for the individual, the family, the community, the Church, the State, and the world. He applies these rules of conduct to life, and so controls the great affairs of the human race. You see what a world he has made of it. There is male vigour in this civilization, mis-called "Christian"; and in its leading nations there are industry and enterprise which never fail. There is science, literature, legislation, agriculture, manufactures, mining, commerce, such as the world never saw. With the vigour of war, the Anglo-Saxon now works the works of peace. England abounds in wealth—richest of lands; but look at her poor, her vast army of paupers, two million strong, the Irish whom she drives with the hand of famine across the sea. Martin Luther was right when he said, "The richer the nation, the poorer the poor." America is "democratic," "the freest and most enlightened people in the world." Look at her slaves: every eighth woman in the country sold as a beast; with no more legal respect paid to her marriage than the farmer pays to the conjunctions of his swine. America is well educated; there are four millions of children in the school-houses of the land: it is a state's prison offence to teach a slave to read the three letters which spell God. The more "democratic" the country, the tighter is bondage ironed on the slave. Look at the cities of England and America. What riches, what refinement, what culture of man and woman too! Ay; but

what poverty, what ignorance, what beastliness of man and woman too! The Christian civilization of the nineteenth century is well summed up in London and New York—the two foci of the Anglo-Saxon tribe, which control the shape of the world's commercial ellipse. Look at the riches and the misery; at the "religious enterprise" and the heathen darkness; at the virtue, the decorum, and the beauty of woman well-born and well-bred, and at the wild sea of prostitution, which swells and breaks and dashes against the bulwarks of society; every ripple was a woman once!

O, brother men, who make these things, is this a pleasant sight? Does your literature complain of it, of the waste of human life, the slaughter of human souls, the butchery of women? British literature begins to wail in "Nicholas Nickleby," and "Jane Eyre," and "Mary Barton," and "Alton Locke," in many a "Song of the Shirt;" but the respectable literature of America is deaf as a cent to the outcry of humanity expiring in agonies. It is busy with California, or the Presidency, or extolling iniquity in high places, or flattering the vulgar vanity which buys its dross for gold. It cannot even imitate the philanthropy of English letters: it is "up" for California and a market. Does not the Church speak? the English Church, with its millions of money, the American, with its millions of men, both want to buy the moon of foreign heathenism. The Church is a dumb dog, that cannot bark, sleeping, lying down, loving to slumber. It is a Church without woman, believing in a male and jealous God, and rejoicing in a boundless, endless hell!

Hitherto, with woman, circumstances have hindered the development of intellectual power in all its forms. She has not knowledge, has not ideas or practical skill to equal the force of man. But circumstances have favoured the development of pure and lofty emotion in advance of man. She has moral feeling, affectional feeling, religious feeling, far in advance of man; her moral, affectional, and religious intuitions are deeper and more trustworthy than his. Here she is eminent, as he is in knowledge, in ideas, in administrative skill.

I think man will always lead in affairs of intellect—of reason, imagination, understanding—he has the bigger

brain ; but that woman will always lead in affairs of emotion—moral, affectional, religious ; she has the better heart, the truer intuition of the right, the lovely, the holy. The literature of women in this century is juster, more philanthropic, more religious than that of men. Do you not hear the cry which, in New England, a woman is raising in the world's ears against the foul wrong which America is working in the world ? Do you not hear the echo of that woman's voice come over the Atlantic, returned from European shores in many a tongue, French, German, Italian, Swedish, Danish, Russian, Dutch ? How a woman touches the world's heart ! because she speaks justice, speaks piety, speaks love. What voice is strongest raised in continental Europe, pleading for the oppressed and down-trodden ? That also is a woman's voice !

Well, we want the excellence of man and woman both united ; intellectual power, knowledge, great ideas—in literature, philosophy, theology, ethics—and practical skill ; but we want something better, the moral, affectional, religious intuition, to put justice into ethics, love into theology, piety into science and letters. Everywhere in the family, the community, the Church, and the State, we want the masculine and feminine element co-operating and conjoined. Woman is to correct man's taste, mend his morals, excite his affections, inspire his religious faculties. Man is to quicken her intellect, to help her will, translate her sentiments to ideas, and enact them into righteous laws. Man's moral action, at best, is only a sort of general human providence, aiming at the welfare of a part, and satisfied with achieving the "greatest good of the greatest number." Woman's moral action is more like a special human providence, acting without general rules, but caring for each particular case. We need both of these, the general and the special, to make a universal human providence.

If man and woman are counted equivalent, equal in right though with diverse powers, shall we not mend the literature of the world, its theology, its science, its laws, and its actions too ? I cannot believe that wealth and want are to stand ever side by side as desperate foes ; that culture must ride only on the back of ignorance ; and feminine virtue be guarded by the degradation of whole

classes of ill-starred men, as in the East, or the degradation of whole classes of ill-starred women, as in the West; but while we neglect the means of help God puts in our power, why, the present must be like the past; "property" must be theft; "law" the strength of selfish will; and "Christianity," what we see it is, the apology for every powerful wrong.

To every woman let me say, Respect your nature as a human being, your nature as a woman; then respect your rights; then remember your duty to possess, to use, to develop, and to enjoy every faculty which God has given you, each in its normal way.

And to men let me say—Respect—with the profoundest reverence respect—the mother that bore you, the sisters who bless you, the woman that you love, the woman that you marry. As you seek to possess your own manly rights, seek also by that great arm, by that powerful brain, seek to vindicate her rights as woman, as your own as man. Then may we see better things in the Church, better things in the State, in the community, in the home. Then the green shall show what buds it hid; the buds shall blossom; the flowers bear fruit, and the blessing of God be on us all.

V.

A SERMON OF THE MORAL DANGERS INCIDENT
TO PROSPERITY.—PREACHED AT THE MUSIC
HALL, IN BOSTON, ON SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 5,
1854.

"Because they have no changes, therefore they fear not God."—
PSALM lv. 19.

THIS morning I ask your attention to "A Sermon of
the Moral Dangers which are Incident to a State of long-
continued Prosperity."

By prosperity, I mean the present success of schemes
which we form for our material purposes. The ambitious
man wants power; the acquisitive, money; the vain, ad-
miration; the nation wants numbers, riches, wide terri-
tory, commercial and military power. When they succeed
in these desires, they attain prosperity. It is the effect of
this condition of success on the formation of a moral cha-
racter which I ask you to consider.

The human race does not thrive very well under circum-
stances where Nature does too much for us: man becomes
an animal, or a plant; not also to the same extent a spirit,
with the power to do, to be, and to suffer what becomes a man.
In physical geography, there are two extremes equally
unfavourable for the higher development of man; namely,
the equatorial region, where Nature does too much; and
the polar region, where she does too little. No high
civilization adorns the equatorial day; none such blooms
in the polar night. And so there are two analogous
extremes in the geography of human condition;—polar

misfortune, equatorial prosperity. To the eye of man, very little lofty manhood ever comes from the frozen ring wherein are hedged the beggar and the thief, where

— "To be born and die
Makes up the sum of human history."

And little comes also from the tropic zone of excessive affluence. I say it is so to the mind of man; but the mind of God takes in alike the circumstances of both, and allows for such as perish on hills of gold, or hills of snow, and doubtless has a compensation somewhere for all that is anywhere suffered by success or by disappointment.

It is a very wise prayer, in the Book of Proverbs—suited either latitude—"Give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me; lest I be full, and deny Thee, and say, Who is the Lord? or lest I be poor, and steal, and take the name of my God in vain."

It seems comparatively easy to understand the peril of want, of distress, of cold and hunger. Yet it is difficult, adequately, to appreciate all these—the squalidness of want, the misery of human life, when reduced to its lowest terms of physical misfortune and material barrenness. But that is far easier than to calculate the effects of continual success. Prosperity is not a good schoolmaster to produce the higher forms of character. For that life must be discipline even more than it is delight. Give a man all that he asks for, and he ruins himself. So under God's providence we are often thwarted and checked by the material and the human world, while we learn the use and beauty of both. Contrary to the wishes of the town and the family, some angel is always troubling the water, that impotent folk may be healed thereby. If continually successful, we grow rash, heedless, vain-glorious, and overconfident. It is stormy seas which breed good sailors, who in stout ships outride the tempest. What a sad world it would be if there were no winter, never a storm! Man would be a mere butterfly, and no more. Adam was turned out of Eden, says the Hebrew mythology, and the Christians mourn thereat. It was his first step

towards heaven. He "fell through sin," did he? He fell upward, and by his proper motion has been ever since ascending in laborious flight. It was the tree of spiritual life,

— "Whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe."

It is amazing how much we need the continual check of failure and disappointment. When the body is over-fed, leanness devours the soul; there is sleekness of flesh, but no great growth of character; the mouth stops the mind. With too many favours we are not thankful. Gratitude is one of the rarest of virtues; the boy does not think so; the man knows it. She comes rather late to the feast of Christian graces, after all that sweet sisterhood have sat down to meat. Gratitude is a nice touch of beauty added last of all to the countenance, giving a classic beauty, an angelic loveliness, to the character. But in our present stage of growth, gratitude to men for their services is by no means common: and thankfulness to God is oftener expressed by the fasting than the feasted. We have a lively sense of favours to come, but humanity is not yet rich enough, nor well enough bred, to be very thankful for what we have in hand. It is only when the well is dry that we appreciate the worth of water, and the first return thereof brings thanks—which soon dry up and perish. How grateful we should be if we could get the bird in the bush; that in the hand is an old thing not worth thinking of. In gaol, Pharaoh's chief butler courts Joseph; but when restored to honour, it is written, "neither did the chief butler remember Joseph, but forgot him." The boy at college—prosperous, high in his class, welcomed to the society of rich men's sons, and often associating with their daughters—soon forgets the plain-clad sister at Manchester or Lowell, whose toil gave the poor boy his scanty outfit; he feels small gratitude for that tender hand which pushed his little shallop from the shore, and set him afloat on the academic sea, whether her nightly prayer and daily toil attend his now thoughtless voyaging. But when sick, deserted by the gilded, fickle butterfly, which drew his puerile eyes and idle thought, he falls back on the sisterly heart which beats so self-denyingly for him.

The Hebrews, settled in their land of hills and valleys, forgot the high hand and outstretched arm which brought them forth from the house of bondage in Egypt, whose unleavened bread and bitter herbs were a healthier sacrament than Canaan's milk and honey. How strange it seems! but look through any village or family, and you see in brief what the world's history has writ on its vast pages, blazoned in luxury and in war.

Man is so little advanced, as yet, in his higher culture, that he must be fed with the utmost caution. A hearty draught of prosperity turns our head; and so God feeds us as yet with milk, and not with strong manly success; else we should perish. One day the average life of man will be a hundred years, I doubt not, and

"Fever and ague, jaundice and catarrh,
The grim-looking Tyrant's heavy horse of ar,
And Apoplexies, those light troops of Death,
That use small ceremony with the breath,"

will be put to rout, and early death be as strange to men as nakedness and famine are to you and me. But we cannot bear it now. If the average life of man were all at once lengthened only twenty years in this present generation; if what it costs us ten hours' sore toil to accomplish could now all at once be achieved in a single hour, or "miraculously" given, it would be a misfortune to mankind; our heads would be giddy, and we should perish. "Neither yet now are ye able," quoth Paul to his new converts; "I have fed you with milk, and not with meat;" and the great God does the same to His little children here below.

The savage in the tropics contents him with the spontaneous products of Nature. He is filled with the earth's fruits and satisfied with her beauty; he goes no further. Wherever Nature is an indulgent mother, she finds man a slothful and a lazy son.

The successful man, in general, cultivates only the easy virtues which come mainly of their own accord; nay, he often welcomes the easier vices which we are so swift to learn. Samson need not fear the Philistines; it is in Delilah's lap his head is shorn of its crispy strength; her amorous fingers are more terrible to him than all the

gods of Philistia, "the thunder of the captains, and the shouting." It is often the soft hand which wounds to death. With the winter to oppose him, Hannibal stormed the Alps, and carried them; but with the summer for his ally, his "invincible Carthaginians" and elephants fell and perished in wealthy Capua. How many a Sir John Franklin has gone to pieces, made shipwreck and perished, amid the delicate luxuries of London, Paris, Boston, and New York, and no exploring expedition, no adventurous Captain Kane, was sent out after him; in vain his wife has spent the last farthing of her estate, and found no trace of the man who had perished in the city's worse than snow.

It is a thin soil which bears the richest grapes; men make it poorer, covering the surface with slate stone "to draw the sun." Peru yields silver and gold; it is a poor country. New England bears nothing but granite, timber, and ice, which we make into men; it is the richest of all lands the sun shines upon. Freedom grows in poor Wisconsin, in cold New England; but in the fat plains of Mississippi and Alabama, slaves and slave-masters only mingle and multiply and rot.

Sons of rich men very seldom get the best of even mere intellectual education. It is said that, for four generations, no man in England, who has inherited two hundred pounds a year, has become eminent as a lawyer or physician. Money commands the college, libraries—"tall copies" and "best editions" of costly books—time, and tutors; but poverty commands Industry, and she is the mother of Culture. Nay, well-born Genius is the child of Time and Misfortune; the star which heralds his birth goes before the wise men, and when it stops, "stands still over a stable." The great God knows best what cradling to give his child, and it is easier for the sun of the soul to climb over mountains of ice than to transcend the little hills of gold and silver. Apollo, so the old myth relates, was inimically sold as a slave to King Admetus, who set him in hard service to tend the sheep and cows and swine, whereat his goddess-sister mourned. If his foes had wished to take the soul of poetry out of him, they had done better to have set him in a palace,

"To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neera's hair,"

and the young god would have dwindled to a wealthy clown.

How often have you and I longed for some special thing—fortune, position, honour—but afterwards found that, could we have obtained it, it would have been our ruin! In my own life, I have set my heart on five special things, seeking therefore with earnestness and self-denial. None of them is mine; and as one by one they fell from my hands, or slipped away from my hopes, I mourned bitterly at the "lack of success;" but already I am old enough to be thankful that four of them were impossible. The race was worth a great deal more than the prize I ran after. And is it not so with each of us? I only share the usual fortune, and am the one mouth which utters the experience common to most before me. Do we not all thank God for many a failure, a great many sorrows—so once they seemed!

"When summer's sunny hues adorn
Sky, forest, hill, and meadow,
The foliage of the evergreens,
In contrast, seems a shadow.

"But when the tints of autumn have
Their sober reign asserted,
The landscape that cold shadow shows
Into a light converted.

"Thus thoughts, that frown upon our mirth,
Will smile upon our sorrow,
And many dark fears of to-day
May be bright hopes to-morrow."

Disappointment is often the salt of life. Sometimes we must warm our hands at a fire, sometimes in the snow. It is air condensed by cold which best warms the healthy blood. The greatest political services are always rendered by the minority. Men of large military reputation—Hannibal, Gustavus Adolphus, Frederick, Napoleon—have done their noblest works when hard pressed by misfortune. The greatest exploits of Washington were achieved when he had the heaviest odds against him. The most illustrious oratory always thunders and lightens out of some tempest which threatens ruin to the state—and the individual speaker. The

far-shining eloquence of Demosthenes and Cicero came out of the stormy cloud which bore ruin to Athens and to Rome. In the piping times of peace they had reared no great flocks of oratory. It is the weight of a nation's fall which presses such sad prophetic wisdom from Kossuth's mighty heart. The best age of England was the time of her greatest calamity. That hundred years which saw the Spanish Armada on the coast, the scaffold of King Charles in London, and witnessed the exile of his son, saw also Bacon, Harvey and Hobbs, Hooker and Taylor, Fox and Bunyan, Hampden and Vane, Spenser, Herbert, Shakespeare, Milton, Jonson, and the long line of England's noble sons; saw Blake on the water, Cromwell on the land, and Newton in the heavens. Her greatest literature, science, and character, came from that century of storms. And when her own heart bled with the world's oppression, she reached to the Alps, and protected the Waldenses whom the Pope was treading under his foot. It was in such an age that England bore her fairest bud, which sorrow broke off from the Saxon tree and planted in this land, with no hedge of shelter but the wild woods, no husbandry save that of beasts and savage men. Yet New England grew by neglect, and prospered in spite of pains to kill. The little Puritan bud looked up to heaven, and God, "who holds creation as a rose-bush in his hand," smiled, and it opened into rath prophetic bloom.

The best age of the Christian Church came before "the fatal dower which the first wealthy Pope received;" it was when all the world opposed her, and Heathenism bared its sword and struck at Christendom's young neck. What an age it was when the Christian Church was bordered with the red flowers of martyrdom on the outskirts of her every province; nay, when the metropolis of Christendom bloomed only scarlet! No "lower-law divines" in that day. What an age it is when the Catholic Church has no blossom more radiant than the Cardinal's hat—its only passion-flower! The great plants of humanity grow in that little rocky belt of land between the ocean and the fertile soil; and they bloom maturest when they drink the salt dew of oceanic storms. Then and there grow the warriors, lawgivers, orators, philosophers, poets, prophets, saints, patriots, and martyrs, who form a chaplet of beauty

which adorns the heroic brows of Man. Harrow the land with revolution and civil war, and there spring up great crops of men. When it rains money, the world reaps no such harvest!

"How do you suppose I could injure my boy?" asked a mother of a friend; and the austere answer was, "Give him all he wants, and he is ruined." Where the city shoots the offal of the streets, there mushrooms, toadstools, and puff-balls come up; every morning you find them, rank and worthless; but in the clefts of the Swiss mountains, on the edge of New Hampshire rocks, where the artist can hardly lay his pencil safe, there gleams the Alpbloom, the mountain-gentian, the hare-bell—clean as daylight and fair as blue-eyed Lyra's topmost star.

The individual man finds the period of excessive prosperity one of great peril to his moral character. "What a bitter lot is yours and father's!" said a thoughtful boy once to his mother; "we are hard pushed all round. How many of my sisters have died already! Some one of us is always sick; and then our poor relations hang on us a heavy load. But our cold-hearted neighbours over the hill there, beyond the great tree, they have had no trouble since I was born. Surely it is a very unjust and wicked God to let things go on so badly." The deep-souled mother cleared her eye with her apron, and took her boy in her bosom, and said, "If it be so, it is our neighbours who have most cause to complain, and not we. They have had nothing but prosperity; they are rich, and getting richer only too fast. They have no old grandmother to help on in life, no poor relations to cling to their skirts and draw them back, no one of them is ever sick, no near friend has died; but *because they have no changes they fear not God*. They are cold-hearted, they are worldly and irreligious. I often pity them, and have said so to your father. It is we that have had the best chance in this world. They will doubtless have their opportunity also in the next. My boy, there is a gain for all this loss that you speak of, for wicked thoughts and actions are the only bad things which no man can profit by."

I sometimes see a man with whom all is prosperous.

What the flesh wants, Mr. Glueckselig has it all. He seems to have been born beneath a lucky planet. He began poor, and now is rich. He is cautious, and never loses; far-sighted, and lays out his plans with masterly skill; administrative, and executes admirably. His life for twenty years has been what, in the streets, they call a "splendid success." He is an "eminent citizen," high on the assessors' books, and in the opinion of the newspaper where he advertises. I know him very well; he has a most successful walk, and I know that all his ventures prosper when I see him afar off. He has a "high, prosperous voice," and somewhat loftily utters his opinion on all matters, whereof he has thought nothing. But his poor relations he never recollects; his prosperous acquaintances never speak of them to him. His house is a show-box of his estate—a house of the flesh, where the confectioner, the upholsterer, and the vintner have done their best. His wife is a show-woman, yet meant for a better purpose, poor thing! His children are show-children—"babes in the wood" of civilization—left more hopeless than those other babes described in the ballad, for, look wistful as they may, they shall never see "the man approaching from the town." His religion is only decorum; he has the richest of Bibles, the costliest pew; his real God is the dollar, and a sacrament of copper, of silver, and of gold binds him down to earth—a threefold cord, which his soul has now not force enough to snap. He has no elevation of character. Blameless in his mercantile business, his word is good; no man doubts it; his judgment is admirable, his plans never miscarry; he is "respectable," and no more. He is all of this world, and, if there were no soul, and no heaven, and no absolute justice, and no great manhood, he would be the model man. No great sentiment throbs in his bosom, no lofty idea is welcomed beneath his roof; his daughter must sit on the door-step to read the one great book printed in her life-time. His hands turn not the machinery of noble deeds. "Let the poor take care of themselves," says he, "as I also have taken care of myself." "The negroes ought to be slaves; it is good enough for them." He sneers at the "law of God," which is above the covetousness of the market and the statutes of the politician and the customs of the par-

lour. And so he goes on, "from greater to greater," as the newspapers say, but as a wise man says, from worse to worse. Above his daily life he sees no "primal virtues shine aloft as stars;" no

"Charities that soothe and heal and bless
Are scattered at his feet like flowers."

But one day a commercial panic, which even that masterly understanding could not foresee, shears off the half of his estate, rending the other half to shreds. Sickness shakes the costly door of his house; all the well-compacted windows rattle at the earthquake of misfortune; child after child drops through the wealthy floor, and perishes in the unseen night beneath; a lone and neglected kinswoman, no longer "a distant connection of the family," has just cradled his dying babe in her friendly bosom. Where now is his forgetfulness of his poor relations? Where is the pomp and pride of his riches? His "high, prosperous voice" has shrunk down to a modest, yet manly tone; that fool's bolt of brittle opinion which he delivered so readily just now, is shot no more at vanity's low mark; and arrogance has faded off from that humiliated brow. The show-wife and the poor residue of his show-children are real enough now. Sorrow has raised the human heart which prosperity had deeply buried up. The cloud of vanity comes down in a cold, thin patter of rain, which yet starts new greenness in the thirsty soil, and there spring up virtues which else were strangers in that ground—parched with being too near the sun. It is the real God he communes with now; the Infinite, whom no prosperity could ever drive away. We close our eyes against the great God, but His never slumber nor sleep. The show-Bible lies there as idle as before, on its cushion, but the old plain Book, thumbed all over with his mother's piety—who has long since gone where she can be wise without study, and pious without Bibles—or by his own youthful touch, the old Bible comes back to his bosom, and David, and John, and Jesus speak comfort to his newly-awakened soul. Through the rents in his estate there come in

"The charities that soothe, and heal, and bless."

and above the ruins of his fortune, his eye, delighted, sees

"The primal virtues shine aloft as stars."

Nay, gratitude gives its blessing now on his cheap and daily bread. "We had been lost if we had not been ruined," quoth the real woman to the husband now freed from the worldly devil.

In soils too rich, the grain runs all to stalk, and there is no corn; the Egyptian farmer must mingle sand with the surface of his ground, which else the Nile enriches overmuch. The fat greyhound, housed in parlours, the girl's plaything, loses alike his power of scent and speed. It is so with men. Honour too easily or early got is a curse. "More than a fortune is misfortune," says a wise man.

There are exceptions—men whom prosperity does not injure; whose gratitude greatens with their success, and their charity enlarges with each increase of means. They are the rarest of men, uncommonly well born, or bred with such painstaking as few mortals find. Yet I have known such.

There are others whom adversity itself does not teach. The full horror of avarice and lust are not commonly seen in the summer of life, when leaves and flowers and youthful fruit hide the ugly naked limbs; but when autumn has shaken down the fruit and torn the leaves away, and winter gibbets the vice in all its grim anatomy, it is then you know the hatefulness of avarice and lust. So the full baseness of mean men is not seen in their success but in their sorrow. Their tears are melted iron. I have known those whom prosperity maddened, but whom adversity did not sober. They fell, but fell only bruised and broken, never softened nor mellowed by the fall. These also are rare men. They must "wait the great teacher Death," before they can adore their God. There are grapes of so poor a stock that the summer's sun but sours them, and the autumnal frost, which beautifies their leaves, only embitters the fruit; and when the winter's wind brings them to the ground, the all-devouring swine devours not them, but therefrom turns in disgust away. Sad sight, which the dear, motherly God must needs pity, and so should loving men.

Continual success commonly hardens the heart, and almost always enervates the character. The politician whose office is not contested, the merchant who has a monopoly, the minister without a rival, the farmer with acres too wide and more fertile than is enough, all these are in peril. So are such as acquire money with too rapid swiftness, and every man to whose house sorrow does not now and then come in to wish him good morrow. Excess of good fortune is our undoing.

A benevolent man whom I knew, very familiar with the hearts of men, was on his way, one morning, to ask a charity of a wealthy citizen of the town, when he learned that in the three months just passed by, that merchant had added the tenth part of a million of dollars to his fortune. My friend said, "I go on a fool's errand," and turned back and asked not the charity.

Religion does not enter at the golden gate of a man's house; she comes in some other way—comes with the doctor or with the sheriff. "He went away sorrowful," says the New Testament, "for he had great possessions." A man reputed a millionaire, in a large trading town of America, four or five years ago, used to make a mock of religion. He never entered a meeting-house for many a year. Charity did not open his crowded purse, nor his shrivelled heart. But a commercial crisis made him a bankrupt, and then religious emotions broke from their golden fetters, and he sought his God again. An underground railroad conducted this slave of money to a large place where there was room for his soul, and he was made free from the bondage of the flesh, by the law of the spirit of life. In his native town men mocked when they saw him again at the old parish meeting-house, in his mother's long-forgotten seat. It was a foolish laugh; they should have known that the blind man had received his sight. Was it not to such an one that the greatest of teachers said, "Go and sell all that thou hast, and give to the poor, and then shalt thou have treasure in heaven?"

You see the same thing in a town or nation. Virtue does not grow very tall, nor flower very fair in an over-prosperous State. In the time of success a nation is never well ruled; the people choose low men with low aims;

sorrow, distress, and fear are better counsellors. How soon a rough wind blows the human chaff out of office! No ninnies for rulers then! On a summer festival, or election-day in winter, or on a time consecrated to Christian martyrs, when, to glut the covetousness and lust for power of the meanest things which ever barked against humanity in New England since she shook Arnold from her robe—when wealthy Boston sends an innocent man into bondage for ever—boys padded with cotton—substitute for body as for conscience!—men's red coats upon their backs, marching to gay and costly music—play at soldier; and they think: "How many eyes look on us, and how our pretty cousins will admire at the spectacle!" But when war blows its horn, such boys go home to their mothers, and bearded, manly men bring the firelock to the shoulder, and only to fife and drum wheel into column and steadfastly march away, thinking of the fight before them and the hearts breaking at home.

In her poverty and sadness, in her fear and peril, in the name of God, America made Washington her President; but strong, impudent, rich, she declared there was "no higher law," and put in her chief offices the mean things which we know. America in peril, poor, weak, oppressed, bore great men—the Revolutionary family; now strong, rich, tyrannical, she fills her offices with men of such stuff and stamp as we behold. She puts base men in her cabinets, to make foolishness the national council; base men also in her judicial seats, to execute wickedness as law; base men in diplomacy, "to lie abroad" for their own behoof.

In 1776, with no ally, in poverty, the two million free-men of America fell back on the universal rights of humanity, and appealed to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of their intentions. In 1850, the twenty million denied every rule of morality, every precept of religion, made Atheism the first principle of their government, and enacted the Fugitive Slave Bill, with the consent of Boston, and the North's consent; re-enacted it the next year, Boston a second time giving her vote. The nation has enforced it ever since, Boston voluntarily offering her unlawful hand.

Poor America, in 1776, asks Canada to come and be free

with us, and sends an army to help; but rich America, in 1854, seeks to enslave Cuba and Hayti.

In 1771, while Great Britain was clutching at our liberty, Governor Hutchinson, a son of Boston, the avaricious creature of the throne—money and power the gods of his idolatry—made a Proclamation of Thanksgiving, and gave as reason for gratitude, that “civil and religious liberties are continued.” The Boston ministers came together, and considered and refused to read it—all but Mr. Pemberton, the governor’s priest, and when he began it the patriots of the congregation turned their backs on the smug official, and left the polluted spot. All the rest refused to read the proclamation but, instead, agreed to “implore of Almighty God the restoration of lost liberties.” Where, then, was “lower-law divinity?” Then, Boston was poor; she had only sixteen thousand men, not four millions of money. In 1851, from his illegal dungeon in the chained Court House, Thomas Sims sent round his petition to the churches of Boston for prayer in his behalf; but of all the incumbents of the Boston pulpit, the fourscore successors of the Mayhews and the Coopers of old time, not six could read an unoffending black man’s prayer, that he might be restored to his inalienable rights. When an exceptional man spoke of the higher law of God in his meeting-house, indignant parishioners turned their backs on the minister—turned Christianity out of the house—fulfilling the Scripture, that the disciple shall suffer with his Lord. Now, Boston is rich, with a hundred and sixty thousand men in her bosom, and two hundred and twenty-five million dollars in her purse.

In 1765, Boston made a stamp officer resign his post, and swear under the Liberty Tree never to issue a single stamp. In 1850, when the Fugitive Slave Bill passed Congress, the citizens of Boston—wealthy Boston—fired a hundred guns, in token of rejoicing, on the great green of the city. Long since the Tories cut down Liberty Tree to build a “Union Hall” on its ruins.

In 1769, the farmers and mechanics of Lexington would “drink no more tea” till the unlawful tax was taken off; and, in 1773, poor Boston, with the country to help her, threw into the ocean that taxed herb which was the vehicle wherein tyranny hoped to ride across the land. Your and

my fathers, after solemn deliberation, did it, when we were poor, in spite of King and Church, and Lords and Commons. But, in 1850, Boston held a "Union Meeting" in Faneuil Hall, and resolved that the stealers of men should pursue their craft in the city of Hancock and Adams and Mayhew and Cooper.

In 1770, the British Commissioner of Revenue could not tarry in Boston, but must retreat to the castle on an island. But in 1854, the men-stealers in Boston are more safe than the most estimable citizens; they are welcome.

In 1766, Boston sought the "total abolishing of Slavery;" six years later even the burgesses of Virginia covenanted with each other to import no slaves, and buy none brought over; in 1773, the town of Medfield—only a hamlet then—wanted a "final period put to that most cruel, inhuman, and unchristian practice, the slave-trade;" and Massachusetts remonstrated against the sale of slaves and the condition of Slavery. But, in 1850, the meanness and the money of Boston assembled at a Union Meeting, in Faneuil Hall, to assure the slaveholders that a man might safely be kidnapped in Boston! Nay, a famous Doctor of Divinity publicly declared in a lecture, that, to "save the Union," he "would send into bondage the child of my affections, the wife of my bosom, nay, the mother that bore me!" The audience answered with applauses loud and long; only one great, honest soul, cried out "Damnation!" In 1854, the South demands the restoration of the African slave-trade; and a Boston minister—too orthodox to reckon a man a Christian who denies that Mary's son is also God—hints his cowardly approval of the scheme.

In time of peril, Boston had for her agent in England America's foremost man, her own son, who began his career by filling the moulds in a tallow-chandler's shop, and ended by taking the thunder from the cloud, and the sceptre from tyrants; and Boston sustained him in his bravest word. But, in 1854, the leading political and commercial newspapers of the same Boston addressed the only anti-Slavery senator which Massachusetts has had in Congress since the days when Colonel Pickering held his seat, asking him to resign—for the friend of humanity "belonged to no healthy political organization."

In 1769, oppressed Boston advocated the right of free speech; a town meeting declared that "a legal meeting of the town of Boston is an assembly where a noble freedom of speech is always expected and maintained—where men think as they please, and speak as they think." "And such an assembly," adds patriotic poor little Boston, "has been the dread and often the scourge of tyrants." In 1850, Boston shut up Faneuil Hall, and forbid all freedom of speech; there must be "no agitation." In 1854, the Supreme Court of the United States seeks to procure an indictment and inflict a fine of three hundred dollars and imprisonment for twelve months on men who, in the same Faneuil Hall, stirred up the minds of the people to keep the precepts of Christianity, and defend the inalienable rights of man.

In 1768, the British Government sought to prosecute the printers of a patriotic paper in Boston, but the Grand Jury refused a bill. In 1851, in the same Boston, fifteen hundred citizens thereof, one for each illegal grog-shop, then officially known to be in the city, entered into a solemn compact, and gave their names to the City Marshal; volunteering to escort to eternal bondage a poor, friendless negro boy.

In 1774, the British tyrant shut up the port of poor Boston, and the adjoining towns opened their harbours and said, "Use our wharves without cost, ye that suffer!" In 1851, when Lynn, Worcester, Marblehead, and New Bedford declared they would keep the commandments of Jesus of Nazareth and the New Testament's golden rule, and no fugitive slave should be torn from their municipal bosom, the leading political and commercial newspapers of Boston called on her merchants to refuse to trade with these four Christian towns.

Once, Boston and America appealed to the law of Nature and Nature's God. It was when Boston and America were poor. In 1851, 1852, 1853, and 1854, Boston and America declared there was no law of God above the Fugitive Slave Bill.

When America was poor, a single colony in the wilderness, owning but a single "Mayflower," with nothing but clams for their food, those stern Calvinistic fathers of the land lifted up their hands and thanked God that "we

are permitted to suck of the abundance of the seas and treasures hid in the sands," and sought to establish freedom all over this western wilderness. Now, America, with five-and-twenty millions of people, with five million tons of shipping white-blossoming on all the seas, with more than seven thousand million dollars of property, is longing to encircle with chains the whole American commonwealth of freemen, and spread the curse of bondage from the Gulf of Mexico to the most Northern lakes; nay, to plant this Upas by the borders of the Amazon that it may reach far as the Andes, and drop its lecherous distilment all over the South American continent.

In 1636, when Massachusetts was poor, not a settlement twenty miles in the interior, not a shore-line fifty miles long, she established Harvard College, and therefore once levied a tax of a peck of corn, or twelve pence, on each householder in the province. But now, in fifteen States of the affluent Union, it is a felony to teach one of the labouring classes to read and write; nay, for a Mulatto mother to teach her daughter to read the golden rule of Jesus in the New Testament. This very year, Mrs. Douglas has been gaoled thirty days for teaching free black children to read!

In 1772, even the burgesses of Virginia wished to abolish the slave trade. Jefferson and Patrick Henry, noble sons of the afflicted colony, sought to emancipate all her slaves. The author of the Declaration of Independence trembled for Virginia when he remembered that God is just. In 1854, Virginia counts "negroes as the connecting link between man and the brute creation." In 1778, the Articles of Confederation between the revolutionary colonies allowed the slave to escape from State to State; no compact authorized the master to go over the border for his prey. But, in 1850, the one-and-thirty wealthy States authorized the master to pursue his fugitive at the expense of the Federal Government, in every State, and tread down its law: nay, if a man gives but a cup of cold water to the hunted fugitives, he is to be fined a thousand dollars and put in gaol for six months for each offence. Only last week a Fugitive Slave Bill Judge fined a man three thousand dollars for aiding three fellow Christians to keep their freedom in the "Democratic

State" of Michigan! America puts a penalty on all the Christian virtues.

Just before the Revolution, Boston was so noble in defence of the rights of her citizens, that in the Parliament of corruption her conduct was despotically stigmatized as a "defiance of all legal authority;" her "inhabitants must be treated as aliens!" Massachusetts could not be governed unless, said an organ of the ministry, "the laws shall be so changed as to give to the kings the appointment of the council, and to the sheriffs the sole power of returning juries." Mayhew wrote: "God gave the Israelites a king in his anger, because they had not sense enough to like a free commonwealth." But, in 1850, Boston invited and welcomed a decree of her masters, dictated at the Capitol, which drove more than five hundred of her innocent citizens into exile; nay, in her zeal to make a man a slave, she put chains around her own Court House, and the judges of Massachusetts crawled under on the way each "to his own place!" The ministers—there were a few noble exceptions—preached, Down with God and up with the Fugitive Slave Bill!—preached it and lived it.

The minions of power arrested our own John Hancock, in 1768. The Governor of Massachusetts—appointed by the Crown—the good old State elected no such enemies of Freedom *then*—with his Chief Justice and other tools of the king, wished "to take off the original incendiaries," and send Samuel Adams over seas "for trial," that is, for execution: Edes and Gill, the patriotic printers, "trumpeters of sedition," and others now of famous memory, authors of "treasonable and seditious writings," were to share the same fate. But such was the force of a righteous public opinion in all New England, that the counsel of the ungodly was carried headlong, and the crafty taken in their own net. Look at Boston now; remember the attempts of the Fugitive Slave Bill Judge last summer to construct a "misdemeanour" out of speeches made in Faneuil Hall against the attempt of his kinsmen to kidnap a man in our own streets! Where is the ancient love of justice and the rights of men which brought our Puritan mothers here, and fired our fathers for the greatest of revolutions! Wait and see!

These are the perils of prosperity. God be merciful to us ! We are not only wicked and cowardly in our conduct and character ; we are mean and vulgar. Our fathers lived in times of trouble which tried men's souls. We are exposed to a sadder trial which more dangerously racks the man. For forty years the nation has had no outward peril, no war, no famine, nothing to fear from abroad. We have increased amazingly in numbers and riches. Now the nation is drunk with power and nauseous with wealth. We are like the savages in the neighbourhood of the Rocky Mountains, who, when the green corn came, sat down to eat and rose up to play, and ate till their health went from them : every tenth man died. I suppose a prophet, who was as sternly merciful as Jesus of Nazareth, would pray for some great affliction, some famine, some pestilence, some war, some bankruptcy, that the nation might recover its soberness once more, and also remember its God.

When the Hebrews were rich and easy, they relapsed into the licentiousness of the Tyrians or Chaldees, the Philistines or Egyptians. With what savage rods did Isaiah and Jeremiah scourge their own people ! But when war came, when the temple smoked, the exiles hung their harps on the willows of Babylon, and thought of Mount Zion and the Jehovah who had brought them out of the iron house of bondage. It was at such times that there sprung up, in the religious corner of their heart, the hopes of a Messiah and a "kingdom of heaven."

I know not what is before us. Some calamity : for no doubt America, like other nations, must have her time of trouble ; a day of sickness when she also will sit with ashes on her head, and pray to the God of the red men we have slain, and the black men we have enslaved, and then find mercy.

Calamity is not half so calamitous as constant prosperity. When the prodigal, in riotous living, is wasting his substance with dice, and wine, and harlots, he thinks not of his father ; but when the husks are refused him, he then says, "How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger ! I will arise and go to my father, and ask that I may be made, not his son, but only one of his hired servants."

It is under such circumstances that you and I are living, and are to work out our redemption and achieve our character. Great success is a great temptation. It was a wise Roman poet who said, "It is a hard thing not to betray your morals to your riches, and when you become many a Croesus in wealth, to be a single Numa in your virtue."

In prosperity consider that, after all, the great thing in life is man's soul, his highest powers, their delight and their duty.

There runs an old story, I know not how old, of John, the son of Zebedee, richest of Galilean fishermen. "Come and follow me," said Jesus to the young man, in his father's ship, mending the nets. Pleased with the attention, and greedy of honour and power, John forsook all and followed him, not knowing what manner of spirit he was of. As they went up to Jerusalem, the Samaritans would not let Jesus enter their village, and John asked if he should command fire to come down from heaven and consume them. Jesus replied, "The Son of man is not come to destroy, but to save."

John was' wrath, but said nothing. As they drew nigh to Jerusalem, that "son of thunder" thought the kingdom of heaven should presently appear: he himself desired to take it by force; and he asked Jesus, "Let me drink of thy cup, and be baptized with thy baptism; let me sit at thy right hand, and be lord over all the eleven."

Jesus answered, "The lofty seat, it is not mine to give; but thou shalt drink of my cup, and be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with."

And John's foolish heart was gladdened in him, for he said, "Surely his cup is delight, and his baptism the sacrament of power."

But that night John saw Jesus in his agony, yet only dimly perceived the angel that came and strengthened him. He beheld the "marshal's guard" seize the world's great prophet; and, fearful lest the officers should seize him also, he shrunk into the crowd, crouching down amid the maidens about Herod's palace. He sat down afar off, and looked on the crucifixion; and when Jesus cried, "My

God! why hast thou forsaken me?" and gave up the ghost, John's weak heart failed in him and he fainted, and women assisted him.

But presently he fled into Galilee, and there his townsmen mocked him: "Ha! ha! thou that wouldst sit at the right hand of the Messiah!" The magistrates set their eyes on him—"This fellow was also with Jesus! a pestilent man, like his master; but we will bring him to his senses!"—and they cast him into prison. Death looked through the bars of his grate, and his shadow fell thick and ugly on the prison floor, and John was ready to perish. Then he tasted the cup of his Master.

Escaping from the gaol, he was driven from city to city, and then he was also baptized with the baptism of Christ. But that great Angel who had been with the Hebrew children in the Babylonian furnace, and brought them out unharmed, no smell of fire on their garments' hem, who had been also with Jesus alike in his temptation and his agony, came likewise to John and touched his eyes, speaking in the still small voice to his innermost, and the "son of thunder" declared, "God is love, and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him." When an old man, his companions took him, at his request, on his couch, and carried him to the assembly of Christians at Ephesus, that he might bid them a last farewell; and he said, "Little children, love one another!" and passed on.

VI.

THE EFFECT OF SLAVERY ON THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.—A SERMON PREACHED AT THE MUSIC HALL, BOSTON, ON SUNDAY, JULY 4, 1858.

"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."—What our fathers said in their Declaration.

"Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them."—What Jesus said, in the seventh chapter of the Gospel according to Matthew, the twelfth verse.

THERE are three great events in American history. The first is the Discovery of the Continent; the second, the Landing of the Pilgrims in New England, who brought the Teutonic seed of a new form of civilization; the third, the Declaration of Independence, when new ideas of government were clearly set forth, destined to have a great influence on the development of mankind. This is not only the national anniversary: it is the birthday of whole families of republics that we know not of as yet; for it must have a future more glorious than the past or the present.

Let you and me make the highest religious use of this great day. Religion includes all duties, individual and social—the self-protection that I owe to my own person, the philanthropy due to my kind, and patriotism, the virtue I owe my nation. Each man has a human character, general elements common to mankind; an individual character, special elements peculiar to himself; and a national character not less. Patriotism is a great religious duty: it is philanthropy modified by the need of the hour, and

intensified towards one special people—not that we love mankind less, but our country more. It is the application of justice to our own nation.

The Americans are making a new experiment in human history. The discovery of the continent was not more strange in 1492 than the American Republic is now. This, also, is a New World amongst the governments of the earth. Great abstract truths become great facts in the institutions of the people; the word becomes flesh; what at first is a great thought is at last to be millions of men, their character moulded by the institutions.

Commonly, political parties in any country agree in the end they seek, varying only in the means thereto. So the difference between them is not moral, belonging to the ethics of government; but economical, belonging to the technics of administration: it relates to measures, not principles. But to-day it is not so with us. There are two parties in America, neither yet completely understanding its principles or its destination. One is the party of Freedom, tending to democracy, which must secure welfare and progress to the whole people; the other is the party of Slavery, tending to despotism, which must diminish progress, lessen welfare, and end in the ruin of the people.

On this great day, remembering that we are all Americans, each having his stake in the common fence, religiously owing great patriotism to our common country, let us look at our special duty as citizens of this new republic; and so I ask your attention to some thoughts on "The Effect of Slavery on the American People." I shall say much of principles, ideas, and facts; of individual men very little.

To understand the matter fully, and see the effect of Slavery, look a minute at some of the chief peculiarities of our political institutions.

In the middle ages, throughout the greater part of Europe, there prevailed a form of government which looks strange to you and me. Vicariousness was the general rule in religion and politics: neither Church nor State was amenable to the people.

First, the clergy were responsible for the religion of the

people; that is, one man in three or four thousand was thought answerable for the future welfare of all the rest. The clergy made an ecclesiastical theology, and called it Divine revelation; they established ecclesiastical ceremonies, which they named the ordinances of God. The people were only to believe the one and practise the other, and their calling and election were made sure; for the priest claimed to speak with authority superior to human consciousness. "Believe" and "Obey" were his two commands: "trust our office, and not your own soul!"

Second, the king and the aristocracy were responsible for the politics of the people: they made, expounded, and administered the statute laws, claiming authority above the collective interests or collective conscience of the people. The magistrate's statutes were a finality: the people's need and right were none. The official did not *propose* statutes; he *made* them, and enforced. Then the Church and State were both accounted Divine—that is, the final and ultimate authority. The priest, king, or noble, all claimed to hold of God, not of mankind; they were feudatories under Him, responsible to God, not to man. The ecclesiastical or political ruler had all the command and right; only obedience and duty belonged to the ruled. The king or noble was the State, the priest the Church.

So the political man said to the people, "Keep the statute law we make for you; pay the taxes, of money in peace-time, of blood and yet more money in war-time; and then mind your own business. Leave us alone, either to enjoy the passive dignity of reigning, like King Log, or to practise the active work of ruling, like King Snake. So shall it go well with you here. We are responsible to God for you, and in heavy pains and penalties in the next life are we held in bond. You are responsible to us, and in heavy pains and penalties shall we hold you in bond in this life. God is our law, and we are yours."

This royal vicariousness went through all society; the title to office and land all ran from the king or noble, not from the individual possessor, or the collective mass of men.

The ecclesiastical man said to the people, "Believe the doctrines we teach. You may understand them when you can: that is not necessary to salvation; for the Scripture says, 'He that believeth not shall be damned;'" but it

says nothing against him that understandeth not. Belief on hearsay is better than knowledge by reason and conscience. You can get things by rote, if you cannot by heart. Comply with the ceremony, confess and do penance ; bring your babies to baptism, else they are damned for your neglect, and you for their ruin ; pay the tithes and other Church dues ; and then mind your own business. Leave it for us to make the catechism ; you are only to commit it to memory ; for us to administer the ceremonies, and propitiate God with our prayers and self-mortification of the flesh : so shall it go well with you hereafter, and we will put you through this life into the kingdom of heaven. We are responsible to God for you ; and the roar of hell is in our ears all day long and all night ; but you are responsible to us for your deeds, words, thoughts, feelings, belief ; and you shall hear the crackling of fagots unless you do as we bid. Don't talk to us about your 'souls : ' human nature is good for nothing. God is our religion, and we are yours."

This sacerdotal vicariousness likewise ran through all society. No church-doctrines held under humanity, either of reason or instinct, individual or collective ; all held under the priesthood, which had eminent domain over human consciousness. Salvation depended on the Church, not on the faith or works of saint or sinner. The priest opened and shut the gates of heaven : tickets of entrance were to be bought at his office, and could not be had elsewhere, either of man or God.

Such was once the theory of the Divine State and Divine Church, the twofold kingdom of God on earth. It was the best thing men had in those days : let us not grumble. Man is honest always, and does the best he knows how. You and I were as faithful when we stumbled and babbled, as to-day when we talk and go alone. Mankind was a baby once—a stupid boy, it seems to you and me—but he turns out a pretty promising child. Let us not quarrel with the hole in which our fathers once burrowed, nor the rude wigwam which they built over it and named the Divine Church and State. Each was once the best of its kind on earth ; and if our building be better, it is because theirs was worse and came earlier.

So much for these vicarious institutions.

Now in America we have somewhat changed that state of things. The political and ecclesiastical functionary is the servant, the people master, now. Yet it is true that here and there in religious affairs some ecclesiastical man still claims Divine right to dictate to the people, setting his authority above their reason, and magisterially telling what they must take for piety, theology, and morality. But he does it with such self-distrust and painful fear, he is so afraid of disturbing any powerful wickedness, that it is plain he thinks the popular stream, fed by all the rains of heaven, is stronger than the ecclesiastical dam said to be built as miraculously as the Neptunian walls of Troy divine. Nay, he fears lest by some freshet of humanity, caused through the breaking up of winter, or the melting of distant and time-honoured snows, thought everlasting, it may be swept off, carried out to sea, and whelmed for ever in the ocean, nor ever heard of more. So the man hoists "the gate of the churl's dam, and lets the stream run free." This sacerdotal vicariousness will not last long in America. The ecclesiastical Ezekiel stands in the Church valley of dry bones, and says, "Come from the four winds, O Spirit! and breathe upon these slain, that they may live!" But the angel of humanity answers, "Son of man, not so! Let the dead bury their dead! follow thou me: behold, I make all things new. Egyptian and ecclesiastical mummies, come not back again. Forward, O son of man! forward!"

In the State the political man counts himself servant, not master. Let President Votedin say in his proclamation to the people, "Gentlemen, I am your superior, and you are my servants; you are to do as I say;" if he should try to act thereon, there would be a state of things presently. The people alone are primitive and final, the magistrate derivative, provisional, and responsible. The American legislative, judiciary, or executive, is only an attorney of the manifold and thirty-million-headed people; a servant hired expressly to make, expound, and administer certain statute laws, which are amenable to the people and reversible thereby. Magistrates are "select men," not the town which "selects" them. Mr. Banks is the hired man of Massachusetts, set to do the governing of the Commonwealth, responsible to his employers not less than if

he were still the hired man of Mr. Strikeandblow, and set to do blacksmithing. The President and Vice-President, the two-and-thirty Governors, the Judges, chief and puny, all the honourable members of Congress, three hundred of them, all the State legislators, about six thousand by my counting—these are all servants, operatives in that great national mill which is owned by Mr. American People, a respectable gentleman who is rather a new comer on this continent, though of pretty ancient family. He has some personal property, three million square miles of real estate, well fenced on the east and west by a natural ditch, pretty distinctly bounded on the north by the grounds of his father, old Mr. English People, a very respectable gentleman, and a rich, not to be meddled with in haste, a citizen of very eminent gravity. On the south the border line is not less clear, but more variable: there Mr. People abuts on his poor relations, whom he respects not because he fears not, and so he turns his cows into their pastures, and sends his naughty boys to rob their hen-roosts, and steal their water-melons, and commit manifold waste and damage. I say all these functionaries are but servants in the great mill where Mr. American People is trying to manufacture welfare. Ministers abroad are his bagmen, runners, drummers, and other factotums, whom he sends off on his public business. Generals and commanders, with epaulettes on their shoulders, and plumes in their bonnets, and red coats on their backs, and tinkling ornaments all about them, with their manifold subordinates, are only the sea and land police, to prowl about this great national mill, and see that no stranger comes to steal or kill. Let them wear their finery with what pride they may, and strut their hour, and talk big: he holds them all to strict account, and to the chiefest of them, every four years, says, "Depart thou hence: thou must be no longer steward. Give place to a more honourable man than thou." In the State all this vicariousness is gone; office is a trust, not a right; the select man is a servant, the selecting people master. For personal conduct and reputation each man is amenable to the common humanity of all, for personal character amenable only to God. But each official operative in the national mill for conduct and character must answer not only to his God, but to the people, the mill-owner.

Theocracy, the priest power; monarchy, the one-man power; and oligarchy, the few-men power—are three forms of vicarious government over the people, perhaps for them, not by them. Democracy is direct self-government over all the people, for all the people, by all the people. Our institutions are democratic: theocratic, monarchic, oligarchic vicariousness is all gone. We have no Divine vicar who is responsible to God for our politics and religion; only a human attorney, answerable to the people for his official work. The axis of rotation has changed: the equator of the old civilization passes through the poles of the new. This makes some change in the geography of both Church and State.

Then the American government is industrial as well as democratic. The nation is not organized to plunder, but to earn. The people are not military, disposed to fight, but yet have great fighting power. Such is the individual variety of action, your and my personal freedom, such the national unity of action, compacting all to one great body, that the people will prove terrible fighters whenever the worst comes to the worst; and in this stage of civilization I think the ploughman is not safe unless he have a sword as well as a share. Yet the Americans are not military, disposed to kill and plunder, but industrial, inclined to create and earn; hence, in power for present welfare and future progress, we have an immense superiority over other nations of the world.

All human property is the result of toil, which is hand-work, and thought, which is head-work. In the industrial democracy wealth is rated proportionally higher than in the vicarious governments of ancient and modern Europe; for here it is not balanced by any corresponding weight. There the father bequeathed his irresponsible office as family estate to his son or daughter, who were held royal, noble, gentle, because they inherited more than the mass of men. Here no man bequeathes office, honour, title—only money, which represents power to buy all marketable things, and in America there are few things not marketable. Hence money is valued not simply as personal and immediate power of use and beauty, but also as the power of powers, future ability to determine the social rank of the next generation. If the grandson of Dr.

Franklin be poor, and a tallow-chandler, nobody thinks much better of him because he had the greatest of all Americans for his ancestor ; and if he is rich, nobody will much care whether he is the son of a tallow-chandler or the greatest American. In Boston, when men set up a picture or statue of that great, noble man, they do not ask the tallow-chandlers, the working men, nor the philosophers, the thinking men, to come and do it ; they ask only the rich men, who represent the wealth of labour, and rhetoricians, whose words but ventilate the thought of some great actual thinker, probably a dead one ; they do not ask either the present or the future Franklins to do the work.

In a New England town, within forty years, four men—each poor at first, rather mean and dishonourable, with great mercantile talent for acquisition, the hungry eye of covetousness, and the iron fist of accumulation—have died and left some eight millions of dollars : their children now occupy the foremost social positions in that town. So long as the live money is above ground and circulating, nobody counts them dishonoured by the humble station or pecuniary vices of the dead covetousness beneath. If they have money, wit is imputed : when the money fails, the respectability will *slide* with it. In the industrial democracy money is proportionally more powerful than elsewhere, for “it answereth all things.” Hence it is the chief object of ambition with the hopeful youth, and the chief object of veneration with servile men, young or old. This is better than of old time : it is better that we worship the dollar, which represents creative toil, than the sword, which is the symbol of destruction and violence.

Property is created by toil and thought. In the free States it is commonly easy for the industrious, forecasting, and temperate man to obtain a generous competence ; but great fortunes are made only by using the toil and thought of many men. In the North great fortunes are commonly made in trade. The merchant is a trader : he buys to sell, and hires to let. If honest, he thereby injures no one ; but if also successful, he grows rich through help of the toil and thought of other men, who are stimulated and served by him as much as he by them. Yet the prizes

are few, and not too great for the risk. In the North the trading class is held in great honour. It is industrial, and so in harmony with our institutions. It is likely to become rich, and so possessed of the object of youthful ambition and servile veneration. Here it is what the priests are in Italy, what the high soldiers are in Russia and France, and the nobility and gentry in England. The ablest practical talent does not go to science, literature, politics, but to trade.

This scheme of government works pretty well for us: it leads to welfare now, and promises progress for the future. I will not say that our industrial democracy secures all the advantages of each other form of government, and escapes from all their ills. It is a new experiment, not complete nor perfect. Its present form, even in the most enlightened State, is quite imperfect. What the steam-engine and printing-press were fifty years ago, compared with what they are now, that is the industrial democracy of this day, compared with its future glories. But two things are indisputable:—

First, it thrives best where it is purest, least mixed with any alloying element; and so in the North it produces more welfare and progress than in the South.

Second, it produces its most beneficial results where it has been longest at work. This appears by comparing the old States of New England with the new States of the West; for here the higher results of democracy appear in the form of science, literature, art, philanthropy, better developed character. All these things require time, for they are plants of slow growth.

So much for the general institutions of America, which distinguish our government from others.

Now see the effect of Slavery on the people under these peculiar institutions.

Slavery is an exceptional institution, which we have taken or kept from old time. It belongs to that rule of vicariousness, or rather to a time of barbarism before that. It is wholly foreign to a democracy, hostile to its fundamental principle. Slavery is property in man. By nature each man is a unit of human substance, having all the primitive, natural rights of humanity. By Slavery he is

reduced to a fraction, with none of the primitive, natural rights of humanity. He is bound to do the duties his master sets, and not only has no remedy, but no right.

In America Slavery is mainly limited to such as have African blood in their veins, though this is sometimes pretty well mixed with Saxon blood. The influence of Slavery appears in two forms; first, as it affects the coloured man; and next, as it affects the white man.

I. Of its effects upon the coloured man. All compulsory toil is not necessarily degrading. Farmer Hillside has two lazy-bodied sons: he makes them work and earn; else they get neither breakfast, nor dinner, nor supper, only a hard, cold bed. It is for their good, not their harm, nor merely through his selfishness, that he does so. Professor Blackboard has two lazy-minded daughters: he makes them study and learn, for their sakes more than his. It does the girls good: by-and-by they will be thankful for it. Grim necessity forces the human race to toil and think: mankind is not degraded, but elevated, by this compulsion of the infinite Father, who in our flesh enacts this benignant law, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." Toil and thought are alike an honour and a dignity to mankind. But Slavery degrades its victims, worsens and belittles them in the qualities of man. I do not deny that to the bondmen Slavery teaches certain special things which they would not have learned so soon in Africa, perhaps not at all; things, too, which, under other circumstances, had been a virtue and an elevation: now they are forced on them, not only against their will, but for their master's good, and meant for the slave's hurt.

1. Slavery degrades the slave. It aims to pervert his nature. It is the excellency of the slave that he repudiates his own individualism, is pliant before his master's foreign will. It is the excellency of the man that he keeps his individualism at the utmost cost, and holds himself rigid and impenetrable against all foreign will. In order that every man may be able to do this, God gives us this terrible power of wrath, such a defence even to feeble men, and such a terror to the invasive and usurping will, even when it is of the strongest sort. Slavery emasculates all virile individualism away. This is the maxim of humanity, "Rebellion to tyrants is obedience to God." This is the

maxim of Slavery, "Submission to tyrants is obedience to God."

This degradation is not an accident of Slavery, it is essential to it. It is a function of its prime quality. It does that as certainly as fire burns. By its accidents Slavery may improve the bondman in many things: nothing can compensate for thus unmanning him. If the 4,000,000 slaves were to-day set down in Africa, in many special things they might surpass their kinsfolk there; in agriculture and the mechanic arts, in their idea of comfort and beauty, in comprehensive power of thought and toil; but in general manhood, in self-respect, they would be exceedingly inferior. No finery in dress, no mechanical skill, no art, no literature, no science, no power to sing Methodist hymns and pray Methodist prayers, can ever make up for the loss of that substantial manhood which cringes to none, but looks each man in the eye, and says to the invader, "I also am a man, and if not a brother whom you will respect, then at least an enemy whom you shall fear."

Man subdues other animals, transfigures their nature by the process, and makes a new creature. The dray-horse, the house-dog, the domestic sheep, are the works of man, almost as much as the printing-press, or these roses, which have departed so slowly from their primitive parent. He does them no wrong, for they are his natural servants; his natural food when a wild man, and his property when civilized—not for abuse and cruelty, but for kind and honest use. He does them no damage: their welfare is not thereby necessarily injured in bulk or in kind. The farmer's horse is as happy as the horse of the wilderness. But yet all these wild animals repudiate this alteration of nature, counting it as high treason. Turn a domestic bull into a herd of wild cattle, or a tame crow among his savage kinsfolk, and they tear him to pieces forthwith; even their brutal instinct repudiates this transformation.

Now, when a man enslaves his brothers, he does them a damage, by personally worsening both the amount and kind of their welfare; he does them a wrong, by perverting their nature and hindering their progress in the qualities of men. The obedient slave, content to be property, differs from the natural man, civilized or savage, more than the

lapdog or the turnspit differs from the wild dog of the Siberian or Canadian woods. What if my father had kept me always a boy, that he might dandle me on his knees; or my mother had forced me to be always a baby, that she might cradle me in her bosom? In its mildest form, from its very nature, Slavery makes dwarfs of what would be men, and might be giants. In the most brutal population of London there are women who steal the children of honest folk, put out their eyes, and then use them as the instruments of their idle avarice. What the beggar, in the rarest of examples, does to the child she steals, that the slaveholder, as a general rule, does to his bondmen: he puts out the eyes of their manhood; and though he burn them out with the gentlest of hot irons, he makes them not less blind. It has long been known that Slavery itself was a degradation, that in making the slave it unmakes the man. "The first day of bondage takes half the man away," said Ionian Homer 3000 years ago. The contempt which all men, even the anti-Slavery philanthropists, feel for the contented slave, is mankind's testimony against this high treason towards humanity. The fact itself begins to be comprehended in America. Once this was a common argument: "Slavery is bad in itself, good in its uses: it elevates the human savage, and makes him a man, even a Christian." Now this is abandoned by economists and politicians, and is left only for that class of ministers

"Whose neck-cloth white
Is black at night."

See the changes in the slaveholder's idea of a slave. In 1776 he was a man unjustly held in bondage against the law of nature, but held transiently and provisionally. Next, a man held permanently, but wrongfully; an inferior kind of man held as an apprentice to a superior: certain rights allowed him; his gain of welfare greater than his loss of freedom. Now he is declared to be an "animal incapable of civilization;" he has "no rights which white men are bound to respect." A popular Southern writer says, "Hay is good for horses, bad for hogs; so liberty is good for white men, bad for negroes:" he does not know whether they "have any souls or not." The Supreme Court of Virginia has just decided that a slave has no legal

power of assent or dissent. The general public opinion of the South now is, that the white man has the same natural right to enslave an African as to tame a horse!

2. Slavery degrades also the free coloured man in the eyes of his neighbours, and, still worse, in his own eyes. White men in America change their names to get rid of being associated with disgraceful relatives. If I had a brother hanged for an infamous crime, my own self-respect would be greatly lessened, not before God, but certainly before men. The position of the free coloured man in America is of all others the most unhappy. The poorest Spaniard our fillibusters war against can point to his European home, and boast of the magnificent exploits of his nation, that discovered the New World, and say—

“We were the first
That ever burst
Into this silent sea.”

The humblest German, who has nothing but his tobacco, his Lager-bier, and his Kauderwelsch, the *patois* of some little district he was cradled in, has behind him the noblest of earth's noble nations: all the generous glories which have accumulated from fighting Arminius down to thoughtful Von Humboldt weave a halo round the head of Fritz and Gretchen, cradled in the poorest German home. The rudest Irishman comes from a country which is rich in great names. Every O'Brien claims to be a descendant from Brennus, who smote Rome to its very foundations. Once Irishmen led Western Europe in civilization, and bought fair-haired Saxon girls of Britain for their own slaves. When New England was poor, old Ireland sent books for yonder college, and bread for this town. No nation has been so despised as the Hebrews; but in the worst ages, in the darkest persecution, hated, outcast, smitten, despised, their venerable beards spit upon by every Christian, the Jew looked back to darker days, and saw the pillar of fire, with Moses walking underneath and leading the world's civilization; he read his Hebrew Bible, full of sublimest poetry, and bethought him that Judea was one of the queens of civilization when all Europe was a wilderness, save a little fringe of more than Cytherean beauty wrought round the borders of the midland sea. He

turned to the Mahommedans with their scimitar in their hand and said, "Three quarters of your religion is only Old Testament; all that is good for anything comes from us; the commonplaces of a Hebrew poet are the inspiration of your prophet." Did the Christians mock? The Hebrew said, "Your Saviour was nothing but a Jew: 'God in heaven' is he? A few hundred years ago he was a Jewish carpenter at Nazareth, doing job work, making ploughs and ox-yokes for the farmers." To-day at Constantinople the Jew, an exile from Spain, is poor—no where else in the whole globe of lands; even his thrift forsakes him there; despised by the Christian and the Turk, he opens Isaiah or the Psalms, and remembers that he comes from a line of men who, two or three thousand years before, bore in their ark the treasure of humanity, and he feels an inward self-respect which neither Christian nor Turk can ever insult. But the poor Negro has no history to look back upon; no science, no arts, no literature, not even a great war, no single famous name! He looks round him, and his race is enslaved. I do not wonder at his despair, especially amid a tribe of men who are stirred with such intensity of national pride as has marked the Saxon, the Teuton, since he first crossed swords with Roman, Slavonian, and Gaul.

The effect of Slavery on the coloured men, bond or free, is evil, perhaps only evil. I know the wrong which they suffer awakens very little sympathy with the mass of men, who in their rudeness reverence strength and not justice. But the coloured men are one-seventh part of our population, and America does not rise as the Negro falls; you and I go down with him; for if one-seventh of the people be degraded it is the nation that is debased. Would you feel safe if every seventh house in Boston was full of the yellow fever, and every seventh man was dying of it? There is a moral degradation which is contagious not less than the plague.

There is a solidarity in mankind. You lift yourselves up by your attempts to elevate your neighbour. The New Englander sends a missionary to India: he does more good in New Haven, in Boston, in Andover, than ever in Beloochistan or Siam. You enslave yourselves when you enslave your brother man.

I just now said no nation is safe without the power to fight. In case of war with England, of the four million slaves at least three millions would take sides with the enemy; most of the free blacks would spontaneously do the same. Would you dare to blame them and then look at yonder monument? Did not our fathers draw the great and terrible sword against our own mother nation that had injured us, and yet but little? Revenge is natural to savage bosoms; God enthroned it there, that when the tyrant trembled at nothing else, he might quake at the foeman's lifted arm and the fear of assassination.

Napoleon has put down open resistance, and is not afraid of that; there is nothing left for the people but what Italians and Frenchmen have been trained to love—the assassin's dagger—and he trembles at that. If America keeps the slave from developing the noblest quality of his nature, then he falls back on the lowest. The power of wrath never fades out from human bones; the animal instinct is older than the spiritual cultivation.

Wise rulers do not like to have in any community a class of men who are not interested in its welfare and progress, for such are always ready for rebellion, and care not who breaks through the hedge they have not a stake in. Even carpenters in their shops have the shavings carefully swept up at night, lest a spark should burn their riches down. But no nation has so dangerous a class of proletaries as America. Paris has her Faubourg St. Antoine, and the forts have their cannon so planted that they can play upon it, and make it spring into the air with their perpendicular or horizontal shot. London has its St. Giles's, a double police guarding it through the day and twofold lanterns illuminating it by night. But our Faubourg St. Antoine extends over fifteen States in America; there are four millions of paupers in our St. Giles's. No carpenter's shop is so littered with inflammable material as America. Why, a loco-foco match thrown by a democratic hand might fire these shavings of humanity which we have planed off from the African tree, and then where are we? Be sure of it, unless we amend, one day there will be a St. Domingo in America, and worse wrongs will be requited worse.

So much for the Effect of Slavery on the Coloured Man.

II. As the feeling for four or five million of coloured men is so weak that the politician despises it, counting it not one of the forces that sway the popular opinion; as the fear of outbreak or invasion is so small that no Northern man is troubled at it, look at the Effect of Slavery on the White Man. To understand it thoroughly look briefly at some of its details.

The chief work of mankind may be thus lotted out. First, there is the industrial activity, which aims at property, command over the forces of nature. This is represented by business; its result is wealth in all its forms.

The second is the literary and scientific activity which aims at knowledge—to acquire and distribute thought. This is represented by the press and the school; its result is popular intelligence, education in all its forms.

The third is the religious activity which aims at rest in God, completeness and perfection of character. This is represented by the Church; and the results are noble character, noble life, individual and social, in the family, in the community, in the state, and in the world.

The fourth is the political activity which aims at sociality, companionship of man with man, the enjoyment of all individual and social rights. This is represented by the State; its highest result is national unity of action, all working as one, and individual variety of action, each having his personal freedom.

I have so often and so long spoken of these things, that to-day I need not say much thereof.

First. Slavery degrades the industrial activity, and hinders the creation of wealth. No doubt it enriches the slaveholders, but it impoverishes the community. So piracy is profitable to pirates, though ruinous to the merchant who falls into their hands, and perilous to trade in general. Slavery degrades work, makes men despise it, as the business only of bondmen. Looked at economically, it is a poor tool for the work of productive industry. See how the facts look in figures.

In 1850 the fifteen slave States had 850,000 square miles of land; the sixteen free States but 612,000 square miles. But the actual valuation of the slave land was only \$13,000,000, while the free land went up to \$2,440,000,000.

240,000 square miles less was worth \$1,100,000,000 more.

In 1856, the total value of the slave States was \$2,500,000,000; the total value of the free States was \$5,700,000,000. So the North could buy up all the land and goods which the South possesses, and then buy the whole population at \$300 a head—black and white, bond and free.

The effect of Slavery on the industrial activity of the country, its business and wealth, is terrible. It degrades labour, it impoverishes the people. It concentrates their riches into the hands of a few, who, like Senator Hammond, of South Carolina, call American working men slaves, and like him add their sons and daughters to the assessable property of their estates.

Slavery is the great enemy of the labouring man who is not a slave. The New England thinker makes a steam shovel which takes up two and a half tons weight at a lift, and strikes four times in three minutes, and with four men to attend it does the work of ninety-six more. This elevates labour, it improves the condition of the working man; it promotes also his education, by mixing thought with his toil: while the common digger gets but a dollar a day, the thoughtful man who can manage a steam engine gets from three to four dollars. Great inventors are the Evangelists and Apostles to the Gentiles, who announce a new kingdom of God, which is a kingdom of righteousness, the reign of peace on earth and good will amongst men. But he who kidnaps a man and forces him to work, degrades labour itself, and commits high treason against the industrial democracy. I know the Catholic Irishman's right eye is put out by the priest, and his left eye is covered up by the thumb of the American demagogue; but, with both his eyes treated thus, I should think he would yet have human instinct enough to know that whoever enslaved a negro, degraded likewise every working Irishman. But yet not only Irishmen do not know it; a quarter part of the American working men, native born, are not aware of this most obvious fact.

Second. Then Slavery degrades literary and scientific activity.

It hinders the education of the people. Look at this. In 1850, the South had but 18,000 public schools, the North, 62,000; the South had 19,000 teachers, the North 73,000; the South had 700,000 pupils in schools, academies and colleges, the North 2,900,000—2,200,000 more than all the South. In 1854, Virginia paid \$70,000 for educating her poor; \$73,000 for a Public Guard to keep the slaves from rising up and saying, *Sic semper tyrannis*. One day \$73,000,000 will not do it. *Sic semper tyrannis* will be the slave's motto as it is his master's now.

Out of a white population of less than 6,000,000, the South has 500,000 native white inhabitants who cannot read the word Buchanan; while out of a white population of 13,500,000, the North has not quite a quarter of a million natives who cannot read the New Testament all through and the Declaration of Independence besides.

Whence come the practical inventions patented at Washington? Eleven-twelfths of them come from a Northern brain, and the one-twelfth which has emanated from the Southern mind is hardly worth the parchment which records it.

Whence comes the literature of the nation—its histories, essays, romances, poems, plays, great sermons? All from the North. For fifty years the South has not produced a great writer who has even a national reputation; no historian, no philosopher, no poet, no moralist, even no preacher.

Whence comes the nation's science? From the same quarter. Yet I do know two eminent men of science of whom Virginia may well be proud that she gave them birth, as Massachusetts that she gave them each a home; but their parents were Scotch, married in Scotland; the children were only born in Virginia. It was the Scotch egg of freedom which was brooded over only in the Virginia nest of slaveholders—and it was not a slaveholder which brooded that.

Slavery strikes the Southern mind with palsy; the people cannot be educated there. Talent enough, no doubt, is born there; it cannot be bred. If the star of genius stands still over a southern home, yet the "desire of all nations," whose birth it heralds, is stifled by the asses that bray around the young child's cradle, and seek its life.

But the influence of Slavery extends beyond the South, and poisons also the literature of the Northern men who support it. Look at the newspapers of the slave editors of the North—some of you read them every day; listen to the orations of slave orators—you can hear enough of them to-morrow; hearken to the sermons of the slave preachers—you may hear such to-day; and learn the ghastly effect of slavery on the literary activity of the people. Nay, look at the school-books composed by such men, and see how the slave power, afar off, can debauch even a Northern mind. More than thirty years ago, Von Humboldt, the grandest scholar of all Christendom, wrote a political essay on the Island of Cuba. It circulates in the court of every tyrant of Europe; it is welcome in Spain, translated into that sonorous tongue. He tells the tale of the black man's wrong, and the woe which may one day spring out of the ground which has been fattened by his sweat and reddened by his blood. But an American democrat translates the book into English, leaves out the magnificent philanthropy of Mr. Humboldt, and puts in his own twaddling partisanship sustaining slavery, and declaring that free society is a mistake. I do not wonder the indignation of the old man, almost four score and ten years venerable, is stirred within him when he learns the disgraceful fact.

Third. Then Slavery degrades the religious activity of the people. At the South it is only the least enlightened sects which prevail; such as have the lowest ideas of man and God, and their relation to each other. Southern men are proud of this, and make it their boast that "there are no Unitarians of the South;" that is, none who preach an intelligible, rational idea of the oneness of God. They are proud that they "have no Universalists"—none who think that God is too good to damn even a slaveholder for ever and ever. Nay, they declare that heresy rends not asunder the seamless veil of the pro-slavery Church, behind which the slave-holder and the slave-hunter stand. They make it their boast that there are no Tylerites nor Taylorites, no Bushnellites nor Beecherites among them, but that all equally accept the faith once for all delivered to the saints for the enslavement of the Negro and the salvation of the

slaveholder, the slave-hunter, the slave-driver, the slave-trader, the slave-breeder, not out of his sins, but in his sins. For eighty years the Southern Church has contributed nothing to the theology of America; not a new thought worth the nation's hearing, no great truth on any theological, religious, or moral theme. Nay, there is not a single hymn sung by a Southern voice that finds its way into a Northern church.

Then, too, consider the cruelty. Remember that the South solemnly burns alive, with green wood, criminals from the humblest class of society, as sport to the "gentlemen" of the land. Remember that when an assassin dealt your noble senator a coward's blow, more bitter than death, remember that all the Southern religion said it was a good thing! Thus see the effect of Slavery on your own brothers, in their own churches, called after Christ, with the same Gospel before them, out of which the grand truths of humanity so preach themselves to you and me.

How Slavery degrades the Churches of the North! Some men it silences, and they dare not speak of the great outrage against the democratic institutions of America, against the natural rights of man, the law of God. Other men it makes madmen or idiots in their religious faculty, and they boldly proclaim that this great crime against mankind is a "revelation from Almighty God."

My ears are not preternaturally delicate, yet from childhood up I could not hear profane words profanely spoke without a shudder; but no swearing of the lowest men I ever encountered in an Ohio railroad car, or met in an Illinois bar-room, has ever filled me with such horror as the profanity of ministers in their pulpits, out of this Bible which they call God's Word, in the name of Jesus whom they affect to worship as God, attempting to justify the foulest wrong which man ever does to man. The State makes Slavery a measure, but the Church baptizes it as a principle.

Look at the Bible Society, counting its money by millions, which has not a New Testament for a slave. Look at the Foreign Missionary Society; where are its Evangelists to preach the "acceptable year of the Lord" unto American heathen, who fill up whole Galilees of Southern Gentiles? Look at the American Tract Society;

it has not a word against the great wickedness of a nation which enslaves one-seventh part of the people, and imperils the rights of all the rest. Then you see how Slavery debases the holiest thing it lays its hands upon.

Finally, it degrades the political activity of the American people in their industrial democracy.

At the South, it rears up a privileged class—350,000 slave-holders—who monopolize all the education—and do not get much—who monopolize the money, respectability, and the political power. They are the masters of the bondmen whom they own, and of the “poor whites” whom they control. So in the midst of our industrial democracy there grows up a class who despise the industry which feeds and clothes them. Not a Southern State has a “republican form of government.” These men are seeking to revive that old vicariousness of the dark ages, and that in its worst form. See how they degrade the mass of the people, hindering their education, their religion, their self-respect; hindering even their industry. The greatest intellect of the South runs to politics, and yet, in the last thirty years, the South has not produced one single great statesman. Over her head there hangs a peril more disastrous and more imminent than impends over Italy, over Spain, over France, even over Turkey, and yet, in that democracy of the South, not a single politician has risen up and dared to cope with this giant ill, and warn his nation against it.

There is no great political talent developed at the South—no statesmanship. Power of intrigue, power to take the lumps of dough which we send from the North, and fashion them to vessels of dishonour, and fill them with the shame they are only fit to hold—this is the extent of the South’s political talent.

This slave power has its vassals all over the North. They abound in the great cities—Cincinnati, Philadelphia, New York, Boston. Read their journals, listen to their orations, hear what they propose for laws, and see the baneful influence of Slavery on the political development of the North.

But this privileged class, this oligarchy of slave-holders, slave-hunters, and slave-breeders, has long controlled the politics of the nation. Once it ruled the Whig party;

then the Know-Nothing party: the Democratic party it has controlled for a long time. See its measures: the Fugitive Slave Bill, the Dred Scott Decision; the spread of Slavery into Kansas and other territory; the acquisition of new territory to spread it into; the reopening of the African slave-trade, to fill the South with men whose masters shall force them to work, and degrade still further the labour of every Irishman, German, or American born to the soil! Take the last three administrations—include, if you will, the present; study their great acts; look at their representative men; consider the principles they lay down, and the measures they thereon build up. Compare these with the three first administrations—of Washington, Adams, Jefferson. Try them by the two texts of this morning's sermon—the Golden Rule, which is now a maxim of humanity; the noble word of our fathers, also a self-evident truth—and then you see the effect of Slavery on American politics.

The slave power violates the conscience of the American people, and then seeks to muzzle the mouth. In the South there must be no discussion of Slavery. Ministers are mobbed, tarred and feathered, and driven off. Even a bookseller is not allowed to retail his liberal wares in Alabama, which Mr. Clay, its representative senator in Congress, says is a "model slave State." So indeed it is! This is the test of institutions: can they bear to be looked at in the daylight, and talked about by every tongue? Napoleon and the Pope say tyranny cannot be looked at: the South says the same. Has the North any institution that it is afraid to have looked at and talked about? Senator Hammond says, "We will send our missionaries to the North, to talk about the wrongs of the people!" The wrongs of the Northern people! where a shoemaker turns into a senator, and nobly fills the place—far better than the accomplished scholar, who but trod on it before; where we turn blacksmiths into governors, and have colleges for the people by every valley, and beside every little stream that runs among the hills! Mr. Hammond's father, a native of this State, went to the South in a humble capacity, to seek his fortune, and found it by marrying a plantation; and from that wedlock has this Senator Hammond sprung, who says that the working people of the North are "the

mud-sills of society," "essential slaves," only not so well paid and cared for as his own! While he was uttering this, the valuation of all the lands and goods in South Carolina was not quite \$148,000,000, but the valuation of assessable property in Boston was \$258,000,000. The "mud-sills," the "slaves" of the North, in a single city, had \$110,000,000 more of property than the whole great State of South Carolina, and her senator thrown in!

Such are the effects that Slavery has on the industrial, intellectual, religious, and political development of the people. It is a four-fold curse upon the master, not less than upon the slave.

Look at New England! She has 60,000 square miles of land; and what is it? Some of you have tilled it; I also for many a year. The soil is thin and poor, the climate ungenial, the summers short, the winters long and terribly severe. Timber, granite, ice, are our natural staples, wherein yet we have no monopoly. Virginia has 63,000 square miles; she has 3000 more than New England, with an admirable soil, and "the finest climate in the world." Her surface bears everything, from tropic cotton in the southern valleys to arctic moss on the mountain top. The earth teems with most valuable minerals. Her coast has the best of harbours; her great rivers are a static power for internal navigation, small ones a dynamic force for manufactures. She had been settled twelve years while New England had no man but the red Indian. Now, New England has 3,000,000 people, all free; Virginia a million and a half, and 500,000 of them are slaves. New England has 3600 miles of railroad, which have cost \$120,000,000; Virginia 1200 miles, which have cost \$23,000,000. The value of the land in Virginia, in 1850, was \$252,000,000; in New England, \$690,000,000. The whole property of Virginia, in land and goods, in 1856, was \$330,000,000; of New England, \$1,220,000,000. In 1858 Boston only lacks \$72,000,000 to be worth as much as all the lands and goods of the great State of Virginia, with 1,500,000 people and 63,000 square miles of land. By nature how poor New England; Virginia how rich: by art how poor Virginia; how rich New England! Whence the odds? Here is freedom: every

avenue to wealth, to honour, office, fame, is open to all. There is Slavery; and as men sow, thus shall they reap—New England, wealth of her freedom; Virginia, from her bondage, poverty. The exports of New England, they are the products of her toilsome hand and thinking brain; they are books, manufactured articles: New England's hand goes through every land. The exports of Virginia, they are her sons and daughters, bred as slaves, to be sold as cattle. Virginia has 78,000 children at school and college; New England, 676,000. From the Aroostook to the Housatonic, from the day of the Pilgrims until now, New England has been covered all over with the footprints of human freedom. The poor little school-houses dot the land everywhere, and the meeting-house lifts its finger to heaven as the index of God's higher law, His self-evident truths, the inalienable right of man to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. While New England opens her ten thousand schools to all children—Saxon, German, Irish, African—in Virginia the arm of the State shuts a woman in gaol because she taught a coloured girl to read the New Testament. While Massachusetts turns with scorn a Judge of Probate out from his office because he kidnapped a man, Virginia shuts a Northern sea captain for forty years in her penitentiary because he aided \$4000 worth of human property to become free men, who believe *sic semper tyrannis*. That is the effect of Slavery!

Nothing can save Slavery. It is destined to ruin. Once I thought it might end peacefully: now I think it must fall as so many another wickedness, in violence and blood. Slavery is in flagrant violation of the institutions of America—direct government, over all the people, by all the people, for all the people. It is hostile to the interests of industrial democracy: it lessens wealth—weakens the growth of creative power, toil and thought. It lies in the way of all religion. There is one great maxim of morality, older than Jesus of Nazareth, common to the Chinese, Buddhist, Classic, Mahomedan, and Christian religion, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them." Measure Slavery by the Golden Rule, and where is it? It conflicts with the self-evident truths of human reason so clear to our fathers, and

first promulgated eighty-two years ago this day. It stands in the way of that automatic instinct of progress which is eternal in the human race and irresistible in human history.

Democracy is the stone which the builders rejected: in due time it is hoisted up with shouting, and made the head of the corner. It was not the work of wise men, who knew what they did. "It is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes;" not your forecast, but the Divine Providence that works by us, and through us, without our will. "Whoso falleth on that stone shall be broken, but on whomsoever it shall fall it will grind him to powder."

Slavery must go down. The course of trade is against it; the course of thought; the course of religion; the course of politics; the course of history. All the Cæsars could not save Paganism when the Sun of Christian righteousness shone in the Roman sky. No Julian the apostate can turn back the eyes of free men to love that vicariousness of government which our pilgrim fathers fled from with devout prayers, and which our patriot fathers declared against and put down with devout swords. Meetings of Southern planters to restore the slave-trade, assemblies of Northern capitalists and their flunkies to suppress agitation and enforce kidnapping, conventions of national politicians to put down the principles of democracy and the Christian religion—can these things save Slavery from its fate? No more than a convention of grizzly bears in the Rocky Mountains can protect the savage woods from the axe, or stay the tide of civilized man, which will sweep across the continent, and fill the howling wilderness with farms and villages, and cities of Christian men instead of grizzly bears. Let presidents and cabinets do their possible, mankind will tread Slavery underneath their feet.

You and I, American men and women, we must end Slavery soon, or it ruins our democracy—the sooner the better, and at the smaller cost. And if we are faithful, as our patriot fathers and our pilgrim fathers, then, when you and your children shall assemble eighteen years hence to keep the one hundredth birthday of the land, there shall not be a slave in all America!

Then what a prospect, what a history, is there for the

American people with their industrial democracy! For all men freedom in the market, freedom in the school, freedom in the Church, freedom in the State! Remove this monstrous evil, what a glorious future shall be ours! The whole mighty continent will come within the bounds of liberty, and the very islands of the gulf rejoice.

And, henceforth, there shall be no chain,
Save, underneath the sea,
The wires shall murmur through the main
Sweet songs of liberty.

The conscious stars accord above,
The waters wild below,
And under, through the cable wove,
Her fiery errands go.

For He who worketh high and wise,
Nor pauses in His plan,
Will take the sun out of the skies
Ere freedom out of man.



VII.

THE MATERIAL CONDITION OF THE PEOPLE OF
MASSACHUSETTS.*

REPRINTED FROM THE "CHRISTIAN EXAMINER."

WE intend in this article to write of the material condition of the people of Massachusetts. In detail we shall treat of the number of the people; of their marriages, their births, and their deaths; then also of the property of the people; of idiocy, insanity, blindness, and sickness; of the means of education, and the means for the repression of crime. At the end of all we shall offer some hints as moral, not to a fable, but to a fact. For convenience' sake, we put the statistics into tables, apples of gold in vessels of silver.

I. OF THE PERSONS IN THE STATE.—On the first day of June, 1855, there were in Massachusetts 1,132,369 persons. To-day the number is doubtless greater; but let it be considered as still the same.

1. They are thus divided in respect to race:—9767 are black men, of the African race; whereof 6923 are pure negroes, 2844 are mixed. 139 are red men, of the American or Indian race: of these, six only are pure Indian, the rest are mixed with the blood of other races. This is the poor remnant of the great savage population

* Fifteenth Report to the Legislature of Massachusetts relating to the Registry and Return of Births, Marriages, and Deaths in the Commonwealth, for the Year ending December 31, 1856. By Francis de Witt, Secretary of the Commonwealth. Boston, 1857. 8vo, pp. xvi. and 287.

which filled up the land two hundred and fifty years ago, as confident in their "manifest destiny" as their civilized successors are to-day. It is painful to consider the fate of the thousands of men who once filled the forests of New England! We know of no justification for the conduct of our fathers, who often treated the Indians like beasts of prey. But even now the Americans are scarcely more merciful. There are 1,122,463 of the Caucasian race: of these 877,280 are natives of the United States; 244,685 are foreigners; 498 are of unknown nativity. Putting all together, black, red, and white, there are 886,575 inhabitants of Massachusetts who were born here, 245,263 foreigners, and 531 of doubtful origin. Besides, in 1850, 199,582 natives of Massachusetts were living elsewhere in the United States, and there are 30,000 or 40,000 probably now residing in other countries of the earth.

The historical growth of the population of Massachusetts is a little remarkable. In 1620 the first white settlers—not counting the Scandinavians, who actually came in the Middle Ages—dropped their anchor in the shallow waters of "New Plymouth." The following tables show the subsequent growth in numbers. The first table is conjectural:—

TABLE I.—*Population of Massachusetts from 1620 to 1775.*

Year.	Population.	Year.	Population.
1620	101	1749	220,000
1701	70,000	1775	352,000

TABLE II.—*Population of Massachusetts from 1790 to 1855.*

Year.	Population.	Year.	Population.
1790	378,717	1830	610,408
1800	423,245	1840	737,699
1810	472,041	1850	994,514
1820	523,287	1855	1,132,369

The figures of this last table rest on actual official count. Truly this is a pretty respectable increase in two hundred and thirty-five years. Our fathers started with Puritanism and the wilderness, and this is the numeric result which has come of their ciphering!

2. They are thus distributed in respect to sex:—550,034 are males, 582,335 are females; thus there are 32,301 more of womankind than of mankind in the State—106 women to 100 men. More males are born every

year, and more females die; still the women surpass the men. It is thought an excess of women migrates in, and an excess of men migrates out, and hence the perpetual superabundance of women and its unavoidable consequences.* These persons live in 228,845 families, and occupy 175,311 dwellings.

3. They are thus distributed in respect to age. Human life may be divided into three periods: the Dependent age, from birth to 15; the Productive age, from 15 to 60; the Retiring age, from 60 to the end.

TABLE III.—*Age of the Population.*

358,904 of the	Dependent age.	31.69	per cent. of whole population.		
701,100	„ Productive age.	61.91	„	„	„
70,024	„ Retiring age.	6.40	„	„	„
2341 of unascertained age.					

In 1855 there were 132,944 under 5, and 19 over 100. In the various countries of Europe the average age of all the population varies from 26 to 33; we do not know the figures for Massachusetts; the average of the dying we shall give in a subsequent page. Out of 100 persons, 32 are under 15; 62 between 15 and 60; 6 are over three-score; while only one out of 65,000 ever sees his hundredth birthday. We shall presently return to this matter of longevity.

4. The adult males are thus occupied in various trades. On the first of June, 1855, there were 333,542 males in the State over 15 years of age, whose industrial business was reported in the census of that year. We give the result below:—

TABLE IV.—*Occupations of the People.*

Business.	Number.	Per-centage.
Mechanics	122,251	36.63
Labourers	60,248	18.06
Farmers	57,031	17.10
Traders	29,039	8.71
Mariners and boatmen	16,346	4.91
Factory operatives	8801	2.64
Professional men	8312	2.49
Manufacturers	5294	1.59
Miscellaneous work	26,220	7.87
Total	333,542	100.00

* In Upper Canada there are 46,128 more males than females. Yet there are 15,528 widows, and only 8742 widowers.

About 41,000 men work upon leather, either in manufacturing the article or moulding it into various forms. There are 1800 doctors; 1750 ministers, of large and small denominations; 1545 printers; 1584 coopers: 1116 lawyers; and 1080 pedlars. Thus out of 100 males over fifteen years old, 3 work in factories; 5 are sailors; 9 are traders; 17 are farmers; 18 are labourers; and 37 mechanics, of whom 12 work upon leather; every eighth man in the State is a shoemaker.

If we look back to the history of productive industry in Massachusetts we shall see that a great change has taken place. A large part of the men are now at work under cover, in factories or shops, and are also dependent on some man or corporation who employs them. It was not so a hundred years ago, when the majority worked each man for himself, and the great mass of the people in the open air. This change in the industry of the people brings with it important consequences, which appear in the size, health, and longevity of the people, and also in the amount of their free individuality. There is less physical strength in a thousand working-men now than in 1750, we think; less individual freedom of thought and manly independence. The industrial, like other battles, is won with a loss. Man's body comes into equilibrium with the circumstances it is exposed to, oscillating for a while between its maximum and minimum of energy; the spirit of man also accommodates itself to its surroundings, as any one can see in England, Spain, and Turkey.

" 'Tis the day of the chattel,
Web to weave, and corn to grind;
Things are in the saddle,
And ride mankind.
There are two laws discrete,
Not reconciled,—
Law for man, and law for thing;
The last builds town and fleet,
But it runs wild,
And doth the man unking."

II. OF THE MARRIAGES OF THE PEOPLE.*—Here we

* Fifteenth Report to the Legislature of Massachusetts relating to the Registry and Return of Births, Marriages, and Deaths in the Commonwealth, for the year ending December 31, 1856. By Francis De Witt, &c. Boston, 1857.

Report of the City Registrar of the Births, Marriages, and Deaths in the City of Boston for the year 1857. Boston, 1858.

take the facts for the year ending December 31, 1856. No State returns of a later date have been published, but the returns of the city of Boston come down a year later.

In 1856 there were 12,265 couples married in Massachusetts. The number is 1418 less than that of 1854. Is marriage diminishing in Massachusetts? The extravagant habits of luxurious men and women put marriage out of the reach of many, vanity prevailing over affection. As flounces increase in number and greatness in size, wives diminish and lessen. A woman becomes an article of luxury. It is instructive to notice the proportion between the marriages of natives and foreigners. Mr. De Witt has put the wedlock of four years into a Table, as follows:—

TABLE V.—*Marriages in Massachusetts from 1853 to 1856.*

Nativity of the Parties.	1853.	1854.	1855.	1856.	1853-56.
Both parties American . .	7381	7492	6918	6818	28,609
" Foreign . . .	4057	4797	4269	4323	17,446
Amer. groom, for. bride . .	485	542	467	495	1989
For. groom, American bride	438	512	487	487	1944
Nativity not ascertained . .	447	340	188	142	1117
Total	12,828	13,683	12,329	12,265	

Of the 2536 men who were married in Boston in 1856, only 1033 were born in the United States, while 1503 were foreigners—960 of whom were natives of Ireland. Of the 2536 women married here in that year, only 989 were natives of the United States, but 341 of whom were born in Boston; while 1080 Irishwomen were made joyful with so many men. With that class extravagance does not hinder wedlock. The poor can always afford marriage.

In the whole State the American outnumber the foreign marriages.

It is always interesting to know at what age the parties become one; so we have constructed the following Table:—

TABLE VI.—*Age at the time of Marriage.*

	Under 20	20 to 25	25 to 30	30 to 35	35 to 40	40 to 50	Above 50.
Males	206	5096	3641	1422	694	632	391
Females	2739	5493	2235	751	353	304	457

Two boys of 16 were married; 1 girl of 13; 11 of 14; 63 of 15; 176 of 16; and 32 of 17! The oldest bridegroom was between 75 and 80; the oldest bride was between 60 and 65. So it seems 23 per cent. of the Massachusetts wives marry before 20; 45 per cent. between 20 and 25; in other words at 20 the maiden has escaped about one-fourth part of the risks of being married, but sailing is now dangerous; at 25 a little more than two-thirds of the peril is gone; while at 30 there is only about one chance in six that she will ever encounter that shipwreck.

In Kentucky, in 1855, out of 5353 women who were married, and whose ages are recorded, it appears that 1 was married at 11; 8 at 13; 17 at 14; 2260 under 20; 4161 under 25. One woman at 73 married a man of 81. A maiden of 75 joined herself (and her estate) to a man of 25! "And may God Almighty have mercy on your souls!" would have been the appropriate benediction.

III. OF THE NUMBER OF BIRTHS.—In 1856 there were 34,445 children born in Massachusetts. Out of 200 of these babies about 103 are boys and 97 girls; this rule seems to be nearly constant in our State. Of these children 15,908 had both parents Americans, while 16,513 had a foreigner for father or mother; the nativity of the parents of 2024 was not ascertained. The illegitimate births are reported as only 257, of which 118 took place in the two State almshouses. But this matter is not investigated as it should be; the number of extra-matrimonial births is greater, though probably much less than in any other country of Christendom.

The proportion of children of foreign extraction varies in different parts of the State. Thus, in the county of Suffolk, there were 6251 births; but only 1634 children had an American father and mother, while 3955 had both parents foreign: only 1881 had American fathers; but 4202 had foreign fathers. Suffolk county is only a New England "County Cork;" Boston is but the "Dublin" of America. 5866 babies were born in Boston in 1856; only 1670 had American fathers, only 902 Massachusetts fathers, only 428 Boston fathers; while more than 2900 children had both parents Irish. Thirty pairs of Irish twins crowded into the world of Boston that year!

In the seven years from 1850 to 1856, there were but 13,182 children born in Suffolk County to American fathers, while the foreign fathers rejoiced in the paternity of 26,924 children. In one case three Irish children rushed at one birth into the land of promise. Not long since a true Hibernian birth took place: a woman was delivered of twins, one of whom was born in 1855 and the other in 1856. This, we take it, could happen only in the case that both parents were Irish!

Some parts of Boston are more fertile than others. Thus, in 1856, in Ward 2 (East Boston) there was one birth for every 21 persons; while in Ward 4 there was but one birth to 63 persons. In Ward 2 every eleventh female bore a child that year. In the whole city there was one birth to every 27.48 persons. The birth of coloured children was only one in 44.40; in 1857, it was but one in 65. This comparative sterility of coloured women in Boston is a remarkable fact. Is the climate too severe for these children of the tropics? or is the cause found in the abandoned life of many coloured women?

At the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science at Cheltenham, in 1856, Mr. Clibborn read a remarkable paper "On the Tendency of European Races to become Extinct in the United States." His purpose was to exhibit the "probability of the extinction on the continent of North America, not only of the Celtic or Irish race, but of all other European races, provided intercourse with Europe is entirely interrupted." A writer in the "Boston Daily Advertiser" some time since showed the absurdity of this opinion, and mentioned that the population of the United States increases "six times as fast as Great Britain, and ten times as fast as France." We would add a few facts, gathered from other sources, showing that population is not likely to cease at present. Dr. Wetherspoon, of the United States army, reports that in the neighbourhood of Fort Kent, on the St. John's river in Maine, on the British side of that river, some of the Celtic descendants of old Acadians are settled; in 12 families living within a mile of the garrison, and taken without exception, there were 93 children; the married life of the 24 parents was in all but 162 years, a child for

every 20½ months! M. Burgoyne had 18 children by his first wife, 2 by the second. His oldest daughter has been married 11 years, and had 8 children; his mother had three pairs of twins. M. Ferriand has had 26 children by one wife; she was 53 years old when the last was born! M. Le Crog had 19 children in 18 years, five pairs of twins. M. Cire has had 22 children, all single births; his wife was 14 at marriage, now 43. There are six families at Green River, within the space of a mile, who have had in all 106 children—an average of 17·66 births to a marriage. Four women had 84 children! Marriage of girls at 13 or 14 is not uncommon. The wife of Jacques Camel had been married 11 years, and has had 7 children, all now living except the first, who died at the age of four. "She has always been in the habit of nursing her children from one birth to another."* The settlers in Canada, as well as the United States, have proved that the country is not one "that eateth up the inhabitants thereof."† We know a gentleman whose six American male ancestors will average 77 at death, while the six females come up to 80! Such examples are not uncommon. The descendants of the white man and the red woman are short-lived.

IV. OF THE NUMBER OF DEATHS.—20,734 died in Massachusetts in 1856—10,201 were males, 10,401 females, 132 were of unreported sex.

1. In the whole State the average age at death was 26·97; in Dukes County, 45·53; in Suffolk County, 19·98. In Suffolk, 10 persons at death have lived about 200 years; in Dukes, about 460. In Middlesex, the average age at death is 25·31; in Bristol, Essex, Hampden, and Worcester, about 28; in Franklin, 34·64. Have the Irish and other Celtic people less tenacity of life than the Anglo-Saxons and their Teutonic kindred, or do circumstances cause the difference in duration of life? 4226 died under

* Statistical Report on the Sickness and Mortality in the Army of the United States, from July, 1839, to July, 1855 (Washington, 1856, 4to.), p. 24, *et seq.*

† Census of the Canadas, 1851-2 (2 vols. 8vo. Quebec, 1853-4), Vol. I. pp. xi. xv-xix. *et passim*; Vol. II. p. 22, *et seq.*, where there are some remarkable statistics of health and longevity. See, too, Annual Report of the Schools in Upper Canada for 1855 (1 vol. 8vo. Toronto, 1856), pp. 48, *et seq.*, 162, *et seq.*

one year. More than one-fifth of all deaths are of babies not a year old; more than two-fifths die before five. In Boston, the number of those who die before five is greater than all the deaths between 5 and 60; thus here the chances of death in the first 5 years are greater than in the next 55! Here the average age of all at death is about 20; of the native Americans, about 25; of the coloured people, 27; of the foreigners, 17. It is often said the Africans in New England have less vitality than any other people. These facts do not support the theory. But in 1857, the average age of coloured persons at death was only 25.24, while that of other native Americans was 27.57.

2. Women attain a greater age than men. Perhaps this is so in all countries. The following Table shows the age at death of the various classes of men and women :—

TABLE VII.—*Age of Foreign and Native Males and Females at Death.*

Native-born females, at death, will average	29.94
Native-born males	27.57
Foreign-born females	17.93
Foreign-born males	17.00
Native-born coloured females	25.46
Native-born coloured males	24.79

American males live ten years more than foreign males, and American females twelve years more than their sisters from abroad. Let us divide life as before into three periods, the dependent, from birth to 15; the productive, from 15 to 60; the retiring, from 60 till death, and see what number die in each period. We omit all whose age is not ascertained.

TABLE VIII.—*Distribution of Death according to Age and Sex. 1856.*

	Dependent Age.	Productive Age.	Retiring Age.
Males	4907	3451	1763
Females	4301	4091	1937
Total	9208	7542	3700

The mortality of males is greatest in the first period, while that of women takes precedence in the two others. The causes which produce this increased sacrifice of male life in the first fifteen years are not yet well ascertained.

The following Table contains facts for the years 1852-56, and shows the comparative mortality of men and women at different ages.

TABLE IX.—*Distribution of Death according to Sex and Age.* 1852-56.

	Under 1.	Under 5.	Between 20 and 30.	Over 30.
Males . . .	12,245	20,782	4,888	24,446
Females . . .	9,061	17,684	6,787	26,480
Total . . .	21,306	38,466	11,675	50,926

Here, too, the superior longevity of woman appears.

The same law prevails in other countries. Mr. Neison furnishes the facts for England,* whence we have constructed the following Table:—

TABLE X.—*Expectation of Life in England.*

Age.	For Males.	For Females.	Age.	For Males.	For Females.
10	47·75	48·38	50	20·84	22·05
15	44·17	44·99	60	14·58	15·53
20	40·69	41·59	70	9·21	9·84
25	37·34	38·36	80	5·21	5·63
30	34·09	35·16	90	2·89	3·09
40	27·47	28·73	100	2·13	1·87

The same law appears in Belgium. We gather the curious statistics from M. Quetelet's celebrated book.† In Belgium the males and females are nearly equal in number.

TABLE XI.—*Comparative Vitality of Males and Females.*

	In Cities.	In Country.
For 100 females stillborn there are	133 males.	170 males.
For 100 fms. who die there are in 1st 3 mos.	130 "	126 "
" " " " " 3 to 12 mos.	115 "	109 "
" " " " " 1 to 5 yrs.	103 "	90·50 "
" " " " " 5 to 14	90 "	93 "
" " " " " 14 to 18	82 "	75 "
" " " " " 18 to 21	98 "	92 "
" " " " " 21 to 40	104 "	86·33 "
" " " " " 40 to 50	102 "	83 "
" " " " " 50 to 60	107 "	118 "
" " " " " 60 to 70	96 "	105 "
" " " " " 70 to 80	77 "	100 "
" " " " " 80 to 100	68 "	92 "

In Boston the coloured people furnish a striking exception to the general rule; 38 coloured males died here in 1856, and 33 coloured females; the average age of the former was 30 years, of the latter, a little less than 25. It

* "Contributions to Vital Statistics, being a Development of the Rate of Mortality and the Laws of Sickness," &c., &c. By F. G. P. Neison. Third edition. London, 1857. 1 vol. 4to. See pp. 40, 607, 615.

† Sur l'Homme et le Développement de ses Facultés, &c. (Paris, 1855, 2 vols. 8vo.), Vol. I., p. 157.

should be remembered that many coloured females belong to the lowest class of prostitutes. There are but two places in New England where the coloured are regarded as entitled to the same rights with the whites; one is the lowest haunt of corruption, the other the company of the most religious and humane of all philanthropists.

3. The deaths are thus distributed among natives and foreigners, males and females :—

TABLE XII.—*Distribution of Deaths in 1856.*

Native Americans. 16,678.		Foreigners. 3191.	
Males	8186	Males	1663
Females	8391	Females	1557
Sex not reported	101	Sex not reported .	1

During the last three years about 16 per cent. of all deaths in Massachusetts have been those of foreigners.

It is instructive to look at the causes of death: 841 died by violence last year, most of them by accident, that is, by some man's carelessness. In the 15 years and 8 months ending December 31, 1856, no less than 4081 persons have perished here by violence: whereof 3 were hanged by the sheriff; 108 were murdered; 860 committed suicide, 101 in 1856; and 3110 came to an end by "other violent causes" not distinctly named in the reports. Americans are singularly reckless of life; but yet suicide is less common in Massachusetts than in many other civilized countries. Thus, by the celebrated Gotha tables, calculated from the narrow basis of 2807 lives, it appears that one death out of 44 was by suicide.* The population of London is less than double that of Massachusetts, but its suicides are more than twice as many, varying from 203 to 266 a year. This crime is on the increase in Massachusetts.

TABLE XIII.—*Increase of Suicides from 1849 to 1856.*

Year.	No. of Suicides.	Year.	No. of Suicides.
1849	67	1853	67
1850	49	1854	82
1851	57	1855	91
1852	76	1856	101

The greater proclivity of the male to violence appears in

* See Neison, *ubi supra*, p. 189, *et seq.* Also Buckle's "History of Civilization" (London, 1857), Vol. I., p. 26, *et seq.*

the number of suicides: 71 per cent. are male, 29 female. "*Omnis natura in re minima*," is an old rule. The greatest number of Massachusetts suicides takes place in May. It seems in Europe this crime is more common amongst Protestants than Catholics. Any thoughtful man would expect it to be in some proportion to the amount of freedom of thought and individual self-direction. Babies don't fall till they begin to go alone; while in the cradle they break no bones.

Many children are born dead. Infanticide takes two forms, ante-natal and post-natal. The law of Massachusetts regards the latter as a crime, and punishes it as other forms of murder; but it takes no notice of the former. We cannot furnish the statistics of abortion; but, judging from what we have learned, they would be more frightful than those of any other form of New England crime. It is not less murder to destroy the life of a child in a woman's body than in a man's cradle or a public highway. If thoughtful men do not ascertain the extent of this enormity, and that among "respectable" women, by noticing the average number of children to a marriage, or by reading the advertisements of abortionists in the public papers, they may ask any intelligent physician of this town, and he will tell them facts we do not care to shame these pages with. Much of the mortality of children in the first three years of life may often be traced to the mother's efforts to be no mother.*

Of the 20,748 who died in 1856, we find 978 died of old age; 4 of these had reached the respectable period of 100, or more. Old age, we take it, is the only death that is natural to man and unavoidable.

It is not our purpose to give an account of the various diseases which have made havoc of men; we leave that to the physicians. But we would call attention to the effect of a man's business and his locality on the length of his life.

In the 12 years and 8 months ending with 1856, 38,027 persons over 20 years old have died in Massachusetts, whose age and business were ascertained and reported in

* See some remarks on this matter in Transactions of the American Medical Association for 1857 (New York, 1857; 1 vol. 8vo.), p. 93, *et seq.*

the official documents. The facts are shown in the following table :—

TABLE XIV.—*Of Occupation and Longevity.*

Occupation.	No. of Persons.	Aggregate Length of Life.	Average Age at Death.
Farmers	10,741	689,466	64.19
Coopers	305	17,790	58.32
Lawyers	188	10,746	57.15
Ministers	265	15,108	57.01
Shipwrights	275	15,456	56.20
Doctors	366	20,088	54.85
Blacksmiths	743	38,513	51.83
Wheelwrights	167	8,586	51.41
Carpenters	1,679	83,365	49.65
Merchants and traders	1,674	83,099	49.36
Tanners and curriers	214	10,284	48.05
Tavern-keepers	158	7,581	47.98
Masons	401	19,017	47.42
Cabinet-makers	228	10,735	47.08
Seamen	2,561	118,366	46.21
Labourers	7,300	326,324	44.71
Manufacturers	343	15,231	44.40
Stonemasons	223	9,792	43.91
Shoemakers	2,741	118,489	43.22
Mechanics	466	20,101	43.13
Tailors	346	14,655	42.35
Painters	429	18,095	42.18
Machinists	409	15,350	37.55
Printers	150	5,490	36.60

It is now quite clear that in all civilized countries the average life of man is lengthening; yet it may be doubtful whether cases of extreme longevity are on the increase. We have never found any well-authenticated case of a man reaching his two-hundredth year. Thomas Parr was born in Shropshire, England, in 1483, and died in 1635, nearly 153 years old. He worked at farming till about 130; when 116 or 118, it is said, he became unlawfully the father of a child, and was punished ecclesiastically by walking on Sunday in a white sheet in front of the church in his parish. He married for the last time when near 120. At his death, Dr. Harvey opened the body, and found no signs of decay. One of his grandsons died at 120. In 1670 Henry Jenkins died in Yorkshire at the age of 169. Petrach Czartan, a Hungarian peasant, was born in 1587, and died in 1772, aged 185.* This is the greatest age we find in any authentic history, if, indeed, the facts be well established.

* "New American Encyclopædia," Art. Age.

In the year 76 the census of Italy was taken, and in the "eighth region," between the Apennines and the Po, there were 124 persons over 100 years of age; three of them were 140; at Rimini, Marcus Aponius was then living at 150.* Lord Bacon collects several cases of great age in his "History of Life and Death;" but some of them are poorly vouched for.† He says, "the old Countess of Desmond" lived to 140. We remember to have heard it said of her in some verses—

"Who lived to much more than a hundred and ten,
And died by a fall from a cherry-tree then.
What a frisky old girl!"

It is said that the famous John of Times (Johannes de Temporibus, so called for the ages he lived through) saw 361 years, but the statement lacks confirmation.‡ M. Prosper Lucas, in a recent work, says that on the 12th of January, 1763, in the hamlet of Conino, in Russia, there died a woman named Margaret Cribstowna, wife of Gaspard Raycoul. She was 108 years old. She married him, her third husband, when she was 94 and he 105; they had three children born in that wedlock, all living at their mother's death; the children's hair was white, they had no teeth, but cavities in the gums as if the teeth had been removed; they were of the ordinary size for their age, but crooked in the back, having a faded complexion, with all the other signs of decrepitude. The same author relates that the wife of one of the coachmen of Charles X. bore a child at the age of 65, who likewise had all the marks of senility.§ Wanley tells of a "Cornish beggar," an Irishman by birth, of whom this epitaph was written:—

* Livius, H. N., Lib. VII. c. 50. But Sillig, in his admirable edition, reads 140. See also Gruteri Inscript. 302.

† Works, edited by Ellis and Spedding (London, 1857), Vol. II., p. 132, *et seq.*

‡ Wanley's "Wonders of the Little World" (London, 1788), p. 64.

§ "Traité de l'Hérédité Naturelle" (Paris, 1850, 2 vols. 8vo.), Tom. II. p. 462, *et seq.* On p. 496, *et seq.*, see cases of remarkable precocity. Beyerlink has made a collection of cases of long life in his "Theatrum Vitæ Humanæ," Art. Longævitas and Vitæ (p. 171), where the reader will find curious things. The common works on Longevity require no mention here.

" Here Brawne, the quondam beggar lies,
 Who counted by his tale
 Some sixscore winters and above,
 Such virtue is in ale.

Ale was his meat, his drink, his cloth,
 Ale did his death deprive,
 And could he still have drank his ale,
 He had been still alive!"

Seventy-one men settled in the town of Newton, Mass., towards the middle of the seventeenth century. The age of thirty of them at death is ascertained: they averaged a little more than 69.*

V. OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PEOPLE.—1. In 1840, the taxable property of Massachusetts was valued at \$307,089,196. In 1850, at \$597,936,460. At the present day it is thought to be about \$1,000,000,000. This does not include the untaxed property, real and personal, belonging to churches, schools, academics, colleges, and literary, scientific, and benevolent institutions, which would amount to \$100,000,000 more. This property is more than \$880 to each person in the State. It is more than a dollar apiece to the human race. Less than 250 years ago Massachusetts started with a few Puritans, and the wilderness for outfit, and now in eight generations she has accumulated so much property that she could give a dollar to each of the thousand million inhabitants of the earth, and still have all her schools, meeting-houses, town-houses, almshouses, gaols, and literary, benevolent, and scientific institutions left as nest-eggs to begin the world anew. We have done pretty well for beginners.

This great mass of property is more uniformly distributed than in any of the countries of Europe; but we think less uniformly than in any other New England State, with the exception of Rhode Island. It is pleasant to know that there are 86 Savings Banks in Massachusetts, in which about 177,000 depositors hold property, amounting to more than \$33,000,000, about \$30 to each man, woman, and child in the State. No depositor, we think, draws interest when his principal amounts to more than \$500. The Irish are an acquisitive people, with a considerable instinct for hoarding. In the great towns they have much property in these benevolent institutions. On

* See "Jackson's History of Newton," (Boston, 1814), p. 9, *et seq.*

the other hand, the Africans are more tropical in their habits, hoard little, and have not much property in the Savings Banks, or elsewhere. Yet in Louisville we are told of large estates in their hands.

We have not been able to procure the statistics of municipal taxation in Massachusetts. Each of the 333 towns manages its own affairs, and no law requires any return of the amount of money collected. But it would be quite interesting to know the sum raised, and compare the expenses of different towns. The county taxes, it is officially known, have been on the increase continually, for the last ten years. Thus, in 1848, the tax in twelve counties—all except Suffolk and Nantucket—was \$233,575; in 1857 it had swollen to \$526,535. We are glad to learn that the present governor, prompt and efficient in many things, is attempting to procure information on this matter.*

In 1857, the valuation of Boston was \$258,110,900. We should like to compare this with the property of South Carolina. We have not the facts before us, but we find her State taxes in 1856 were \$532,744; of this \$290,488 came from Negro slaves. Thus the entire tax on property and free polls was only \$242,256, though each free coloured person, children included, is doomed to pay \$2 a-year. Hence it appears that more than half the wealth of that great State consists in the persons of its slaves. She had then 17,443,791 acres of taxable land, officially valued at \$10,284,001, or about 58 cents an acre.† In 1850, the entire property of South Carolina was estimated in the United States census at \$283,867,709. This included the value of the slaves. The city of Boston alone could buy up all the natural property, all the land and things, in that State, and still have a balance left sufficient to purchase several other slave States.

Property is less equally distributed in Boston than elsewhere in New England; a few men have great estates; many are thriving, but many also are poor. The squalid

* See editorial in "Boston Daily Advertiser" for May 4, 1858.

† Report of the Comptroller-General to the Legislature of South Carolina (Columbia, S. C., 1856), p. 22, *et al.* See also Governor Allston's Message for 1857. The last annual Message of Mr. Chase, Governor of Ohio, is a model for papers of that kind, containing much valuable information not often found in gubernatorial documents.

poverty of New England, its drunkenness, prostitution, crime, flow hither as to a common sink. Boston has her perishing and her dangerous classes, whom no legislation lifts out from their wretchedness and vice. But we shall have a word for them on another page.

We have no means of estimating the annual value of the industry of the people in Massachusetts, or of the income from capital. But in 1855, an accurate census was made of the value of articles produced in the State, though no separation was made between the worth of the material and that of the labour bestowed upon it. From that examination, it appeared that the value of articles produced by the people's labour in the year ending June 1, 1855, was \$295,820,681.79.* This is more than the worth of all the land and things in the two States of Virginia and South Carolina! Yet it is thought the census of 1855 did not return more than two-thirds of the actual earnings of the people, but the real value of the articles produced here that year would be \$300,000,000. So the conceded earnings of that period would purchase all the land in Delaware, North Carolina, and Florida, at the Government estimate in 1850.

2. In the year ending November 1, 1857, it appears that 7714 persons were received into the various almshouses of the 333 towns in Massachusetts; besides, in the nine months ending the 1st of October, 2778 other paupers were received into the State almshouses. Thus 10,492 persons were sheltered by the State or municipal charity during that period; on the average, 5837 persons were wholly supported in the various establishments of the towns or the Commonwealth.

Temporary relief was also municipally afforded to 17,181 others. Thus nearly 28,000 persons were more or less dependent on public charity. But of these nearly all whom the State relieved were foreigners; of the 25,000 helped by the towns, 8300 were foreigners. Of the 10,492 indoor paupers, we think more than half were born abroad; but, by a strange defect in the public documents, we are not able to verify our conjecture. Of the 25,000 helped by the towns, about 15,000 were brought to poverty by the

* "Statistical information relating to Certain Branches of Industry in Massachusetts," &c. Boston, 1856.

intemperance of themselves or others! Of the 9500 who had help from the charity of this county in 1856, less than 1100 had a settlement in this State; about 8500 of them were foreigners. Of the whole army of paupers in Suffolk County, more than 8000 were brought to poverty by drunkenness, in themselves or others. To support this vast mass of pauperism, the towns and the State collectively paid \$641,192.41. Let us suppose that \$358,807.59 were given by private charity for the support of these or other poor persons. We have then \$1,000,000 given to help the indigent. If the value of the earnings of Massachusetts be but \$200,000,000, then our public and private charity of this kind is half of one per cent. of the earnings of the people—five mills on a dollar. Certainly it is not a very alarming piece of news.

VI. OF IDIOCY, INSANITY, BLINDNESS, AND SICKNESS IN MASSACHUSETTS.*—1. On the 30th September there were 63 idiotic or feeble-minded persons in the State institution at South Boston; 10 more had been there in the course of the year. There were also 58 other “idiotic or insane” persons in the various gaols of the Commonwealth: thus 121 were in the public institutions of the State, most of them supported wholly at the public cost.

In the autumn of 1854, a census was made of all the idiotic and insane persons in Massachusetts. It was taken with great accuracy, and a careful and detailed Report made by Dr. Jarvis,† so well known for his devotion to those unfortunate persons. From that we construct this Table:—

TABLE XV.—Of Idiots in Massachusetts.

Native-born	1043
Foreigners	44
Total	1087
Supported by friends	670
Supported by the public	417

* Tenth Annual Report of the Massachusetts School for Idiotic and Feeble-minded Youth. Boston, 1857.

Abstract of Returns of the keepers of Gaols and of the Overseers of the Houses of Correction for the Eleven Months ending September 30, 1857. Boston, 1857.

† Report on Insanity and Idiocy in Massachusetts, &c. Boston, 1855.

We shall again refer to this valuable document.

2. In the two public lunatic asylums at Worcester and Taunton,* 1148 insane persons were received in the first eleven months of last year; 670 remained there on the 30th of November. The amount of insanity is quite large. It is caused by the great intellectual activity of the people, the intensity of business, lack of society, the failure of affection; by the vices of passion and the vices of ambition; by celibacy; by drunkenness; and by a dull and gloomy theology, with unnatural ideas of God, of man, and of the relation between the two. In the last Report of the asylum at Worcester, we find an instructive array of facts, gathered from 3390 cases, extending over 25 years, from 1833 to 1857. From them we construct the following Table:—

TABLE XVI.—Of the Causes of Insanity.

Causes.	Male	Female	Total
Ill health in general	135	467	602
Special diseases	244	207	451
Troubles attending the reproductive function		184	184
Casualties, exposure, &c.	98	75	173
Excitement, intellectual, moral, and affectional, &c.	399	501	900
Religious excitement of all kinds	132	170	302
Intemperance	413	46	459
Self-abuse	230	22	252
All other causes	23	44	67
Total	1674	1716	3390

TABLE XVII.—Showing the Percentage of the most Important Causes for 25 Years.

General ill health	16.4
Troubles on account of the affections	10.8
Intemperance	9.2
Troubles on account of religion	5.5
Self-abuse	5.2
Troubles on account of property	4.7

Great pains have been taken with insane persons in Massachusetts; we think no State has made more generous or wise provisions for this unfortunate class. But we

* Twenty-fifth Annual Report of the Trustees of the State Lunatic Hospital at Worcester. Boston, 1857.

Fourth Annual Report of the Trustees of the State Lunatic Hospital at Taunton. 1857.

do not reach the cause of the evil. That is not to be removed by doctoring, but to be outgrown. To us, in this age of intense business, it is what leprosy once was to a slothful, sluggish, and unclean people, and will no doubt in like manner be outgrown. A man's occupation affects his sanity. We have found that the farmer lives longer than men of any other calling. It seems a little surprising to find how great is the tendency to insanity among the agricultural people. Out of 177 patients remaining at the Worcester Asylum, November 30, 1857, there were 30 farmers, 38 labourers, and 22 shoemakers. We are told on high authority, that there is more insanity in Connecticut than in any part of the world in proportion to the whole number of the people. The tendency to madness is stronger in celibates than among the married people. This follows naturally, and surprises no one :—

In the autumn of 1854 a careful census was made to ascertain the number of lunatics in the State, and a valuable report was published. The name of Dr. Jarvis is sufficient authority for the accuracy of the statements which we put into the following table :—

TABLE XVIII.—Of Lunacy in Massachusetts in 1854.

Total number of Lunatics in the State	2,632
Males	1,254
Females	1,378
Natives	2,007
Foreigners	625
Independent—Natives	1,066
Foreigners	44
	1,110
Paupers—Natives	941
Foreigners	581
	1,522

At that time the foreign population was estimated at 230,000, and the native at 894,676. It seems the aliens had a greater ratio of insanity than the natives, which we represent by the following table :—

TABLE XIX.—Showing the Distribution of Insanity in Massachusetts.

Natives that are lunatics	1 in each	445 natives.
Natives that are pauper lunatics	1 "	951 "
Foreigners that are lunatics	1 "	368 foreigners.
Foreigners that are pauper lunatics	1 "	399 "

Thus it appears that every four-hundredth foreigner is a crazy pauper. But this fact does not show a greater ethnological tendency to madness in them, only that their circumstances are unfavourable to their sanity. Ninety-three per cent. of the foreign lunatics are paupers! "Much of their insanity," says Dr. Jarvis, "comes from the intemperance to which the Irish seem to be peculiarly prone." The tendency to madness is a little greater in females than in males: this appears amongst both the native and the foreign population.

Of this great army of lunatics, only 435 were supposed to be curable, while 2,018 were declared incurable—crazy men to be supported for their life. The pecuniary cost is the smallest part of this grievous burden. It would be interesting to ascertain how much of this madness is inherited; but we have not as yet adequate means to determine that question.

Let us put both the idiots and lunatics together in the following table:—

TABLE XX.—*Showing the Ratio of Lunatics and Idiots in the Whole Population.*

Population of Massachusetts, 1854.	Lunatics.	One in	Idiots.	One in	Lunatics and Idiots.	One in
1,124,676	2,632	427	1,087.	1,034	3,719	302

Thus in Massachusetts in 1854 one man out of each 302 was either a crazy man or a natural fool.

3. The average number of blind persons at the Perkins Institution, and Massachusetts Asylum for the Blind, was 124: 90 of these were pupils in the course of instruction, 24 were connected with the workshop department.*

4. *Of Sickness.*†—Health is the normal condition of mankind; sickness is unnatural. There is but one natural, normal, and unavoidable form of death—that by old age: the ripe apple drops from the tree some autumn night, falling in its time. Few men understand how much we lose by neglect of the natural laws of the body—

* Twenty-Sixth Annual Report of the Massachusetts Asylum for the Blind, for the Year ending December 31, 1857. Boston, 1858.

† See Report of a General Plan for the Promotion of Public and Personal Health, devised, prepared, and recommended by the Commissioners appointed under a Resolve of the Legislature of Massachusetts, &c. Boston, 1850. 1 vol. 8vo.

which are the commandments of the Infinite God—"lively oracles," writ in these "living stones." Look at these facts:—In 1855 there were about 1,132,000 people in our goodly State—550,000 males, 582,000 females. Look at this table:—

TABLE XXI.—*Of the Age of the People.*

Under 5.	5 to 10.	10 to 15.	15 to 20.	20 to 30.	30 to 40.	
132,944	115,862	110,098	117,047	235,678	165,046	
40 to 50.	50 to 60.	60 to 70.	70 to 80.	80 to 90.	90 to 100.	Over 100.
111,500.	71,829	42,423	20,810	6,138	634	19

To state it in round numbers, 711,000 are under 30, only 421,000 above that moderate age; 248,000 are under 10; 227,000 between 10 and 20; 235,000 between 20 and 30. In other words, out of 100 persons, 22 are under 10; 20 are between 10 and 20; 21 between 20 and 30; and only 36 out of the 100 have yet seen their thirtieth birthday. So youthful is the people, that every fifth person is a little boy or girl under ten, while only one man in sixteen has seen his sixtieth year. In the whole State there are but 142,453 persons over 50—a little more than half the number that are under 10.

On a previous page we divided life into three periods—the Dependent, the Productive, and the Retiring Age. The Productive age we put between 15 and 60. If we are a little more sanguine in our estimate, and add ten years to the productive period, making it extend from 15 to 70, then we shall have about 743,000 in that age. The other 400,000 are dependent. Now and then a bright boy or girl is of considerable "pecuniary value" before 15. Now and then a man or woman is so well born and well bred that the period of large usefulness continues till 80, or even 90. The most valuable years of John Quincy Adams's life were between 70 and 80. Massachusetts has several examples of this handsome age; but they are always exceptional. The productive power of the people—their bodily, intellectual, and moral power—will depend on the number of men and women in the vigorous age, say between 25 and 60, or 70.

It appears that 20,734 persons died in Massachusetts in 1856; that is, about two out of 109. It is not extravagant to suppose that two persons are sick all the time for one

that dies: thus, 41,468 persons in Massachusetts are continually sick; that is, 1,132,000 persons endure 41,000 years of sickness in each twelvemonth. If this evil were distributed uniformly over the community, it would give a little more than thirteen days of sickness to each man, woman, and child! How many are continually ailing with one malady or another! What an army of doctors—allopathic, homœopathic, hydropathic, sudoripathic, mixopathic, and pneumatopathic—are waging war on disease! What ammunition and medical weapons, terrible to look upon, are stored up in the great arsenals of this humane warfare, this really creative fight, tended by diligent apothecaries! The amount of invalidism is frightful to contemplate.

Look a moment at the consequences of sickness. First, there is the positive pain borne directly by the sick, and indirectly by their companions and friends. What a monstrous evil that is! It changes life from a delight to a torment, the natural functions of the body are ill performed, and this frame is found to be not only "wonderfully" made, but also "fearfully." In their normal state all the senses are inlets of delight; but sickness shuts gladness out from all these five doors of the human house, and fills it full of "horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy."

Taken as a whole, the indirect pain of such as stand and wait, looking on with eyes of sympathy, and folding their unavailing hands, is more than the sick man directly encounters himself. What a vast amount of suffering from this direct and this reflected pain!

Then there is the pecuniary cost of sickness. The man's power of productive industry has gone from him. The mechanic's right hand has lost its cunning now. The faithful mother would, but cannot, care for husband or for child. The great, nice brain of genius is like the soft *enkephalon* of the fool. Let us estimate the cost as light as possible. Of the 41,468 perennial sick, suppose that 21,468 are persons whose power of productive industry is worth nothing to the country, even in their health, that they only earn their living; that 10,000 are men who, in health, would each earn \$300 a year more than it costs to feed, clothe, house, comfort, and amuse them, and 10,000

more are women who, if well, would earn \$150 apiece besides their similar keep; then the simple cessation of this industry costs the State \$4,500,000 a year. If we should double these figures, and say \$9,000,000, we think we should still be within the mark. Suppose that it costs but a dollar a day to nurse, diet, and doctor each of these 41,468 invalids—a quite moderate calculation—that amounts to \$15,135,820. We may safely say that sickness costs the people of Massachusetts, directly, \$20,000,000 a year in these two items alone. In other words, if all the people were healthy except the 20,000 who die, Massachusetts would add \$20,000,000 more to her annual increase of honest wealth, to her means of use and beauty.

Besides, the effects of sickness on the higher faculties of man are commonly quite baneful. It weakens all the spiritual powers; the mind loses its activity; the quantity of thought is less, the quality poorer; the man of business cannot buy and sell to advantage; the carpenter cannot plan his work or execute his plan; the scholar's genius is vanished into thin air; the diligent wife, careful about many things, is now only troubled about herself; the moral faculty suffers as much as the intellectual; the jaundiced eye sees nothing of its natural colour. The sick man's conscience is abnormal as his digestion or appetite; he can take no just view of moral relations. As well might we expect a lame horse to race well, and leap a five-barred gate, as ask a sick man to have just intuitions of the eternal right, or a manly will to do it; he would, but how can he? A sick judge, doctor, minister, schoolmaster, editor, politician—he does harm, and not good. So the affectional and religious talents lose their value, are clipped within the ring, sweated down, and cannot be taken at their former worth. Spite of himself, the sick man becomes selfish—the best of sick men. It is the order of nature: he should be selfish, then. His body is sick; it tries to get well; all of its natural vigour is directed to that object, for the material basis of humanity must be preserved. When the ship at sea encounters a violent storm, leaks badly, is settling in the water, and likely to perish, men cut away the masts, let the costly anchors and unfastened chain-cable go down with the run; the wealthy cargo is cast into the ocean, that they may save the ship

and their own lives ! So in the storm of sickness, long continued, nature instinctively throws overboard all the costly spiritual freight gathered in a lifetime. The

“ eye whose bend did awe the world
Doth lose its lustre.”

The world's great warrior cries—

“ Give me some drink, Titinius,
As a sick girl.”

There is little exercise of the higher religious faculty ; none of that aspiration to the seventh heaven of human devotion ; no psalm of lofty gratitude, no deep contritions then ; at most, only a dull and humble, passive trust in God. Even that often fails. The affections are often blunted. In health, how manly was this man's philanthropy ! now, disarmed, it does not travel forth to look after the far-off heathen, the nearer slave—or black or white—the poor, the friendless, or the sick. Nay, the mother, tormented with her own pains—prophetic now of only death—forgets the very children that she bore ; much more does the less affectionate man forget the wife he loved, and the dear babies who climbed his knee and pulled his healthy beard. Blame them not ; the sick has only strength to keep his own soul and body together. All the river of life must then go to turn his own mill. We know well this is not what ministers preach in books, and write in many a romantic tale. But we too have seen much of life, and stood at many a death-bed—beside noble men whom sickness did yet all unman. Have we not our own experience also ? Lamé feet must halt, and sick eyes will drop their lids instinctively, and turn from the dear beauty of the rising sun. Humanity lies low in the hand of sickness. Still more commonly is the temper made sour by long-continued illness. If “ a hungry man is an angry man,” so is a sick man a peevish one, easily offended, not capable of controlling his wrathful emotions. A schoolmaster with the toothache, a judge with the gout, a bilious doctor, a dyspeptic minister, a sick horse, a dog with a wounded leg—we all know what these are. This ill-temper is a natural defence. If the arm be broke, the skin, the flesh, the bone itself, else so unfeeling, all become exquisitely sensitive, so that pain may warn us against all

things which would annoy and prevent the restoration of the limb. Irritability and peevishness perform the same function : they must guard and keep watch about the sick man's bed ; these testy sentinels that so pace forth their nightly round. We have often wondered at the economy of Divine Providence in the healthy body—not less also thereat in this body when sick.

All the higher faculties are disturbed. The will is weak and capricious, or else its resolution, adherence to conviction, is metamorphosed into obstinacy ; persistence is a subjective whim ; the judgment is worth little ; the opinions represent nothing truly—so warped is the intellectual mirror. What the sick scholar writes is as unwholesome as he is unhealthy ; it is tainted literature. One might as well eat the flesh of diseased swine, as feed on the literature of sick moralists, historians, preachers, philosophers, poets. The delicate-minded reader feels the author's pulse in his writings. This literary woman has a disease in her spine ; all her works, likewise, are tainted and unhealthy. We taste the aloes in many a bitter sermon and bitterer prayer which we have heard. We smell the opium and the gin in much which passes for the literature of passion. Many a dark ecclesiastical dogma about man and God has had its inspiration in a diseased liver or obstructed bowels. Such things are seldom originated by a great, stout, hearty man, who has a wife and babies at home, and takes a manly relish in meat and drink ; who can run and jump, and skate on ice, and swim in water, his eyes open for the cowslip and the violet of spring. No, they are the work of celibate monks, of sick-bodied ministers breathing the bad air of cells or libraries, their feet cold, their head hot, their whole body in disorder. As poison toadstools grow out of rotten wood, so do the worser fungi of an evil theology shoot out from the mind of diseased ministers. He that has a bitter tongue is not likely to say sweet things of man or God. In matters of pure science it is of no consequence who does the work ; all rests on demonstration, deductive from a principle or inductive from facts. Hamilton's Quaternions and Loomis's Astronomy would be worth as much if writ by a sick as a sound man. A man with a dropsy may calculate the trajectory of the last comet, or tell the weight of the fifty-first asteroid : sick-

ness does not vitiate the mathematical demonstration. The nine digits take no man's disease, however infectious. An asymptote has no sympathy with a diseased stomach. But in all works of a moral or religious character the value is personal, not demonstrational; it depends on the character of the writer; and that, at least for the time, depends on his health. What if we were told that Jeremiah had the dyspepsia when he wrote his "Lamentations;" that Jonathan Edwards was labouring with the jaundice when he composed those ghastly sermons on eternal damnation!

Of course we know the exceptions to all this. There are men, and still oftener women, with such sweetness or truth, that the more sickness wilts their roses, the more will they give their precious sweetness out. We know also the function which sickness has to perform in calling forth the sympathy of man for man.

We intended to say a word on the causes of ill-health, yet must forbear; but shall instead ask our readers to attend to this extract from a document written by one of the most intelligent men in the State:—

"In order to preserve the freshness and health of the body, we must observe the law which commands constant and rapid change of its integral particles. We die daily whether we will or not. But the extent to which we are *born* again daily depends much upon ourselves. The component particles of the body have but an ephemeral existence. Hundreds of generations of them go to make up our individual life. Multitudes of them are dying every hour and every moment; and fresh particles are constantly formed to replace them.

"But this incoming multitude cannot have room and verge enough except the worn-out and effete particles are thrown off. Away, then, with the dead, to make room for the living! is the law; and fortunately we cannot disobey it totally, because part of the work is done independently of our volition, and disobedience to it would be death to the whole body. The removal is effected, that is, the waste particles are carried off, by various and complex organs of respiration, perspiration, and the like; but the pervading characteristic of all is motion.

"The automatic motions remove only part of the effete atoms of the body. Voluntary motion must do the rest, or they remain, and clog the system. If people were fully aware of this, how much more briskly would they move about to get quickly rid of this dead matter. But how frantically would they fly about, if, instead of carrying the effete particles of their own bodies, each one was obliged to carry, as a burden, the dead particles of some other person. They would die of horror and disgust. As it is, however, very few are conscious of this operation; and thousands in civilized life carry about with sweet complacency their own dead atoms, mixed up with the living ones. They grow feebler and feebler as the proportion of effete matter grows greater, and

that of fresh, living matter less, until at last partial death becomes total death.

"Now, so long as the dead and effete particles are carried off by the various excretions just as rapidly as new and fresh ones are formed by wholesome nutrition, so long are we young and fresh. During the first third of life the vital force is very great, and though the supply through nutrition must exceed waste, in order that there may be growth and consolidation of the body, still the waste is very rapid also. New particles rush in swiftly, cast out the dead ones vigorously and utterly, so that the bodies of the young are fresh and alive all over. The swift-moving machinery of life throws the blood out to every part of the surface, and tinges the firm, elastic flesh with roseate hue. As long as this condition lasts, youth lasts, be the number of years what they may.

"The duration of youth depends upon obedience or disobedience of the laws of life. All excesses shorten it. Too much and too little work of brain and limb curtail it. It is shorter in women than in men, mainly because their blood is not duly oxygenated by exercise or work in the open air. It is usually much shorter in the blind than in those who see. In a class of a hundred blind youths there are very few who have the beautiful characteristics of this period of life—the roseate hue, the rounded limb, the bounding step; and even among those few these beauties fade away earlier than among others.

"Exercise, too, being pretty much under his volition, is apt to be neglected, and so the waste and effete particles are not duly carried off. At first they linger a little in the system; then they linger longer. There now begin to be dead and effete particles among the living ones, and the system begins to be a little clogged thereby. From this moment real manhood declines, and real age begins, be the years of life ever so few.

"The spring of life having lost a little of its force, the blood is no longer thrown vigorously out to the periphery of the body; it therefore crowds the great internal vessels, and prepares the way for congestional and organic diseases. The surface becomes a little pale. The flesh loses its elasticity. It looks puttyish and feels flabby. Freshness is now gone, and with it beauty. Adieu youth, adieu manhood; age is here.

"This change is seen sooner in women than in men. Sooner in the blind than in others. Most women in this country are as old at thirty or thirty-five, as they should be, at forty-five or fifty. Suppose the years lost by each one to be only ten, what millions of years of bloom and beauty and vigour are lost to each generation! But how can we calculate the billions of years lost to the next generation by reason of the diminished stock of vital force imparted to the offspring!"*

VII. OF THE MEANS FOR THE EDUCATION OF THE PEOPLE.†—1. Of the Common and High Schools.—There are 4360 public schools in Massachusetts, open to

* Twenty-sixth Annual Report of the Massachusetts Asylum for the Blind.

† Twenty-first Annual Report of the Board of Education, &c. Boston, 1858.

all, free to all persons, native or foreign, African or Caucasian, rich or poor. There are 4838 teachers—a noble army of schoolmasters. In the summer 195,881 pupils attended the schools; 203,031 in the winter. The schools keep, on the average, seven months and a half in the year. The average attendance of pupils is 177,775. There are in Massachusetts 221,478 children between the ages of five and fifteen. All the large towns, save one, have public high schools, where girls as well as boys can receive a superior education. Boston is the only exception. Here the controlling men secure the monopoly of superior education for the daughters of the rich.

2. Of the Normal Schools.—Four Normal Schools, public and free to all, contain 345 pupils; 290 of them young women, all preparing to become teachers. These institutions have already received 3434 pupils, of whom 1937 graduated at the end of the course of study.

3. Of Private Schools and Academies.—There are 744 of these institutions, containing about 24,000 pupils. Here the cost is paid by the parents of the scholars.

4. Of the Colleges.—There are five Colleges—four Protestant and one Catholic—containing about 1100 students, all males. The schools for law, medicine, theology, and science, are attended by about 500 pupils. There is no college for young women; but yet one medical school is for them exclusively.

Thus it appears that about 230,000 young persons received instruction in the various schools of the State in 1857; one-fifth part of the whole population went to school.

5. Besides, the State has two Industrial Schools, one for boys, one for girls.

(1.) In the Reform School for boys,* at Westborough, there were 613 pupils on the 30th of last September. Three-fourths are Americans; they are sent there by the courts, and average about 13 years of age. We are sorry to say we cannot speak very well of the plan or the influence of this school.

* Eleventh Annual Report of the Trustees of the State Reform School, at Westborough, &c. Boston, 1857.

(2.) In the Industrial School for Girls, at Lancaster,* there were 92. Their average age is about 14. A few years ago private benevolence established a little institution, called "The Guardian for Friendless Girls," in Boston; it did much good work in the two years of its existence. Then the State took the matter in charge, and now reaches out a parental hand to these poor wretches, snatching them from a fate worse than the compulsory doom of the negro slave. It is one of the most significant and valuable charities of the Commonwealth, one of its most righteous acts of justice. There is no conscious antagonism between man and woman: on the whole, men are more tender to women than to each other. Women reciprocate the gentle feeling. Such is the law of nature. Female nurses indulge the male babies; were the nurses men, the girls would get the kinder treatment. But in our civilization hitherto brute force has prevailed, and as woman has less of it than man, only the inferior position has been hers in the State, the church, the community, and the market. Even now, she is by no means thought the equivalent of men. Accordingly, most cruel hardships fall to her lot. One day this will be changed. The terrible vice of prostitution—what a curse it is! In the future it will be as rare as leprosy and elephantiasis are now in Boston. But this will never be until the popular idea of woman undergoes a revolution. It was a great thing for Massachusetts to stretch out her arm to rescue these poor girls, and save them from the Dead Sea, which covers a whole Sodom and Gomorrah of wickedness. The institution seems well planned, and thus far works well.

VIII.—OF THE MEANS FOR REPRESSING CRIME.—1. Of Gaols and Houses of Correction.† In the eleven months ending September 30, 1857, there were 13,072 persons committed to the various common gaols and houses of correction in Massachusetts. We put the details into the following table.

* Second Annual Report of the Trustees of the State Industrial School for Girls, at Lancaster, &c. Boston, 1857.

† Abstract of Returns of the Keepers of Gaols, and of the Overseers of the Houses of Correction for the eleven months ending September 30, 1857. Boston, 1857.

TABLE XXII.—*Punishment for Crime.*

Number	13,072
Foreigners	8,334
Natives	4,738
Males	10,649
Females	2,423
For Intemperance	5,445!
All other Crimes	7,627
Addicted to habitual Intemperance	7,706!
Not addicted to habitual Intemperance	5,366

But of this number of "criminals," 491 were witnesses, kept in gaol according to an ungodly custom which has become a law. 4853 of the actual criminals were unable to read and write. The average number of prisoners on each day of the year was 1733; but 1876 were in gaol on the 30th of last September; 3358 had been in gaol before.

2. Of the State Prison.* On the 30th of September, this institution contained 440 convicts. 279 native Americans, 154 foreigners. Massachusetts sends to her own State Prison nearly as many criminals as all foreign nations put together. The great crimes which are punished there are not committed by Irishmen, but by our own citizens. 349 men were there for crimes against property, only 91 for offences against the person—crimes of wrath or lust. It is pleasant to see that with the advance of civilization crime is diverted from the substance of man to his accidents. The health of the convicts seems well cared for; few prisons in the world exhibit so small a mortality. There were but four deaths out of 440 persons! This is at the rate of 90 in 10,000. Now the rural population of England, at the adult age, lose 77 out of 10,000, the town population of Manchester, 124 out of 10,000, and the British soldiers in barracks at home, from 110 to 204, in 10,000. We wish we could say some other good things of the State Prison.

3. Of the Gallows.—During the last year the State did not stain her hands with the blood of a murdered murderer: 101 killed themselves, but Massachusetts killed no man nor woman. We trust the days of the gallows are ended.

* Annual Report of the Board of Inspectors of the Massachusetts State Prison. October 1, 1857. Boston, 1857.

On the whole, this is a gratifying result; the experiment of self-government works well; this is a great success in respect to numbers, health, property, intelligence, morality. Out of New England it will not be easy to find a million and a quarter of people living so comfortably, with such industry and wealth, such comfort, intelligence, and manly virtue. Yet there are still great evils to be overcome. See how the good and ill get summed up in Boston. On this little spot—more than half of it made land, rescued from the sea—to speak in round numbers, there are 161,000 persons—76,000 native Americans, 85,000 foreigners: such are the figures for 1855. 2500 couples were married in 1856—1500 foreign, 1000 American. 5900 were born here that year—4500 of foreign, 1400 of native parents. There were 4200 deaths, at the average age of but 20.

The taxable property in 1857 was \$258,000,000. 2500 persons entered the almshouses, yet only 670 were there on the average. The pauperism of Boston is small compared with the whole population; 670 permanent paupers out of 161,000 inhabitants, 85,000 of them Irish, is not alarming. Besides, it should be remembered that poverty has driven great shoals of poor people to this town within a dozen years.

There are 267 public schools: last year they took more than 26,000 pupils into their hospitable arms; over 22,000 are there learning all the time; for the blessed doors stand open all the day to the children of all nations, all forms of religion, of any race. With universal justice do our democratic institutions distribute the great charity of education to all. Private bounty opens evening schools also, for children of a larger growth, who are yet babies in knowledge. The dead hand of Mr. Lowell reaches out of his grave, and opens the door of science and letters to thousands of thoughtful men and women.

The amount of crime looks formidable at first, but it is not alarming for a great town so crowded with Irish Catholics and other strangers. 270 quiet-looking policemen keep the peace of the city; the sun never goes down on their watchful work. Four detectives are on the lookout for suspicious persons. In 1857, 19,000 arrests were made, 9000 commitments: Of the 19,000, 15,000 were

foreigners, 4000 Americans; 4300 women. Of the 19,000, 10,000 were for drunkenness, less than 9000 for all other offences! One was punished for violating the liquor law! As there are 2230 places where intoxicating spirit is sold to be drunk on the premises, it is only fair to infer that this man was a sinner above all that dwelt in the other 2229 liquor-shops! The amount of property reported as stolen was only \$62,000, and of that \$48,000 was recovered by the police, and restored to its lawful owners. Hence, it seems that *this* brotherhood of thieves does but a small business; and as they do not keep quite a shilling where they steal three and ninepence, it seems the profit is but little in comparison to the risk. We hardly think this branch of the trade is a "living business," certainly it is organized but ill. Of course our figures do not include the thefts committed by fraudulent merchants, bankers, and officers of incorporated companies, who belong to the same brotherhood of thieves, but do only the heavy stealing.

It is a singular mixture of good and evil—267 public schools, 245 public houses of ill-fame, 22,000 children daily in schools, 2200 tippling shops open all day, 10,000 men and women yearly taken up for public drunkenness.*

After all, it is a good town, this dear old Puritanic Boston. We wish we may be mistaken, but yet we think it the best city in the world—the most moral, intelligent, charitable, and progressive—the most hospitable to a great, new truth of philosophy, morals, philanthropy, or religion. We hope there are better towns, but know not where to find them.

At the end of this long paper we wish to make a few suggestions, which may serve as moral to the tale.

1. Our New England institutions have been subjected to a very severe test. They were designed for Protestant Americans—men educated to freedom, with Teutonic blood in their veins. What if none else had come here in this century? We should have been a quite different

* See the Annual Report of the Chief of Police, 1858, City Document, No. 5. He says, (p. 28,) "It is an admitted fact that intemperance is the direct origin of more poverty, more crime, and consequent suffering, than all other causes combined."

people, with much less wealth—for the Irish labour has been a great industrial force, perhaps as valuable as the water-power of the mills on the Connecticut or the Merrimac. Our social development we think would be far in advance of its present condition. But causes which none foresaw brought foreigners here by the thousand—men of a different nationality, chiefly Celtic people, nay, Irish, foreign in origin, manners, religion, ethnological disposition. What made it worse, they had vices which centuries of oppression fixed on these outcasts. They were poor and servile. Want, ignorance, oppression, the greatest evils which retard civilization, had bound them with a threefold chain. The Irish had the vices of their condition, wretchedness, beggary, drunkenness, deceit, lying, violence, treachery, malice, superstition; they brought with them the most bigoted priesthood in all Christendom. What should be done? Some men said: "Shut them out from all our political institutions. Let them be with us, not of us. Democracy is for native Americans, not foreign Catholic Irish." But wiser counsels prevailed. After a few years, the foreigner who wills becomes a citizen. No property qualification is required, only an educational qualification. If he can read his neck-verse and write his name, he claims benefit of clergy, becomes a citizen in full, eligible to any office except the one he could not fill worse than it has been. The advent of a quarter of a million foreigners—200,000 of these Irishmen—has been a sore trial to our democratic institutions. No war would be so severe a test. They have stood it well. No doubt the presence of such a people has the same effect for a time on our civilization which it has on the parts of the town where they settle. Dirt and rum, with pestilence and blows, follow their steps: their votes already have debauched the politics of the city, which they will degrade yet more in the next ten or twenty years. They have bad advisers of their own and of our own. Not an Irish newspaper in America is on the side of humanity, education, freedom, progress.

Yet this evil is but temporary; like the malaria which follows draining a swamp, or flowing a meadow, or opening a canal. Our institutions will correct most of the ills we complain of—our industry, our schools, newspapers,

books, and freedom of thought. The Irish have many excellent qualities; the women are singularly virtuous, the men full of fun, wit, and joyous good humour. They accumulate property; escaping from want little by little. Ignorance will disappear, and then the oppression of the priest will also soon end. The next generation of Irish will be quite unlike this. The Catholic Church will not change; none escape the consequence of a first principle. The logic of its despotic idea is the manifest destiny of the Roman Church. In this age none enters that cave of Triptolemus, but he loses his manhood; the first step costs that. Mr. Brownson is the most distinguished Catholic in America, a man of very large intellectual talents, great power of acquisition, and the facile art to reproduce in distinct and attractive forms. He is powerful in speech, as with the pen, having also an industry which nothing daunts, or even tires. But compare the democratic Brownson, fighting—(his life was always a battle, is, and will be)—fighting for liberty, for man and woman, with the Catholic Brownson, the “Saint Orestes” of some future mythology.

“*Tantum Religio potuit suadere malorum.*”

The Catholic Church will not change—cannot change; its future, like its past—

“*Horribili super aspectu mortalibus instans.*”

But it may die; of this we are sure, it cannot stand against the free school, the free press, the free pulpit, the open vote of all the people. When the Irishmen escape from their two worst enemies—their priests and our demagogues—we shall see a noble harvest of men ripening under the great sun of Democracy.

2. The New Englanders set too little value on physical health. They do not prize a strong body. Men in cities always decay in vigour; they are smaller in size, feebler in strength. The average age at death in Boston is not quite 20. In Dukes County it is over 45. So 20 men in Dukes County will live 900 years; in Boston, only 400! There is a great odds in the healthiness of towns. In Lowell 21 die out of 1000 each year; in Boston, 24; in Baltimore, 25; in Philadelphia, 26; in Savannah, 41;

in New Orleans, 81! Out of 1000 men at New Orleans, 60 more will die in a year than at Lowell. There is a similar odds in different parts of this city.* Men take little notice of these things, and try to live where they are sure to die. They attend much to money, little to man; and so, in getting the means of living, they lose life itself. Farmers die at 64; shoemakers at 43; printers at 36. So 36 farmers will live as long as 43 shoemakers, or 64 printers. Why? The farmer breathes air; the shoemaker, wax and leather; the printer, ink and type-metal.† In schools great stress is laid on training the mind—always the mind, nothing but the mind. The most excessive stimulants are applied to make little girls learn the maximum of books in the minimum of time. We forget that God also made the body, and if this “earthen vessel” be cracked, that all the spiritual “treasure” runs out, and perishes from the earth. For success in life there is needed a good brain and a good body. One is worth little without the other. What God hath joined, we are everlastingly putting asunder. But most of the eminent men in America have tough bodies; what power of work is in them! Look at the rich merchants, at our great lawyers and judges, men of science, politics, letters. They are men of vigorous health, who can eat dinners, and sleep o’ nights, and work also days long; they live to a decent and respectable age. A venerable doctor of medicine, more than eighty years old, may be seen every day in Boston walking his rounds, at that great age manfully representing not only the science, but also the charity, of that healing art he has done so much to improve as well as to apply; we never look at Dr. James Jackson without reverent thankfulness for the wise and temperate vigour which has kept him useful so long. Mr. Quincy has a national reputation, not only for integrity, which never

* See Dr. Curtis’s valuable Report on the Census of Boston, for 1855 (Boston, 1856), p. 55, *et seq.*

† On the influence of improper food and bad air to shorten life, see the admirable work which we must thank Miss Florence Nightingale for calling out: “Mortality of the British Army, at Home and Abroad, and during the Russian War, as compared with the Mortality of the Civil Population in England.” Illustrated by Tables and Diagrams. London. 1858. Folio (pamphlet). See, too, the Sanitary Report of Massachusetts pp. 143, *et seq.*; 158, 36, 249, *et al.*

forsook him in times of trial, but also for that strength of body which holds nobly out in his eighty-seventh year. The happy old age of these two venerable and well-known men is due to their inheritance less than to their active, regular, and temperate habits; because wise, their life is also long.

The fashionable idea of what a woman should be is nearly as pernicious as the theological conception of what God is—almost as unnatural. She must be as feeble as a ghost. Hardly can she bear the burden of her ill-supported clothes. Steady and continuous toil is impossible to such a doll. She glories in her shame, and is as proud of weakness as Hercules and Samson are supposed to have been of their legs and great burly shoulders. But we doubt if it be natural that a "cultivated woman" should be a cross betwixt a ghost and a London doll. Charlemagne's daughter, on her shoulders carrying home her lover through the treacherous and newly-fallen snow, is a little nearer the natural type of the animal woman. "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," though reported as a curse for man alone, is a blessing which the Infinite pronounces also on woman; the second benediction recorded in Genesis.

A certain amount of work is necessary to keep the body sound. Our life is the dying of old particles, and their replacement by new ones. Part of the effete matter must be got rid of by perspiration, through the pores of the skin. The natural work of earning food, shelter, raiment, is also the natural means for health. If this be not done, there is an accumulation of dead matter, and the delicate woman, too proud to cook her dinner or wash her clothes, at length comes to this vile drudgery—the menial work of dragging about all day a piece of "a slovenly, unhand-some corse." Heaven save us from the righteous sentence to such hard labour for life! No court of doctors can reverse the decision of that Infinite Chief Justice whose law is the constitution of the universe. Let us suppose an average New England woman at her marriageable age weighs 120 pounds, and a man 140 pounds. Suppose two idle lovers of this bulk have so lived that ten per cent. of their bodies is thus effete—dead, but not buried. When they stand up and join hands in wedlock there is a

marriage of 234 pounds of live man and woman, and also of 26 pounds of male and female corpse! We know a family where one mother bore fourteen children—none of them died under 75 years of age. A woman who bears, breeds, and brings up a dozen, or half that number, of healthy, hardy, and long-lived sons and daughters, so far as that goes, is a mother worth being proud of. Had such a generation of women as now fill up our great towns lived in New England a hundred years ago, the Revolution would have been impossible. Puny women may become dry nurses to cowards, not mothers to great, brave, burly-bodied men. If we look into the church registers of the country towns for the last one hundred and fifty years, we find from eight to twelve births to a marriage. The children grew up: the parents did not think “a large family is a great curse!” We know a man whose six male ancestors, now sleeping in New England soil, will average about seventy-seven years; while the six female come up to about eighty. The first and the last of these women each bore her eleven children—one of them had but seven, and she became a widow at forty—and one had fourteen.

In Boston, this year, 5800 will be born; of these more than 1000 will die before the 1st of January, 1859. Part of this monstrous mortality will come from bad management, bad air, bad food—from poverty; want still prowls about the cradle, and clutches at the baby's throat—this ugly hyena of civilization; but much of it also from the lack of vitality in the mother; yet more of it from the bad habits of men debauched by intemperance of various kinds, visiting the iniquity of the father upon the children, to the third and fourth generation!

It is rather a puny set of men who grow up in our great towns—spindle-legged, (“without visible means of support”), ashamed of their bodies, (not wholly without reason), yet pampering them with luxuries. We have left off manly games, to our hurt; but it was refreshing to see men and women rejoice in skates last winter. The members of engine companies are the only men who can go faster than a walk; but for the frequent fires, we fear running would become one of the “lost arts.” Military trainings are getting out of fashion, for war is deservedly

hateful; and the intemperance which has always been the attendant, if not of military, at least of militia glory, has made the public a little fearful of that common sort of manly pastime. Our few soldiers have fine uniforms, they march well—on a smooth road, a mile at a time—and perform their evolutions with the precision of clock-work: such regular uniformity we have never seen in the armies of France, Austria, or Prussia, or even England. But the city soldiers lack bodily power. In the time of Shays's rebellion, in the winter of 1786-7, a company of Boston light infantry had twelve hours' notice that they must march to Springfield. They started at daylight next morning—there were about ninety in rank and file. We had the story from one of them, a young carpenter then—an old merchant when he told the tale. Each man had his weapons, his blanket, and three days' provision, on his back. By the road-side they ate their rough cold dinner, at Framingham, twenty-six miles off; they slept at Worcester, eighteen miles further on. The next day it stormed, and through snow eight inches deep they marched forty-six miles more. They stopped their music—only a fife and drum—ten miles from their journey's end, and when at eight o'clock in the evening they wheeled into Springfield, the solid tread of the men was the first tidings the insurgents got that the troops had left Boston! If the "Tigers" of 1858 were to march ninety miles in two days, there would be nothing left of them—but a bear-skin!

3. Drunkenness is still a monstrous evil. Of the 25,000 persons aided by public municipal charity last year, 15,000 were brought to poverty by drunkenness; of the 13,000 more in the gaols, 8000 were "addicted to habitual intemperance;" 23,000 victims in almshouses or gaols. Mother of want, ignorance, and crime, Drunkenness is also mother of the madman and the fool. She has her head-quarters in Boston, where 2200 dram-shops are on tap all the year! 10,000 men arrested for drunkenness! Shall we wonder that babies die—1000 in their first year? Drunkenness is a male vice; but the cruellest sufferings thereof come on the unoffending mother, daughter, sister, wife!*

* See some most important remarks on the effects of intoxicating liquors in Drs. Bucknill and Tuke's "Manual of Psychological Medicine." (London, 1858), pp. 44, 366, *et al.*

One other vice, the crime against woman, leaves its ghastly stain in all our great towns. This will not end till there is a revolution in the popular idea of woman. Then it will pass off, as other vices yet more monstrous and unnatural have vanished away before the rising sun of knowledge, which bears healing on its wings.

The evils we have mentioned—crime, drunkenness, prostitution, such poverty in the midst of such wealth—show clearly enough how ill the social forces of the people are organized as yet. Natural rights are only to be had on condition that man performs his natural duties. In America we have organized the State for political purposes better than the community for the social development of the individual. But take Massachusetts as she is, much has been done to overcome our three great enemies, want, ignorance, oppression. Much more is now doing for the higher development of the noblest faculties of man. How much yet remains to be done ! It is safe to say there are means now within the reach of this State, whereby in a few generations the average age of the people might be doubled, and one man then live as long as two live now. If a man sow death, he reaps it ; if life, of such also is the harvest. We can abolish drunkenness—not all at once, not by violence, but by the gradual elevation of the people. Then what an increase there will be of plenty, knowledge, cleanliness, and peace ! How much will crime be diminished, and life lengthened out in beauty !

In common with all mankind, we have made one great mistake : we have thought education was to be mainly of the intellect, understanding, imagination, reason. So we omit the moral and affectional faculties—the power to know right and to do right—the power to love a few, many, or all men. We cultivate the religious powers more poorly than any other—tying a man down with a theology which debases his nature, makes him a coward and a slave. This great river of God runs to waste. One day we shall correct all this. Great ideas of science, justice, and love, shall be the creed of a people who know and love the Infinite Father of all mankind. Already we have a church without a bishop, a State without a king, a community without a lord, a family with no holder of slaves. One day we shall have also a community without

idleness, want, ignorance, drunkenness, prostitution, or crime—wherein all men and women who are by nature fit shall be naturally wed, children be born according to nature, grow up healthy, and die mainly of old age. What is not behind us is before, and the future will be brighter than the past.

VIII.

THE TWO CHRISTMAS CELEBRATIONS, A. D. I.
AND MDCCCLV. : A CHRISTMAS STORY FOR
MDCCCLVI.

A GREAT many years ago Augustus Caesar, then Emperor of Rome, ordered his mighty realm to be taxed ; and so, in Judea, it is said, men went to the towns where their families belonged, to be registered for assessment. From Nazareth, a little town in the north of Judea, to Bethlehem, another little but more famous town in the south, there went one Joseph, the carpenter, and his wife Mary—obscure and poor people, both of them, as the story goes. At Bethlehem they lodged in a stable ; for there were many persons in the town, and the tavern was full. Then and there a little boy was born, the son of this Joseph and Mary: they named him Jehoshua, a common Hebrew name, which we commonly call Joshua ; but in his case we pronounce it Jesus. They laid him in the crib of the cattle, which was his first cradle. That was the first Christmas, kept thus in a barn, 1856 years ago. Nobody knows the day or the month ; nay, the year itself is not certain.

After a while the parents went home to Nazareth, where they had other sons—James, Joses, Simon, and Judas—and daughters also, nobody knows how many. There the boy Jesus grew up, and, it seems, followed the calling of his father ; it is said, in special, that he made yokes, ploughs, and other farm-tools. Little is known about his early life and means of education. His outside advantages were, no doubt, small and poor ; but he learned to read

and write, and it seems became familiar with the chief religious books of his nation, which are still preserved in the Old Testament.

At that time there were three languages used in Judea, besides the Latin, which was confined to a few officials : 1. The Syro-Chaldaic, the language of business and daily life, the spoken language of the common people. 2. The Greek, the language of the courts of justice and official documents ; the spoken and written language of the foreign traders, the aristocracy, and most of the more cultivated people in the great towns. 3. The old Hebrew, the written and spoken language of the learned, of the theological schools, of the priests ; the language of the Old Testament. It seems Jesus understood all three.

At that time the thinking people had outgrown the old forms of religion inherited from their fathers, just as a little girl becomes too stout and tall for the clothes which once fitted her babyhood ; or as the people of New England have now become too rich and refined to live in the rough log-cabins, and to wear the coarse, uncomfortable clothes, which were the best that could be got two hundred years ago. For mankind continually grows wiser and better, and so the old forms of religion are always getting passed by ; and the religious doctrines and ceremonies of a rude age cannot satisfy the people of an enlightened age, any more than the wigwams of the Pequod Indians in 1656 would satisfy the white gentlemen and ladies of Boston and Worcester in 1856. The same thing happens with the clothes, the tools, and the laws of all advancing nations. The human race is at school, and learns through one book after another, going up to higher and higher studies continually. But at that time cultivated men had outgrown their old forms of religion—much of the doctrine, many of the ceremonies ; and yet they did not quite dare to break away from them, at least in public. So there was a great deal of pretended belief, and of secret denial, of the popular form of religion. The best and most religious men, it seems likely, were those who had least faith in what was preached and practised as the authorized religion of the land.

In the time of David, many years before the birth of Jesus, the Hebrew nation had been very powerful and pros-

perous; afterwards there followed long periods of trouble and of war, civil and domestic: the union of the tribes was dissolved, and many calamities befell the people. In their times of trouble religious men said, "God will raise us up a great king like David, to defend and deliver us from our enemies. He will set all things right." For the Hebrews looked on David as the Americans on Washington, calling him a "man after God's own heart," that is, thinking him "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." Sometimes they called this expected Deliverer the Messiah, that is, the Anointed One—a term often applied to a king or other great man. Sometimes it was thought this or that special man, a king, or general, would be the Messiah, and deliver the nation from its trouble. Thus, it seems, that once it was declared that King Hezekiah would perform this duty; and, indeed, Cyrus, a foreigner, a king of Persia, was declared to be the Messiah, the Anointed One. But, at other times, they who declared the Deliverer would come seem to have had no particular man in their mind, but felt sure that somebody would come. At length the expectation of a Messiah became quite common; it was a fixed fact in the public opinion. But some thought the Deliverer, the Redeemer, the second David, would be one thing, some another; just as men now call their favourite candidate for the presidency a second Washington; but some think he will be a Whig, and support the Fugitive Slave Bill; some a Democrat, and favour the enslavement of Kansas; while others are sure he will be a Republican, and prohibit the extension of Slavery; while yet others look for some anointed politician to abolish that wicked institution clear out from the land.

When the nation was in great peril the people said, "The Messiah will soon come and restore all things;" but probably they had no very definite notion about the Deliverer or the work he was to do.

When Jesus was about thirty years old he began to speak in public. He sometimes preached in the meeting-houses, which were called synagogues; but often out of doors, wherever he could gather the people about him. He broke away from the old-established doctrines and forms. He was a come-outer from the Hebrew Church.

He told men that religion did not consist in opinions or ceremonies, but in right feelings and right actions; that goodness shown to men was worth more than sacrifice offered to God. In short, he made religion consist in piety, which is love to God, and benevolence, which is love to men. He utterly forbid all vengeance, and told his followers, "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you." He taught that the soul was immortal—a common opinion at that time—and declared that men who had been good and kind here would be eternally happy hereafter, but the unkind and wicked would be cast "into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." He did not represent religion as a mysterious affair, the mere business of the priesthood, limited to the temple and the Sabbath, and the ceremonies thereof; it was the business of every day—a great manly and womanly life.

Men were looking for the Anointed, the Messiah, and waiting for him to come. Jesus said, "I am the Messiah; follow me in the religious life, and all will be well. God is just as near to us now, as of old time to Moses and Elias. A greater than Solomon is here. The kingdom of heaven, a good time coming, is close at hand!"

No doubt he made mistakes. He taught that there is a devil—a being absolutely evil, who seeks to ruin all men; that the world would soon come to an end, and a new and extraordinary state would miraculously take place, in which his followers would be abundantly rewarded, and his twelve most conspicuous friends would "sit on twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel." Strange things were to happen in this good time which was coming. But, spite of that, his main doctrine, which he laid most stress upon, was, that religion is piety and benevolence; for he made these the chief commandments—"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind; thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself."

He went about in various parts of the country, talking, preaching, lecturing, making speeches, and exhorting the people to love each other, and live a noble, manly life—each doing to all as he would wish them to do to him. He

recommended the most entire trust in God. The people came to him in great crowds, and loved to hear him speak; for in those days nobody preached such doctrines—or indeed any doctrines with such power to convince and persuade earnest men. The people heard him gladly, and followed him from place to place, and could not hear enough of him and his new form of religion—so much did it commend itself to simple-hearted women and men. Some of them wanted to make him their king.

But while the people loved him, the great men of his time—the great ministers in the Hebrew Church, and the great politicians in the Hebrew State—hated him, and were afraid of him. No doubt some of these ministers did not understand him, but yet meant well in their opposition; for if a man had all his life been thinking about the “best manner of circumcision,” or about “the mode of kneeling in prayer,” he would be wholly unable to understand what Jesus said about love to God and to man. But no doubt some of them knew he was right, and hated him all the more for that very reason. When they talked in their libraries, they admitted that they had no faith in the old forms of religion; but when they appeared in public they made broad their phylacteries, and enlarged the borders of their garments; and when they preached in their pulpits, they laid heavy burdens on men’s shoulders, and grievous to be borne. The same thing probably took place then which has happened ever since; and they who had no faith in God or man were the first to accuse this religious genius with being an infidel.

So, one night, they seized Jesus, tried him before daylight next morning, condemned him, and put him to death. The seizure, the trial, the execution, were not effected in the regular legal form—they did not occupy more than twelve hours of time—but were done in the same wicked way that evil men also used in Boston when they made Mr. Simms and Mr. Burns slaves for life. But Jesus made no resistance; at the “trial” there was no “defence;” nay, he did not even feel angry with those wicked men; but, as he hung on the cross, almost the last words he uttered were these—“Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.” Such wicked men killed Jesus, just as in Old England, three hundred years ago, the Catholics

used to burn the Protestants alive; or as in New England, two hundred years ago, our Protestant fathers hung the Quakers and whipped the Baptists; or as the slaveholders in the South now beat an Abolitionist, or whip a man to death who insists on working for himself and his family, and not merely for men who only steal what he earns; or as some in Massachusetts, a few years ago, sought to put in gaol such as speak against the wickedness of slavery.

After Jesus was dead and buried, some of his followers thought that he rose from the dead and came back to life again within three days, and showed himself to a few persons here and there—coming suddenly and then vanishing, as a “ghost” is said to appear all at once and then vanish, or as the souls of other dead men are thought to “appear” to the spiritualists, who do not, however, *see* the ghosts, but only *hear* and *feel* them. Very strange stories were told about his coming to men through closed doors, and talking with them—just as in our time the “mediums” say the soul of Dr. Franklin, or Dr. Channing, or some great man, comes and makes “spiritual communications.” They say that, at last, he “was parted from them, and carried up into heaven,” and “sat on the right hand of God.”

His friends and followers went about from place to place, and preached his doctrines, but gradually added many more of their own. They said that he was the Anointed, the Messiah, the Christ, who was foretold in the Old Testament, and that did strange things called miracles; that at a marriage feast, where wine was wanted, he changed several barrels of water into wine of excellent quality; that he fed five thousand men with five loaves, walked on the water, opened the eyes, ears, and mouths of men born blind, deaf, and dumb, and at a touch or a word brought back a maimed limb. They called him a Saviour sent from God to redeem the Jews, and them only, from eternal damnation; next, said that he was the Saviour of all mankind—Jews and Gentiles too; that he was a Sacrifice offered to appease the wrath of God, who had become so angry with his children that he intended to torment them all for ever in hell. By-and-by his followers were called Christians—that is, men who took Jesus for the Christ of the Old Testament; and in their preaching they

did not make much account of the noble ideas Jesus taught about man, God, and religion, or of his own great manly life; but they thought his *death* was the great thing, and that was the means to save men from eternal torment. Then they went further, and declared that Jesus was not the son of Joseph and Mary, but *the Son of God* and Mary—miraculously born; next, that he was God's *only Son*, who had never had any child before, and never would have another; again, that he was a God who had lived long before Jesus was born, but for the then first time took the human form; and at last, that he was *the only God*, the Creator and Providence of all the universe, but was man also, the *God-man*. Thus, gradually, the actual facts of his history were lost out of sight, overgrown with a great mass of fictions, poetic and other stories, which make him a mythological character; the Jesus of fact was well-nigh forgot—the Christ of fiction took his place.

Well, after the death of Jesus, his followers went from town to town, from country to country, preaching "Christ, and him crucified;" they taught that the world would soon end, for Jesus would come back and "judge the world," raising the dead; and then all who had believed in him would be "saved," but the rest would be "lost for ever;" a new world would take the place of the old, and the Christians would have a good time in that kingdom of heaven. This new "spiritual world" would contain some extraordinary things: thus, "every grape-vine would have ten thousand trunks, every trunk ten thousand branches, every branch ten thousand twigs, every twig ten thousand clusters, every cluster ten thousand grapes, and every grape would yield twenty-five kidlerkins of wine."

But everywhere they recommended a life of sobriety and self-denial, of industry and of kind deeds—a life of religion. Everywhere the Christians were distinguished for their charity and general moral excellence. But the Jews hated them, and drove them away; the heathens hated them, and put many to death with dreadful tortures; all the magistrates were hostile. But when the common people saw a man or a woman come out and die rather than be false to a religious emotion or idea, there were always some who said, "That is a strange thing—a man dying for his God. There must be something in that religion! Let us

also become Christians." So the new doctrine spread wide ; not the simple religion of Jesus—piety and morality ; but what his followers called Christianity—a mixture of good and evil. In two or three hundred years it had gone round the civilized world. Other forms of religion fell to pieces, one by one. Judaism went down with the Hebrew people, Heathenism went down, and Christianity took their place. The son of Joseph and Mary, born in a stable, and killed by the Jews, was worshipped as the only God all round the civilized world. The new form of religion spread very much as Spiritualism has done in our time, only in the midst of worse persecution than the Mormons have suffered. At this day there are some two hundred and sixty millions of people who worship Jesus of Nazareth ; most of them think he was God, the only God. But a small number of men believe that he was no God, no miraculous person, but a good man with a genius for religion. All the Christians think he was full of all manner of loving-kindness and tender mercy. So all over the world to-day, among the two hundred and sixty millions of Christians, there is great rejoicing on account of his birth, which it is erroneously supposed took place on the 25th of December, in the year 1. They sing psalms, and preach sermons, and offer prayers, and make a famous holiday. But the greater part of the people think only of the festival, and very little of the noble boy who was born so long ago in a tavern-barn in Judea. And of all the ministers who talk so much about the old Christ, there are not many who would welcome a new man who should come and do for this age the great service which Jesus did for his own time. But as, on the 4th of July, slaveholders, and border ruffians, and kidnappers, and men who believe there is no higher law, ring their bells, and fire their cannons, and let off their rockets, making more noise than all those who honour and defend the great principles of humanity which make Independence Day famous ; so on Christmas, not only religious people, but scribes, and Pharisees, and hypocrites, make a great talk about " Christ, and him crucified ;" when, if a man of genius for religion were now to appear, they would be the first to call out " Infidel !" " Infidel !" and would kill him if it were possible or safe.

Well, one rainy Sunday evening in 1855, just twelve

days before Christmas, in the little town of Soitgoes, in Worcester County, Mass., Aunt Kindly and Uncle Nathan were sitting in their comfortable parlour before a bright wood fire. It was about eight o'clock, a stormy night; now it snowed a little, then it rained, then snowed again, seeming as if the weather was determined on some kind of a storm, but had not yet made up its mind for snow, rain, or hail. Now the wind roared in the chimney, and started out of her sleep a great tortoise-shell cat, that lay on the rug which Aunt Kindly had made for her. Tabby opened her yellow eyes suddenly, and erected her *smellers*; but finding it was only the wind, and not a mouse, that made the noise, she stretched out a great paw and yawned, and then cuddled her head down so as to show her white throat, and went to sleep again.

Uncle Nathan and Aunt Kindly were brother and sister. He was a little more than sixty; a fine, hale, hearty-looking, handsome man as you could find in a summer's day, with white hair, and a thoughtful, benevolent face, adorned with a full beard as white as his venerable head. Aunt Kindly was five-and-forty, or thereabouts; her face a little sad when you looked at it carelessly in its repose, but commonly it seemed cheerful, full of thought and generosity, and handsome withal; for, as her brother told her, "God administered to you the sacrament of beauty in your childhood, and you will walk all your life in the loveliness thereof."

Uncle Nathan had been an India merchant from his twenty-fifth to about his fiftieth year, and had now, for some years, been living with his sister in his fine, large house—rich and well-educated, devoting his life to study, works of benevolence, to general reform and progress. It was he who had the first anti-Slavery lecture delivered in the town, and actually persuaded Mr. Homer, the old minister, to let Mr. Garrison stand in the pulpit on a Wednesday night and preach deliverance unto the captives; but it could be done only once, for the clergymen of the neighbourhood thought anti-Slavery a desecration of their new wooden meeting-houses. It was he, too, who asked Lucy Stone to lecture on woman's rights; but the communicants thought it would not do to let a "woman speak in the church," and so he gave it up. All the country

knew and loved him, for he was a natural overseer of the poor, and guardian of the widow and the orphan. How many a girl in the Normal School every night put up a prayer of thanksgiving for him; how many a bright boy in Hanover and Cambridge was equally indebted for the means of high culture, and if not so thankful, why, Uncle Nathan knew that gratitude is too nice and delicate a plant to grow on common soil. Once, when he was twenty-two or three, he was engaged to a young woman of Boston, while he was a clerk in a commission store. But her father, a skipper from Beverly or Cape Cod, who continued vulgar while he became rich, did not like the match. "It won't do," said he, "for a poor young man to marry into one of our fust families; what is the use of aristocracy if no distinction is to be made, and our daughters are to marry Tom, Dick, and Harry?" But Amelia took the matter sorely to heart; she kept her love, yet fell into a consumption, and so wasted away; or, as one of the neighbours said, "She was executed on the scaffold of an upstart's vulgarity." Nathan loved no woman in like manner afterwards, but after her death went to India, and remained years long. When he returned, and established his business in Boston, he looked after her relations, who had fallen into poverty. Nay, out of the mire of infamy he picked up what might have been his nephews and nieces, and, by generous breeding, wiped off from them the stain of their illicit birth. He never spoke of poor Amelia; but he kept a little locket in one end of his purse: none ever saw it but his sister, who often observed him sitting with it in his hand, and hour by hour looking into the fire of a winter's night, seeming to think on distant things. She never spoke to him then, but left him alone with his recollections and his dreams. Some of the neighbours said he "worshipped it;" others called it "a talisman." So indeed it was, and by its enchantment he became a young man once more, and walked through the moonlight to meet an angel, and with her enter their kingdom of heaven. Truly it was a talisman; yet if *you* had looked at it, you would have seen nothing in it but a little twist of golden hairs tied together with a blue silken thread.

Aunt Kindly had never been married; yet once in her life, also, the right man seemed to offer, and the blossom of

love opened with a dear prophetic fragrance in her heart. But as her father was soon after struck with palsy, she told her lover they must wait a little while, for her first duty must be to the feeble old man. But the impatient swain went off and pinned himself to the flightiest little humming-bird in all Soitgoes, and in a month was married, having a long life before him for bitterness and repentance. After the father died, Kindly remained at home; and when Nathan returned, years after, they made one brotherly and sisterly household out of what might else have gladdened two connubial homes. "Not every bud becomes a flower."

Uncle Nathan sat there, his locket in his hand, looking into the fire; and as the wind roared in the chimney, and the brands crackled and snapped, he thought he saw faces in the fire; and when the sparks rose up in a little cloud, which the country children call "the people coming out of the meeting-house," he thought he saw faces in the fire; they seemed to take the form of the boys and girls as he had lately seen them rushing out of the Union School-house, which held all the children in the village; and as he recognised one after the other, he began to wonder and conjecture what would be the history of this or that particular child. While he sat thus in his waking dream, he looked fixedly at the locket, and the blue thread which tied together those golden rays of a summer sun, now all set and vanished and gone, but which was once the morning light of all his promised days; and as his eyes, full of waking dreams, fell on the fire again, a handsome young woman seemed to come forth from between the brands, and the locks of her hair floated out and turned into boys and girls, of various ages, from babyhood to youth; all looking somewhat like him and also like the fair young woman. But the brand rolled over, and they all vanished in a little puff of smoke.

Aunt Kindly sat at the table reading the Bible. I don't know why she read the Gospels, for she knew them all four by heart, and could repeat them from end to end. But Sunday night, when none of the neighbours were there, and she and Nathan were all alone, she took her mother's great square Bible and read therein. This night she had been reading, in chapter xxxi. of Proverbs, the character of a noble woman; and, finishing the account, turned and

read the 28th verse a second time—"Her children rise up and call her blessed." I do not know why she read *that* verse, nor what she thought of it; but she repeated it to herself three or four times—"Her children rise up and call her blessed."

As she was taking up the venerable old volume to lay it away for the night, it opened by accident at Luke xiv., and her eye fell on verses 12, 13—"But when thou makest a dinner or a supper, call not thy friends nor thy brethren, neither thy kinsmen nor thy rich neighbour, lest they also call thee again, and a recompense be made thee. But when thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind; and thou shalt be blessed; for they cannot recompense thee."

She sat a moment recollecting that Jesus said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven;" and had also denounced woe on all such as cause these little ones to offend, and declared that in heaven their angels continually behold the face of the Father.

After a few minutes she turned to Nathan, who had replaced the brands in hopes to bring back the vision by his "faculty divine," and said, "Brother, I wonder if it would not be better to make a little change in our way of keeping Christmas. It is a good thing to call together the family once a year—our brothers and sisters and nephews and nieces; we all of us love the children so much, and have a good time. I would not give that up. The dinner is very well; but the evening goes off a little heavy; that whist playing, we both dislike it—so much talk about such trifles. What if we should have a Child's Festival on Christmas night, and ask all the little folks in the town to your nice New Hall—it will be done before that time, won't it? It will be a good christening for it; and Mr. Garrison, whom you have asked to speak there on New-Year's day, will like it all the better if baptized by these little ones, who 'are of the kingdom of heaven.' Surely little children may run before the great Liberator."

"Just what I was thinking of," said Uncle Nathan; "as I looked at the sparks of fire, I was saying to myself, 'I have not quite done my duty to the boys and girls in Soitgoes.' You and I," said he, rather sadly, putting the

locket in his purse, and pressing the gold ring gently down on it, "you and I have no children. But I sometimes feel like adopting all the boys and girls in the parish; and when I saw that great troop of them come out of the school-house last week, I felt a little reproach, that, while looking after their fathers and mothers, I had not done more for the children."

"I am sure you gave the town that great new school-house," said Kindly.

"Yes, that's nothing. I furnished the money and the general idea; Eliot Cabot drew the plan—capital plan it is, too; and Jo Atkins took the job. I paid the bills. But how will you arrange it for Christmas?"

"Well," said Kindly, who had an organizing head, "we'll have a Children's Party. I'll ask all under fifteen, and if some older ones come in, no matter; I hope they will. Of course the fathers and mothers are to come and look on, and have a real good time. We will have them in the New Hall. I wonder why they call it the *New Hall*; there never was any old one. We will have some plain cake and lemonade, music, dancing, little games, and, above all, a *Christmas Tree*. There shall be gifts on it for all the children under twelve. The people who are well to do will give something to buy the gifts for children of their own standing, and you and I will make up what is wanting for the poor ones. We'll have little games as well as a dance. Mrs. Toombs—Sally Wilkins that used to be —the minister's wife, has a deal of skill in setting little folks to play; she has not had much use for it, poor thing, since her marriage, six or seven years ago. What a wild romp she used to be! but as good as Sunday all the time. Sally will manage the games; I'll see to the dancing."

"The children can't dance," said Uncle Nathan; "you know there never was a dancing-school in town."

"Yes, they can," said Kindly. "The girls will dance by nature, and the boys will fall in, rather more clumsily, of course. But it will do well enough for us. Besides, they have all had more practice than you think for. You shall get the pine-tree, or hemlock, and buy the things—I'll tell you what to-morrow morning—and I will manage all the rest."

The next morning it was fine, bright weather; and the

garments blossomed white on the clothes-lines all round the village; and with no small delight the housewives looked on these perennial hanging-gardens, periodically blooming, even in a New England winter. Uncle Nathan mentioned his sister's plan to one of his neighbours, who said, "Never 'll go here!" "But why not?" "Oh, there's Deacon Willberate and Squire Allen are at loggerheads about the allusion to Slavery which Rev. Mr. Freeman made in his prayer six months ago. They had a quarrel then, you know, and have not spoken since. If the Deacon likes it, the Squire won't, and *vice versa*. Then Colonel Stearns has had a quarrel and a lawsuit with John Wilkinson about that little patch of meadow. They won't go; each is afraid of meeting the other. Half the parish has some *miff* against the other half. I believe there never was such a place for little quarrels since the Dutch took Holland. There's a tempest in every old woman's teapot. Widow Seedyweedy won't let her daughters come, because, as she says, you are a temperance man, and said at the last meeting that rum made many a widow in Soitgoes, and sent three quarters of the pappers to the almshouse. She declared the next day that you were 'personal, and injured her feelings; and 'twas all because you was rich and she was a poor lone widow, with nothing but her God to trust in.'"

"Oh, dear me," said Uncle Nathan, "it is a queer world—a queer world; but, after all, it's the best we've got. Let us try to make it better still."

Aunt Kindly could not sleep much all night for thinking over the details of the plan. Before morning it all lay clear in her mind. Monday afternoon she went round to talk with the neighbours and get all things ready. Most of them liked it; but some thought it was "queer," and wondered "what our pious fathers would think of keeping Christmas in New England." A few had "religious scruples," and would do nothing about it. The head of the Know-nothing lodge said it was "a furrin custom, and I want none o' them things; but Ameriky must be ruled by 'Mericans; and we'll have no disserlutions of the Union, and no Popish ceremonies like a Christmas Tree. If you begin so, you'll have the Pope here next, and the fulfilment of the seventeenth chapter of Revelations."

Hon. Jeduthan Stovepipe also opposed it. He was a rich hatter from Boston, and a "great Democrat;" who, as he said, had lately "purchased grounds in Soitgoes, intending to establish a family." He "would not like to have Cinderella Jane and Edith Zuleima mix themselves up with Widow Wheeler's children—whose father was killed on the railroad five or six years before—for their mother takes in washing. No, sir," said he; "it will not do. You have no daughters to marry, no sons to provide for. It will do well enough for you to talk about 'equality,' about 'meeting the whole neighbourhood,' and that sort of thing; but I intend to establish a family; and I set my face against all promiscuous assemblages of different classes in society. It is bad enough on Sundays, when each man can sit buttoned up in his own pew; but a festival for all sorts and conditions of children—it is contrary to the genius of our republican institutions." His wife thought quite differently; but the poor thing did not dare say her soul was her own in his presence. Aunt Kindly went off with rather a heavy heart, remembering that Jeduthan was the son of a man sent to the State Prison for horse-stealing, and born in the almshouse at Bankton Four Corners, and had been bound out as apprentice by the selectmen of the town.

At the next house, Miss Robinson liked it; but hoped she "would not ask that family o' niggers—that would make it so vulgar;" and she took a large pinch of Scotch snuff, and waddled off to finish her ironing. Mrs. Deacon Jackson—she was a second wife, with no children—hoped that "Sally Bright would not be asked, because her father was in the State Prison for passing counterfeit money; and the example would be bad, not friendly to law and order." But as Aunt Kindly went out, she met the old Deacon himself—one of those dear, good, kind souls, who were born to be deacons of the Christian religion, looking like one of the eight beatitudes; and as you stopped to consider which of that holy family he most resembled, you found he looked like all of them. "Well!" said he, "now ma'am, I like that. That will be a *Christian* Christmas—not a Heathen Christmas. Of course you'll ask all the children of 'respectable people;' but I want the *poor ones* too. Don't let anybody frighten you from asking Sip Tidy's

children. I don't know that I like coloured folks particularly, but I think God does, or He would not have coloured 'em, you know. Then do let us have all of Jo Bright's little ones. When I get into the State Prison, I hope somebody 'll look after my family. I know *you* will. I don't mean to go there; but who knows? 'If everybody had his deserts, who would escape a flogging?' as the old saying is. Here's five dollars towards the expenses; and if that ain't enough, I'll make it ten. Elizabeth will help you make the cake, &c. You shall have as many eggs as you want. Hens hain't laid well since Thanksgiving; now they do nothing else."

Captain Weldon let one iron cool on the anvil, and his bellows sigh out its last breath in the fire and burn the other iron, while he talked with Aunt Kindly about it. The Captain was a widower, about fifty years old, with his house full of sons and daughters. He liked it. Patty, his oldest daughter, could help. There were two barrels of apples, three or four dollars in money, and more if need be. "That is what I call the democracy of Christianity," said the good man. "I shall see half the people in the village; they'll be in here to get their horses corked before the time comes, and I'll help the thing along a little. I'll bring the old folks, and we'll sing some of the old tunes; all of us will have a real old-fashioned good time." Almira, his daughter, about eighteen years old, ran out to talk with Kindly, and offered to do all sorts of work, if she would only tell her what. "Perhaps Edward will come too," said Kindly. "Do you want *him*?" asked Almira. "Oh, certainly; want all the lovers," replied she, not looking to see how her face kindled, like a handsome morning in May.

One sour old man, who lived off the road, did not like it. 'Twas a Popish custom; and said, "I always fast on Christmas." His family knew *they* did, and many a day besides; for he was so covetous that he grudged the water which turned his own mill.

Mr. Toombs, a young minister, who had been settled six or seven years, and loved the commandments of religion much better than the creed of theology, entered into it at once, and promised to come, and not wear his white cravat. His wife—Sally Wilkins that used to be—took to it with all her might.

So all things were made ready. Farmers sent in apples and boiled chesnuts ; and there were pies, and cookies, and all manner of creature comforts. The German who worked for the cabinet-maker decorated the Hall, just as he had done in Wittenberg often before ; for he was an exile from the town where Martin Luther sleeps, and his Katherine, under the same slab. There were branches of holly with their red berries, winter-green and pine boughs, and hemlock and laurel, and such other handsome things as New England can afford even in winter. Besides, Captain Weldon brought a great orange tree, which he and Susan had planted the day after their marriage, nearly thirty years before. "Like Christmas itself," as he said, "it is a history and a prophecy ; full of fruit and flowers both." Roses, and geraniums, and chrysanthemums, and oleanders were there, adding to the beauty.

All the children in the village were there. Sally Bright wore the medal she won the last quarter at the Union School. Sip Tidy's six children were there, and all the girls and boys from the poor-house. The Widow Wheeler and her children thought no more of the railroad accident. Captain Weldon, Deacon Jackson and his wife, and the minister were there ; all the selectmen, and the town clerk, and the schoolmasters and school ma'ams, and the Know-nothing representative from the south parish ; great, broad-shouldered farmers came in, with Baldwin apples in their cheeks as well as in their cellars at home, and their trim, tidy wives. Eight or ten Irish children came also ; Bridget, Rosanna, Patrick, and Michael, and Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien themselves. Aunt Kindly had her piano there, and played and sung.

Didn't they all have a good time ? Old Joe Roe, the black fiddler, from Beaver Brook, Mill Village, was over there ; and how he did play ! how they did dance ! Commonly, as the young folks said, he could play only one tune, "Joe Roe and I ;" for it is true that his sleepy violin did always seem to whine out, "Joe Roe and I, Joe Roe and I, Joe Roe and I." But now the old fiddle was wide awake. He cut capers on it ; and made it laugh, and cry, and whistle, and snort, and scream. He held it close to his ear, and rolled up the whites of his eyes, and laughed a great, loud, rollicking laugh ; and he made his fiddle laugh too, right out.

The young people had their games: Boston, puss in the corner, stir you must, hunt the squirrel round the woods, blind man's buff, and Jerusalem. Mr. Atkins, who built the Hall, and was a strict orthodox man and a Know-nothing, got them to play "Break the Pope's neck," which made a deal of fun. The oldest people sung some of the old New England tunes, in the old New England way. How well they went off! in particular—

"How beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's Hill;
And bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal."

But the great triumph of all was the Christmas Tree. How big it was! a large stout spruce in the upper part of the Hall. It bore a gift for every child in the town. Two little girls had the whooping-cough, and could not come out; but there were two playthings for them also, given to their brothers to be taken home. St. Nicholas—it was Almira Weldon's lover—distributed the gifts.

Squire Stovepipe came in late, without any of the "family" that he was so busy in "establishing," but was so cold that it took him a good while to warm up to the general temperature of the meeting. But he did at length; and talked with the Widow Wheeler, and saw all her well-managed children, and felt ashamed of his meanness only ten days before. Deacon Willberate saw his son Ned dancing with Squire Allen's rosy daughter, Matilda; for the young people cared more for each other than for all the allusions to slavery in all the prayers and sermons too of the whole world; and it so reminded him of the time when he also danced with *his* Matilda—not openly at Christmas celebrations, but by stealth—that he went straight up to his neighbour. "Squire Allen," said he, "give me your hand. New Year's is a good day to square just accounts; Christmas is not a bad time to settle needless quarrels. I suppose you and I, both of us, may be wrong. I know I have been, for one. Let by-gones be by-gones." "Exactly so," said the Squire. "I am sorry, for my part. Let us wipe out the old score, and chalk up nothing for the future but good feelings. If a prayer parted, perhaps a benediction will unite us; for Katie and Ned look as if

they meant we should be more than mere neighbours. Let us begin by becoming friends."

Colonel Stone took his youngest daughter, who had a club-foot, up to the Christmas Tree for her present, and there met face to face with his enemy's oldest girl, who was just taking the gift for her youngest brother, Robert, holding him up in her bare arms that he might reach it himself. But she could not raise him quite high enough, and so the Colonel lifted up the little fellow till he clutched the prize; and when he set him down, his hands full of sugar-cake, asked him, "Whose bright little five-year-old is this? What is your name, blue eyes?" "Bobbie Nilkison," was the answer. It went right to the Colonel's heart. "It is Christmas," said he; "and the dear Jesus himself said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me.' Well, well, he said something to us old folks, too: 'If thy brother trespass against thee,' &c., and 'If thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there remember that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift.'" He walked about awhile, thinking, and then found his neighbour. "Mr. Wilkinson," said he, "it is bad enough that you and I should quarrel in law, but let us be friends in the gospel. As I looked at your little boy, and held him up in my arms, and found out whose son he was, I felt ashamed that I had ever quarrelled with his father. Here is my hand, if you think fit to take it." "With all my heart," said Wilkinson. "I fear I was more to blame than you. But we can't help the past; let us make amends for the future. I hope we shall have many a merry Christmas together in this world and the next. Perhaps Uncle Nathan can settle our land-quarrel better than any jury in Worcester county."

Mr. Smith, the Know-nothing representative, was struck with the bright face of one of the little girls who wore a school-medal, and asked her name. "Bridget O'Brien, your honour," was the answer. "Well, well," said he, "I guess Uncle Nathan is half right: 'it's all prejudice.' I don't like the Irish, *politically*. But after all, the Pope will have to make a pretty long arm to reach round Aunt Kindly, and clear through the Union School-house,

and spoil Miss Bridget—a pretty long arm to do all that.”

So it went on all round the room. “That is what I call the Christian Sacrament,” said Deacon Jackson to Captain Weldon. “Ah, yes,” replied the blacksmith; “it is a feast of love. Look there; Colonel Stearns and John Wilkinson have not spoken for years. Now it is all made up. Both have forgotten that little strip of Beaver-gray meadow, which has cost them so much money and hard words, and in itself is not worth the lawyer’s fees.”

How the children played! how they all did dance! and of the whole sportive company not one footed the measure so neat as little Hattie Tidy, the black man’s daughter. “What a shame to enslave a race of such persons,” said Mr. Stovepipe. “Yet I went in for the Fugitive Slave Bill, and was one of Marshal Tukey’s ‘fifteen hundred gentlemen of property and standing.’ May God forgive me!” “Amen,” said Mr. Broadside, a great, stout, robust farmer; “I stood by till the Nebraska Bill put slavery into Kansas, then I went right square over to the anti-slavery side. I shall stick there for ever. Dr. Lord may try and excuse slavery just as much as he likes. I know what all that means. He don’t catch old birds with chaff.”

Uncle Nathan went about the room talking with the men and women; they all knew him, and felt well acquainted with such a good-natured face; while Aunt Kindly, with the nicer tact of a good woman, introduced the right persons to each other, and so promoted happiness among those too awkward to obtain it alone or unhelped. Besides this, she took special care of the boys and girls from the poor-house.

What an appetite the little folks had for the good things! How the old ones helped them dispose of these creature comforts! while such as were half-way between, were too busy with other matters to think much of the eatables. Solomon Jenkins and Katie Edmunds had had a falling out. He was the miller at Stony Brook; but the “course of true love never did run smooth” with him; he could not coax Katie’s to brook into his stream; it would turn off some other way. But that night Katie herself broke down the hindrance, and the two little brooks

became one great stream of love and flowed on together, inseparable; now dimpling, deepening, and whirling away full of beauty towards the great ocean of eternity.

Uncle Nathan and Aunt Kindly, how happy they were, seeing the joy of all the company! they looked like two new Redeemers—which indeed they were. The minister said, "Well, I have been preaching charity and forgiveness and a cheerful happiness all my life, now I see signs of the 'good time coming.' There's forgiveness of injuries," pointing to Colonel Stearns and Mr. Wilkinson; "old enemies reconciled. All my sermons don't seem to accomplish so much as your Christmas Festival, Mr. Robinson," said he, addressing Uncle Nathan. "We only watered the ground," said Aunt Kindly, "where the seed was long since sown by other hands; only it does seem to come up abundantly, and all at once." Then the minister told the people a new Christmas story; and before they went home they all joined together and sung this hymn to the good tune of Old Hundred:

"Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are bless'd."

